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POST

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The mind of a murderer/part two
Richard Speck talks about killing 8 nurses

Great outdoor meals

'Stop criticizing the Catholic Church'

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN POP MUSIC

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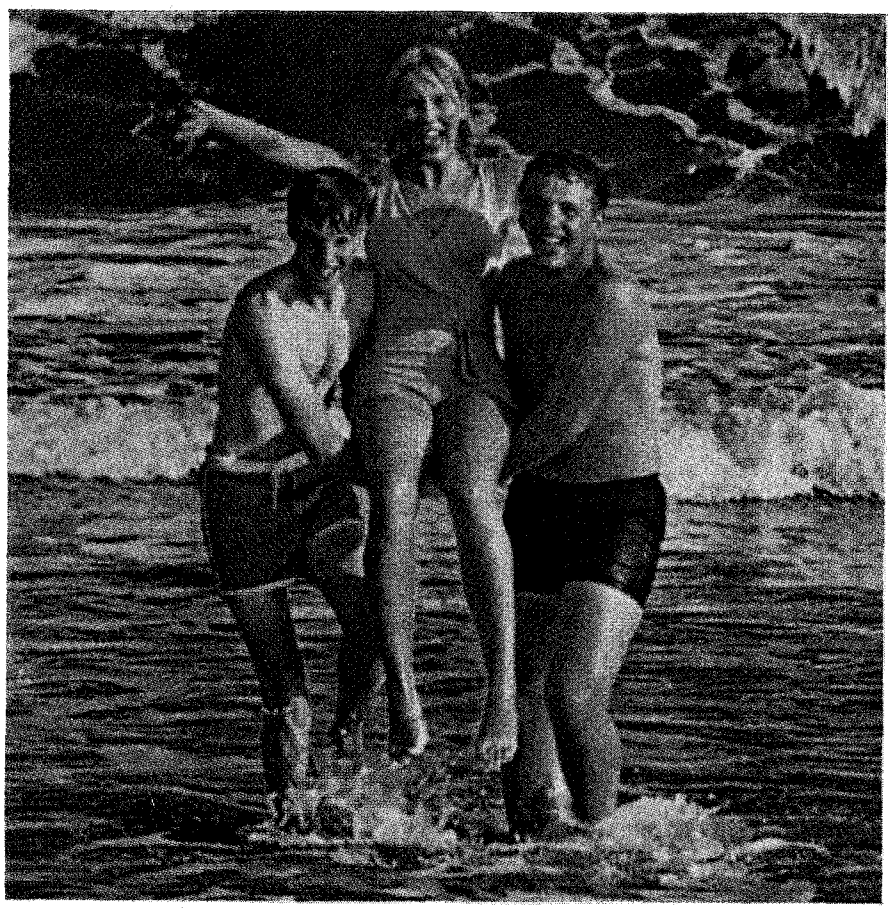

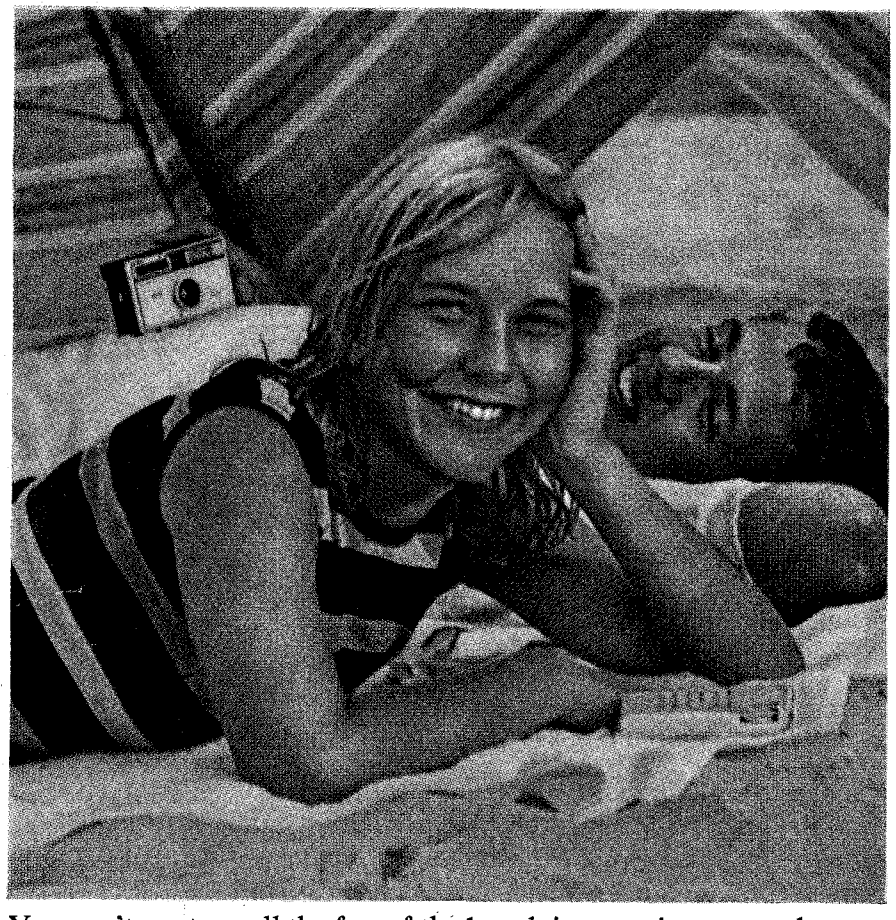

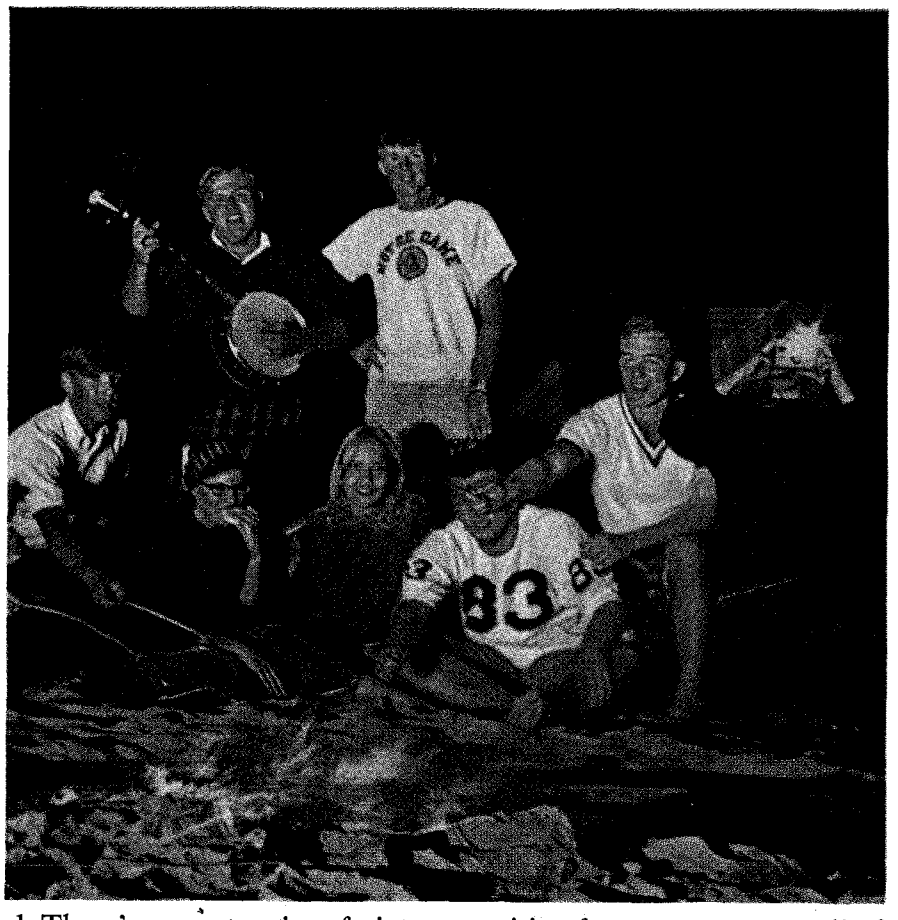

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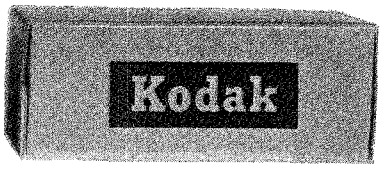

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"GOOD ART" or "BAD ART"
... what would be *your* judgment?

THE STORM by Pierre Auguste Cot

HERE ARE TWO PAINTINGS, both of the same subject, and both discussed in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum's Seminars in Art Program. The one at left was held in the highest critical esteem in the 1880's. Today it would be dismissed by most critics as mawkishly sentimental. The other painting was damned as degenerate in the early part of this century. Now it is considered to be one of the finest examples of expressionist art. If you were unexpectedly asked to judge these paintings, would you, like so many people, be tongue-tied, fearful of exposing ignorance by making any comment at all? A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot as far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a famous or respected work of art and see nothing beyond what the painting is "about"—and frequently they are unsure even of that.

THE TEMPEST by Oskar Kokoschka

Anyone who suffers from this form of bafflement probably never has had the opportunity to take a good art appreciation course at a university or attend a clarifying series of lectures at a museum. It was to remedy this situation that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York devised an unusual program of *assisted* self-education in the understanding and appreciation of art. The invitation below is made to acquaint you with the thorough nature of the program and particularly its unique method of learning by comparison among great paintings.

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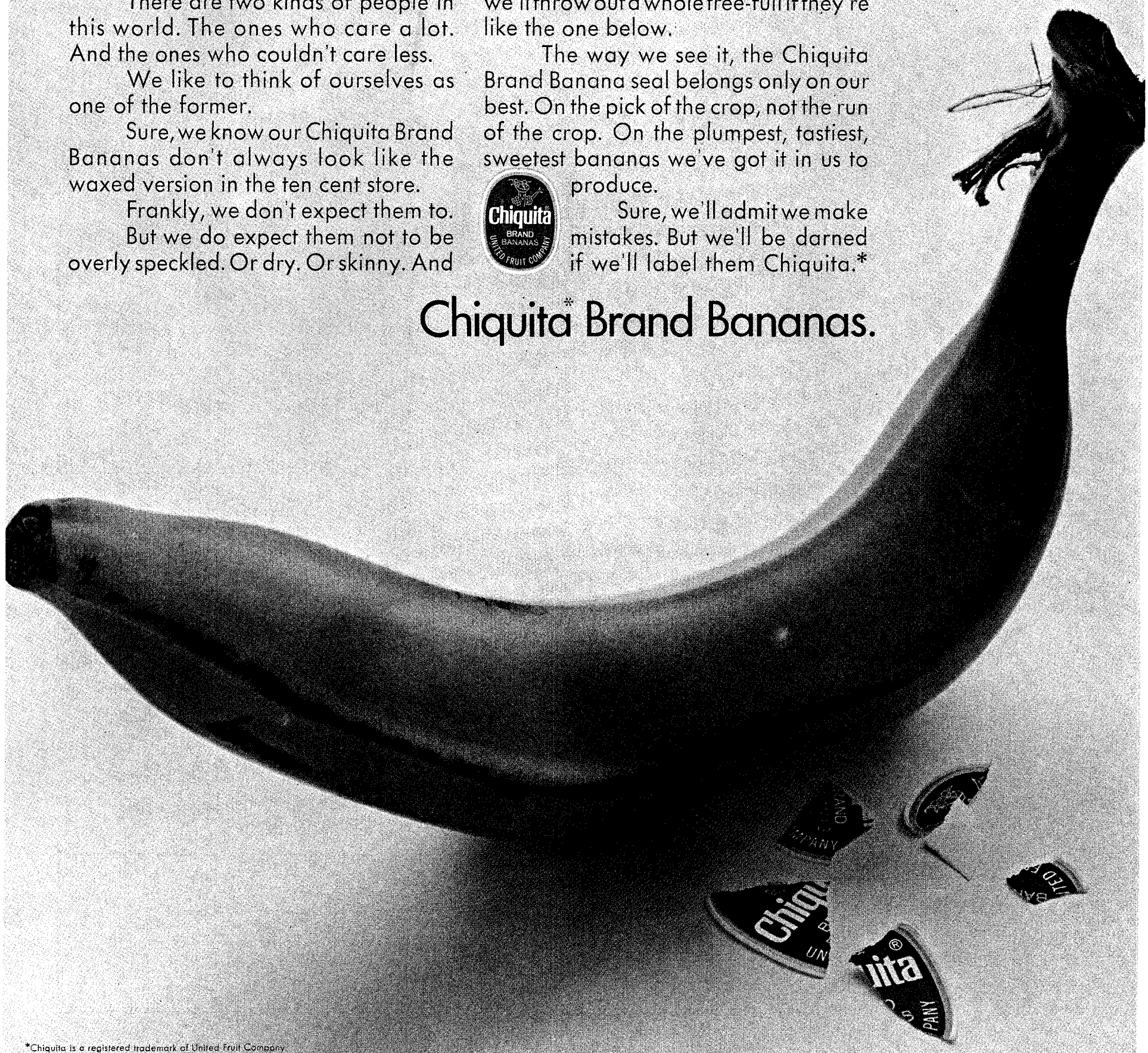

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: With service adjustment requests send latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Allow six weeks for change of address.

Printed in U.S.A.

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From the editor

The cover subject for this issue is POP MUSIC. The air is full of it. Like the generation that is listening, it comes on with a POP!—pours in and fills the place. And the young people who live in this turbulence can be seen as easily as they can be heard. The girls wear vivid colors and move like brilliant butterflies; the boys make mild experiments with their clothes and a highly visible small minority grow vast quantities of hair.

The outriders of this younger generation have done a marvelous job of getting the attention of their elders. But the main body of young people may not be quite as advertised. Contrary to what we think, our young people are much more likely to be the New Puritans than teenyboppers. They are much more interested in the Peace Corps than in LSD. It is extraordinary that the Peace Corps can get the top graduates of the Ivy League colleges in competition with business and industry. Polls indicate that 69 percent of today's college students are not seriously considering a career in business. These young people are more idealistic than we are, and many of them have an ideal of service.

They watch us skeptically across a credibility gap. To them the *truth* is obscured by clouds of platitudes—they do not believe that the schools, the Government or the Church tells the truth to them. As a group they want commitment—they feel lonely, separated, alienated. They want to belong somewhere but not here. Again and again they describe themselves as travelers, sojourners, pilgrims, and they very much want to travel on. How did they come to be so different from us?

Today's teen-agers are the product of an affluent society. They don't have the folk memory of racing the dog to the 'simmon tree for breakfast during the Depression. They are not the hungry fighters that we have been. Teen-agers have grown up taking for granted the advantages that we spent a lifetime struggling to get. They seem to be unimpressed with our success in getting them. And, I don't believe that they are as materialistic as we are.

"I can't imagine anybody wanting to commute," my daughter said scornfully. "Who wants everything that goes with it: a hat pushed on, a briefcase, a frown on, bumping into people? Look at what it gets."

Well, it got us them.

Bill Emerson

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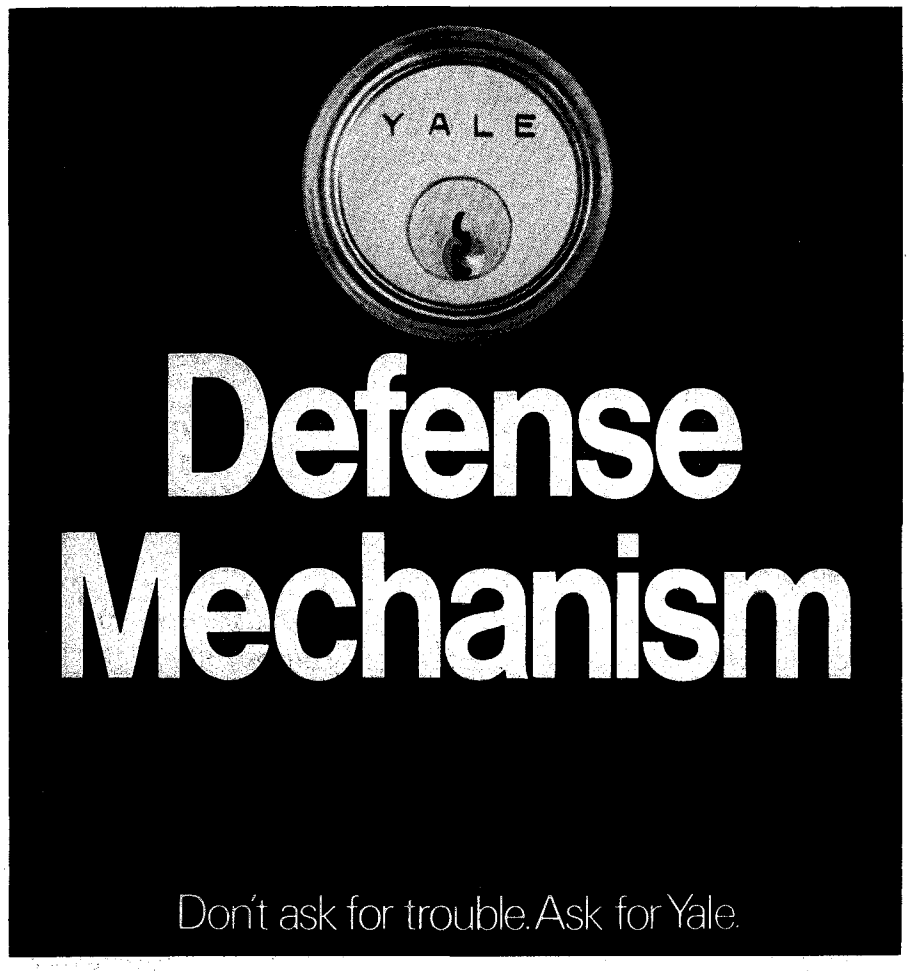

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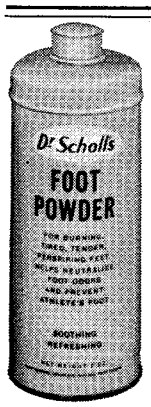

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Letters

Politics and LBJ

Editors:

Stewart Alsop's article CAN ANYONE BEAT LBJ? [June 3] started me thinking. By what standards do we judge a man for the Presidency? Mr. Alsop says, "As a television performer, the President is a disaster"—but what does Mr. Alsop want? A glamour boy or a hero in a soap opera?

Why not accept our President for what he is—an American doing his best in this complex society and patiently probing all avenues toward peace. Or do we wish our President to entertain us like Twiggy or *Peyton Place?*

LELA S. ANDERSON
Hicksville, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

In his analysis, Mr. Alsop indicates that the only question asked by the American voter is: Who can do the most for me? Such selfishness, if it does exist (and I fear it does), cannot bode well for the United States. In his excessive concern for his house, his job and his son, "Mr. Average" is forgetting his responsibility to the nation and, more important, to humanity.

W. STANTON MEALS
Cleburne, Tex.

Abortion

Dear Editor:

I want to express appreciation for the concise and convincing editorial BABIES—FOR AND AGAINST in the June 3 issue. I hope every hypocrite in the world reads it.

THERESE LINDSEY
Arden, N.C.

Dear Editor:

This editorial is one more example of the fourth estate's contribution to the moral decadence which is taking place in our country.

MRS. M. L. CONNELLY
Grand Island, Nebr.

Dear Sir:

Congratulations! You are the first I have seen to have the audacity to suggest in print that the opinions of potential mothers should be considered in this abortion controversy.

As a mother and obstetrical nurse, I feel we have heard the moral, legal and medical pros and cons. Now it is time to seek out the opinions of women of child-bearing age. Let them have a loud voice in deciding whether they want the right to decide their own fate.

GERTRUDE MERVICH
Arcata, Calif.

Dear Editor:

What gives a mother the right to play God and decide whether the unborn baby lives or dies? What makes the unborn child's life any less sacred and more expendable than that of any other human being?

CARROLL GRIGGS
Michigan City, Ind.

Sir:

Is a mother's "mental" problem cured with an abortion? It seems she would be liable to more problems because of it. I imagine great effort must be expended to help a mother after an abortion—but the same effort applied beforehand might make abortion unnecessary.

MRS. C. D. MASON
Gallup, N. Mex.

Andretti at the races

Gentlemen:

Thanks very much for John Skow's DUELING WITH SLINGSHOTS AT 180 MPH [June 3]. The article presented a good look at Mario Andretti and gave us some inside dope as to what he's really like.

MRS. FRANKLIN G. FRACK
North Catasauqua, Pa.

Gentlemen:

I just wanted to take this opportunity to thank you for your story. I hope that John Skow and photographer Dan Rubin enjoyed the races as much as I enjoyed meeting and working with them.

MARIO ANDRETTI
Speedway, Ind.

Editor:

John Skow should find something else to write about besides racing, since he seems to dislike it so much. I have been to hundreds of races, and never have I seen fans cheering for an accident—we like action, but not accidents. After an accident there *is* always a sustained cheer—but it is for the driver who walks away.

T. ROWAN
Baltimore, Md.

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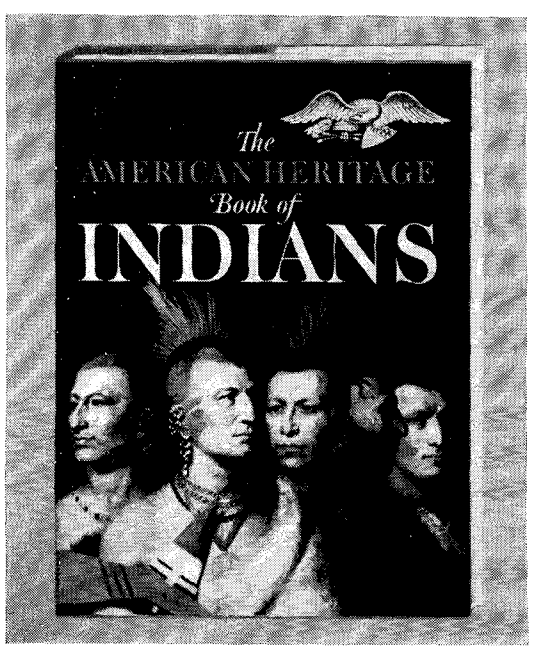

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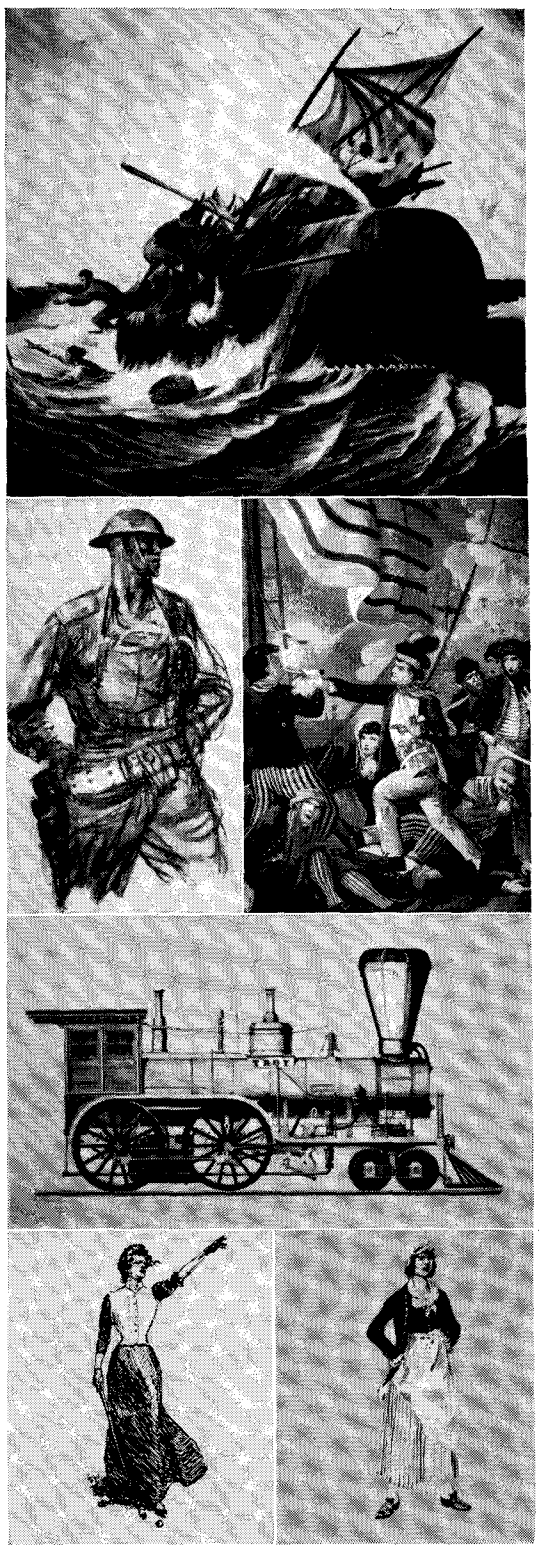

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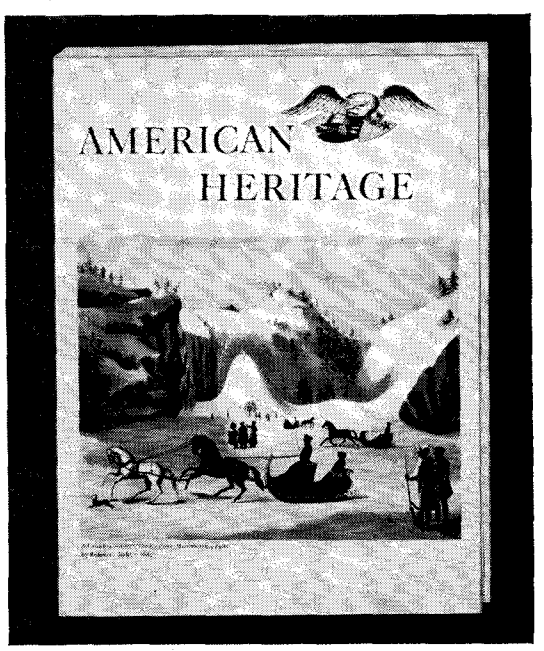
Shelburne Museum; Smithsonian Institution; Irving S. Olds Collection; Old Print Shop; Old LIFE Magazine; West Point Museum



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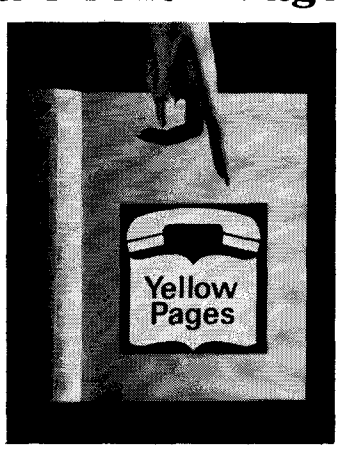

Letters

Treblinka

Gentlemen:

I just this minute finished the two-part article THE REVOLT AT TREBLINKA [by Jean-François Steiner, May 20–June 3]. I'm still shaking—what can I say? I was 12 or 13 during the war, and so were many of the children who died.

This article was like none other.

MRS. J. RONALD TAYLOR
Danvers, Mass.

Dear Sir:

I am neither German nor Jewish, but I've read about all I can stand of the World War II exterminations. Does the *Post* think that a 'different approach' to the subject makes it any more tasteful? Let's let the dead lie in peace.

JACQUELINE RANDALL
Medford, Oreg.

Dear Sir:

If we choose to ignore or forget the Nazi atrocities, those who were slaughtered at Treblinka, Auschwitz, Dachau and other such camps perished in vain. One should be aware of the depths to which man can plunge in order to see fully his need to rise.

ANNE FITZHUGH
Newport News, Va.

Dear Editors:

How could you countenance the photograph accompanying the June 3 conclusion of THE REVOLT AT TREBLINKA? Those manicured nails, nicely shaped, with cuticles well cared for—a prisoner's hands? With what irony the 40 survivors of the death camp would gaze upon that synthetic representation of their struggle.

BEREN VAN SLYKE
Valley Cottage, N.Y.

Nude look

Dear Editor

Your article in the June 3 *Post* about the nude look in bathing suits [EXPOSED '67] was both shocking and disgusting to me. If to be "in" means to surrender to sexuality, our youth are heading for some rough going. It seems to me that the *Post* and other media could serve our culture better by refusing to be a party to this sexuality imposed by the fad-setters.

A DISGUSTED READER
Tampa, Fla.

Editor:

You may receive letters from outraged readers denouncing your "coverage" of the nude look in bathing attire. But for those whose minds run to rape and ruination when they behold a patch of skin, I recommend the words of Kahlil Gibran in *The Prophet:* "Would that you could meet the sun and the wind with more of your skin and less of your raiment, For the breath of life is in the sunlight and the hand of life is in the wind."

THOMAS J. CUMMINS
Oakland, Calif.

Breed of giants

Gentlemen:

I am writing to express my gratitude for finding in your June 3 issue the wonderfully stirring story BREED OF GIANTS by Joyce Stranger.

BANETTA ALMS
Willisville, Ill.

Dear Sir:

The entire contents of the June 3 issue is good. But in particular BREED OF GIANTS revives the hope that editors again may realize that the average individual yearns for the escape found in a simple, wholesome, interesting and beautifully told story that has an end as well as a beginning.

EDWARD B. SEEGERS
Okeechobee, Fla.

Snob appeal

Gentlemen:

V.S. Naipaul's article WHAT'S WRONG WITH BEING A SNOB? in your June 3 issue is like a strong gust of fresh air. Mr. Naipaul's evaluation of contemporary society is gratifyingly substantial.

JUDITH WYLIE MERRICK
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Editors:

V.S. Naipaul's article is the finest thing I've ever read about what each individual can do to make the U.S. the kind of country that all Americans want it to be.

ANN S. GIPSON
San Antonio, Tex.

Editor:

Mr. Naipaul's rejection of the inferior—"I do not want to be like them"—is negative, noncreative and self-centered. Without compromising his criteria of superiority, a more intelligent and constructive position is indeed "I want them to be like me."

RICHARD BOSCH
Atwater, Minn.

Gentlemen:

In essence, this article reminded me that man's prejudice against his own uniqueness is much more destructive than his prejudice against the external uniqueness of others.

KAY LOWENSTEIN
Rochester, N.Y.

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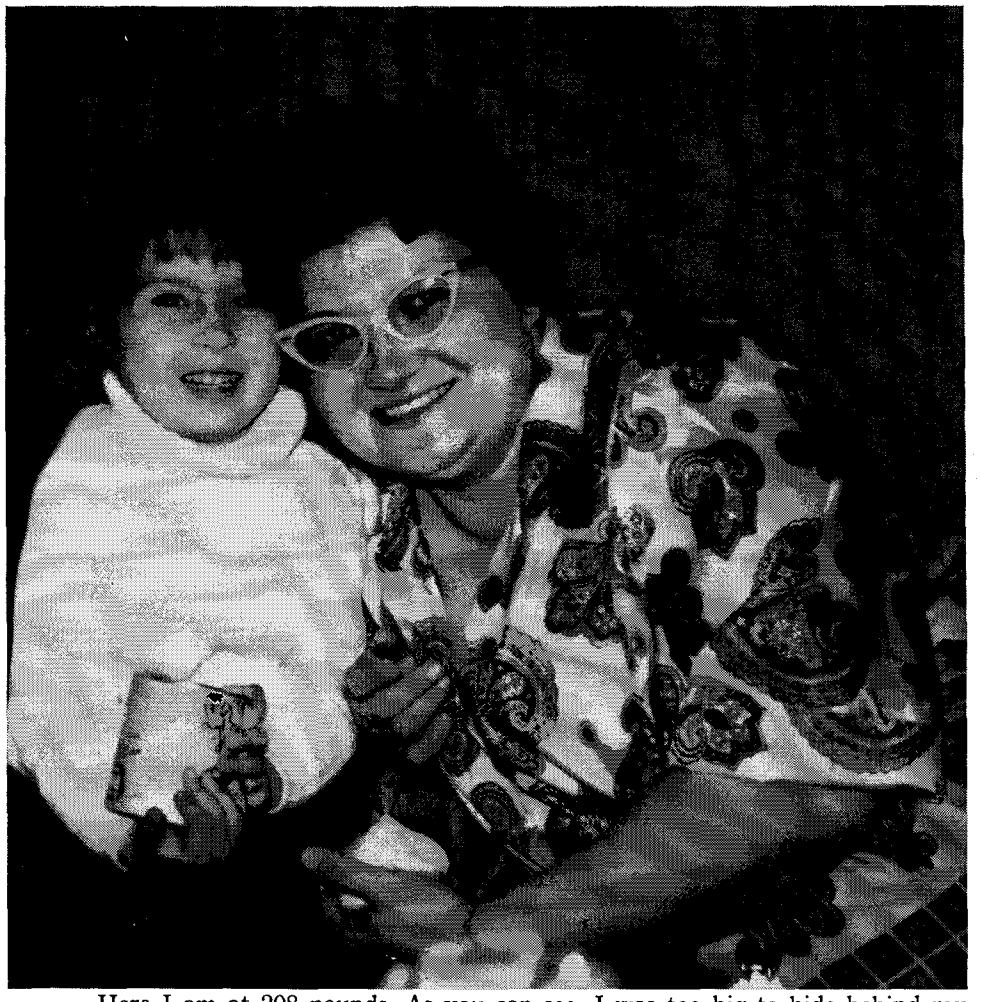

Here I am at 208 pounds. As you can see, I was too big to hide behind my daughter, Jill—but that didn't stop me from trying.

Now, at 120 pounds, I'm proud to stand alone. In fact, nobody has to coax me these days to have my picture taken.

My own father didn't know me after I lost 88 pounds.

By June Anglin Chamberlain—as told to Ruth L. McCarthy

AT the age of thirty-one, I was literally a human garbage pail. I weighed 208 pounds, though I was only a fraction over five feet three. And because of my insatiable appetite, I lost my looks. I lost my personality. I even lost my liking for people.

I wasn't always like that. In 1957, I was a receptionist-secretary for a very large firm in Orlando, Florida. And pretty popular with the men. In fact, I married one of the salesmen. And though I wasn't what you'd call really thin, I was trim. About 135 pounds at the time of my wedding.

It was only after I had lost one child at birth and miscarried another that I began to pile on the pounds. Between tears, I consoled myself with food. Pies, pretzels and sweets. Why, it was nothing for me to sit before the television set and eat a pound of malt balls or a whole box of peanut brittle.

When I finally completed a pregnancy and gave birth to a beautiful little girl, I was way, way overweight. And my appetite was completely out of control.

My dress size was up to 20½. And my blouses were all overblouses. I don't know who I thought I was kidding by letting them hang out, but they were more comfortable that way than tucked in. By the time we had moved to Port Washington, N. Y., I could hardly pick up my daughter. The fat just got in the way.

I had reached the point where I didn't want to go anywhere or do anything. Whenever I was with people, and somebody laughed, I froze. I was always sure they were laughing at me. Nothing was funny anymore. I even turned off my friends. As you can see, my weight problem was turning me into an introvert.

In desperation, I asked my doctor about a certain reducing drug. And he said I could take it. But that didn't help my terrible craving for candy. It was almost like the craving of an alcoholic.

I knew that without candy, I wouldn't stick to the reducing drug long enough for it to do me any good. Then I remembered reading about a vitamin and mineral reducing-plan candy, called Ayds, that had helped a lot of people. Since it contained no harmful drugs, I picked up a box at the drugstore. And what did I do? I took the reducing pill, but at the same time used Ayds. And I lost 40 pounds!

The drug, however, began to get on my nerves, and I finally decided to give it up. It was making me too jittery. Besides, I was afraid I might become addicted to it. So I made up my mind to give the Ayds Plan a chance to work by itself. And you know what? It did! I pasted a picture of my fat self on the refrigerator door. And believe me, that little candy helped me close that door more often than I can tell. Ayds actually helped me have more will power than I ever thought possible. In fact, it helped me lose 48 *more* pounds! As my waistline shrank, so did my appetite. On the Ayds Plan, I found that I ate less, because I really wanted less. I was constantly having my clothes taken in. When the seams overlapped, I knew it was time for a new wardrobe. For the new me. Just 120 pounds of me!

What's it like living in a thin world? Heavenly! Just heavenly! I even feel like I'm a star. Interested in the theater all my life, I decided to give it a whiz. I joined the Port Washington Play Troupe and now, as an assistant director, I'm getting applause from both friends and strangers.

I no longer wear dark colors. I can even get into size 8 dresses without any problems. And stretch pants, no matter how bright the color, look great on me. What's more, I've taken up ice-skating and skiing, and I'm able to do things with my daughter that previously were physically impossible. Though only six years old, she said to me the other day: "Mommy, you're as little as I am." That's how my child sees me.

As a matter of fact, my father sees me in almost the same light. When he and my mother came north to visit me, I arranged to meet them at Penn Station. But I sent no photos on ahead. I really wanted to surprise them. As I came up to my dad, I said: "Sir, can you tell me where the information booth is?" He turned to point the way. And it was not until I giggled that he recognized his own daughter —88 pounds slimmer!

All I can say to other women is: "Take a good look at yourself, girls!" I do, every day now, through a new pair of eyeglasses. A smaller pair, because even my face is slimmer—thanks to the help of a little candy, called Ayds.

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

Before		After
5′3½″	Height	5′3½″
208 lbs.	Weight	120 lbs.
47″	Bust	35″
36″	Waist	25″
46″	Hips	35″
20½	Dress	8

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Catholicism is right, so why change it?

By Frederick D. Wilhelmsen

"Thou art Peter and upon this Rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (Matthew, XVI, 18). These words are the promise of Christ and the boast of the Fisherman, the faith of Catholic Christians through the ages. The words proclaim to the eye as do papal trumpets to the ear the astounding claim made by the Roman Catholic Church: Only the Prince of the Apostles and his descendants, the Popes, possess the keys to the kingdom of heaven.

The Catholic claims to infallible truth have been rejected by Protestants and others as preposterous. All differences between Catholics and other Christians are rooted ultimately in the response given to that claim. Does spiritual authority reside in the person of the Roman pontiff or someplace else—let us say, for instance, in the Bible or in history or in something called "Christianity"? Is the Roman Church the indispensable instrument for salvation or is it not?

Until a few years ago the Church looked immense, impressive, aloof, and often menacing to those outside her discipline. But from *within* the Church itself, it seemed to many of us that she was slowly winning her battle. Her authority, so we thought, was advancing as the only certain torch lighting up the darkness of a world given over to increasing doubt about religion and marked by the materialist and totalitarian savagery that has ravaged our century. We noted with satisfaction that the Church was recognized as *the* focal point of resistance within and against the Communist bloc of nations. We were comforted by the fact that even Protestants and Jews saw in Rome the only fully organized and militant response to atheism and barbarism. We gloried in the conviction (and perhaps we deceived ourselves in so glorying) that the Catholic Church was on the march, a phalanx. Her yearly harvest in births, themselves a sign of the generosity of Catholic parents to what Pope Paul VI called "the banquet of life," was buttressed by a steady stream of converts.

And then the whole business collapsed. Just when traditionalist Catholics like myself thought that the enemy was about to surrender, our own defenders opened the gates and invited the forces of secularism to occupy the City of God. The Council called Vatican II revealed and released a secret Catholic desire to "join the world."

The results today are everywhere in evidence. The Catholic Church is a tower of Babel. If there is one voice that stands out it is the voice of an enormous inferiority complex before the pretensions of the secular world. This voice pleads its desire to please "the outsider." The world is no longer a hostile field to be conquered by soldier saints such as Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the Jesuit order. The world has become rather an alluring mistress wooed by infatuated Catholics of "The New Breed," who address secular culture with the same prayer that St. Augustine wrote to God: *Late have I loved Thee, O Beauty!* Conversions have fallen significantly since the death of Pius XII, and conversion itself has given way to dialogue.

Author of books in both English and Spanish, Dr. Wilhelmsen has been a professor at the University of Santa Clara in California, at Al-Hikma University in Baghdad, at the University of Navarro in Pamplona, Spain. Currently he is professor of both philosophy and politics at the University of Dallas.

Catholics lecture one another on our many depravities: that is—on lack of charity toward Protestants and on latent anti-Semitism; on our intransigent authoritarianism; on our doctrinal rigidity; on our moral narrowness; on dependence upon a Roman culture; on the antiquated structure of our canon law. I, for one, grant freely that our sins have been scarlet, but I also note that previously we spoke in whispers of the blemishes upon the face of our Beloved, the Church. Today we wash our dirty linen in public—and get paid for it handsomely.

The new accent is alarmingly narrow and sectarian, despite the pretensions of "New Church" Catholics to tolerance and charity. For instance, they deplore the "Constantinian Church" and the Council of Trent, but they prohibit any suggestion that Vatican II, whatever its spiritual results may prove to be in the distant future, was a political disaster for the Church at this moment in history. The worshippers of the "New Church" invite those not of the Faith to speak to us solemnly on our many sins. Luther is rehabilitated by priests who announce on television that the Church has finally come around to his point of view. If the play and movie *A Man For All Seasons* had been produced by Catholics, Thomas More would not have been the hero and Henry VIII would have emerged as a misunderstood but essentially right-minded king.

An American Catholic who has lived abroad for many years is possibly in a better position to understand the degradation into which we Catholics have fallen. I returned to the United States in 1965 after having spent a decade abroad. I had lived in the lyrical and passionate Catholicism of Spain and then the harsh but honest negations of all things Christian in the Moslem East. I came home to find the interminable tea and crumpets over ecumenical banalities that disguise differences and thus cheapen convictions. The shock is first felt upon encountering the new vernacular liturgy which has sabotaged Latin. The returned traveler reels with disbelief before Masses which resemble, in all things but the dignity found in Anglican services, bad imitations of Protestant worship. He senses that everything conspires to flatten our awareness that the Mass is a sacrifice of Christ upon an altar. He resents, deeply, the presence of laymen on the altar ("Mickey Mouses" as they are called by the Catholic underground).

But the problem is not principally liturgical. Many Catholic conservatives mistake the symptom for the disease. The true disease is a spiritual loss of nerve, a religious exhaustion, which reaches into the souls of men who accept with enthusiasm every criticism leveled against their faith by its ancient enemies. Let two instances suffice here to illustrate what I mean.

The dominant secular idol in higher education today is the demand for absolute academic freedom. A moment's reflection demonstrates that this claim cannot be squared with the Church's insistence that she alone possesses the authority to teach in matters of faith and morals. The claim cannot even be reconciled with the Church's insistence that the corruption of doctrine in the young (or in the old, for that matter) is a grave sin against charity. Nonetheless, when charges of heresy against members of the philosophy department at the University of Dayton were substantiated by a committee appointed by the Archbishop of Cincinnati, the president of that university, Father Raymond Roesch, publicly defied the archbishop. The heretics were vindicated, and the four professors making the charges have left the university. Time after time, at school after school, the secular dogma of "academic freedom" has taken precedence over the authority possessed by the Catholic Church. Our bishops are isolated, bewildered, and most probably demoralized by this successful show of resistance to their teaching authority.

Next, there is the demand that the Church admit a married clergy. Personally I would release from his vows, had I the power, any priest whose celibacy threatens his psychological bal-

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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Till death us do part.

It may be beautiful to die for love in a poem.

But it's ugly and stupid to die for love in a car.

Yet how many times have you seen (or been) a couple more interested in passion than in passing? Too involved with living to worry about dying?

As a nation, we are allowing our young to be buried in tons of steel. And not only the reckless lovers—the just plain nice kids as well.

Everyone is alarmed about it. No one really knows what to do. And automobile accidents, believe it or not, continue to be the leading cause of death among young people between 15 and 24 years of age.

Parents are alarmed and hand over the keys to the car anyway.

Insurance companies are alarmed and charge enormous rates which deter no one.

Even statisticians (who don't alarm easily) are alarmed enough to tell us that by 1970, 14,450 young adults will die in cars each year.

(Just to put those 14,450 young lives in perspective, that is far more than the number of young lives we have lost so far in Viet Nam.)

Is it for this that we spent our dimes and dollars to all but wipe out polio? Is it for this that medical science conquered diphtheria and smallpox?

What kind of society is it that keeps its youngsters alive only long enough to sacrifice them on the highway?

Yet that is exactly what's happening. And it's incredible.

Young people should be the best drivers, not the worst.

They have the sharper eyes, the steadier nerves, the quicker reflexes. They probably even have the better understanding of how a car works.

So why?

Are they too dense to learn? Too smart to obey the obvious rules? Too sure of themselves? Too *un*-sure? Or simply too young and immature?

How can we get them to be old enough to be wise enough before it's too late?

One way is by insisting on better driver training programs in school. Or *after* school. Or after work. Or during summers.

By having stricter licensing requirements. By rewarding the good drivers instead of merely punishing the bad ones. By having uniform national driving laws (which don't exist today). By having radio and TV and the press deal more with the problem. By getting *you* to be less complacent.

Above all, by setting a decent example ourselves.

Nobody can stop young people from driving. And nobody should. Quite the contrary. The more exposed they become to sound driving techniques, the better they're going to be. (Doctors and lawyers "practice;" why not drivers?)

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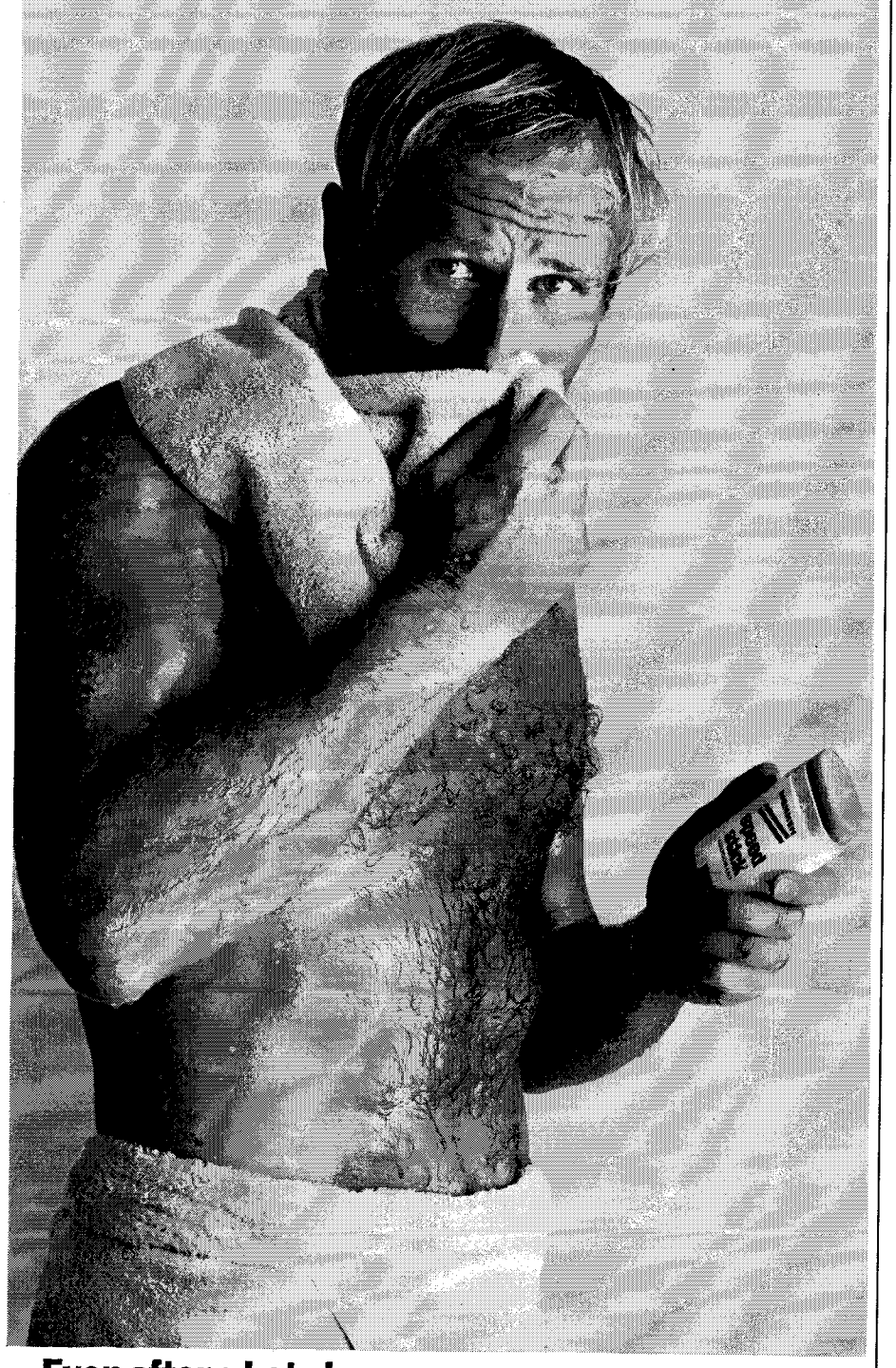

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Mennen Speed Stick. *The deodorant that actually builds a resistance to odor.*

ance. We do not want walking wrecks administering to our people. But it is one thing to rectify a mistake made by a man who is incapable of living up to his vow, and it is another thing to lower our standards for the priesthood. Where men sacrifice nothing, they can expect little respect from the faithful. Celibacy, in a normal man, is a cross he takes willingly upon his back in imitation of his Saviour on Calvary. If he would be another Christ, in the words of St. Paul, let him make this sacrifice in the name of a higher virility and a deeper manhood. If he cannot make it, let him seek another walk of life. But when the demand is made today that priests not make a holocaust of themselves as did their Lord, they must look upon their priesthood as merely another profession.

The new liberal power in the Church today—expressed through its near monopoly of the Catholic press—is bent not only on secularizing our educational institutions and our clergy. It is also bent upon leading us down the road that broadens at its base into the morass of surrender in Vietnam, coexistence with Communism, and full-fledged dialogue with Marxists. An instance of this is the howl of rage that went up when Cardinal Spellman of New York called anything less than a victory in Vietnam unthinkable. Spellman was treated roughly—but not Roger Garaudy, Central Committee member of the French Communist Party and favorite of the new Catholic Left.

The Garaudy case is instructive. The Catholic liberal-left published a book by Garaudy on the desire for dialogue between Marxists and Christians. Not only did the New Breed praise the book, but it invited Garaudy to speak at the Jesuit University of St. Louis, where he was cheered by an audience of two thousand, packed with the clerical black of priests and nuns. We seem to enjoy entertaining our own executioners, who would kill God "in the name of Christianity," the thesis being that the Christian desire for human dignity can only be realized within Marxism.

In my view the new Catholic Liberal-Left is a sociological phenomenon made up largely of educated prigs who have rejected their own lower-middle-class origins. They are ashamed of their parents and of the somewhat scrubby priests who ministered to their needs as children. But there is more to it than that. These lords of the New Church are a species of latter-day Anglo-Saxon, anti-Italian populists. They hate "wops." You can see it in their attacks on the Pope and the "Roman curial system," in their rejection of the splendid liturgical trappings we have inherited from the past, in their insistence upon barrenness in liturgy and church art. The ethnic prejudice is only thinly disguised. These new breeders are little Puritans at heart. They cannot bear the old-fashioned "triumphalism" because it carries with it an Italian flourish. They cannot overcome a kind of grumbling resentment more proper to sophomores trying to climb out of what they consider the "ghetto".

Such is the sociology of the New Breed. In scope it is provincial; in origin, middle class; in vision, narrow; in soul, crippled by complexes whose elucidation I leave to psychology. Spiritually, however, the whole business is best described in terms of a weakening of faith. Many Catholics today attack an ecclesiastical authority that they no longer accept in the depths of their souls. This explains the steady sniping away at the authority of the hierarchy and of the Pope. And this brings us back full circle to where we began, the heart of the affair, the authority and office of the Pope. This is, as suggested already, what makes Catholics to be what they are and what separates us from Orthodox and Protestants. Upon this issue the whole future of the Church will be decided.

It is true that the new liberalism swaggers today through the ruins of the City of God. Its troops occupy the ruins, but they do not quite yet govern them. Barbarians never know how to rule. But they are aware that a wind is blowing out of Rome—a papistical wind, and it presages a counterattack, a counterrevolution, launched by the Vatican itself. The Holy Father, himself a political liberal, has insisted recently that the ecumenical endeavors need more than love, and that they must be informed by a lively awareness of the Church's unique claims to possess the truth. His new encyclical on marriage will not comfort the hedonists. His brusque condemnation of liturgical excesses as "unthinkable" marks our return to the forum that the New Breed has littered with the broken statuary of the Catholic inheritance.

A band of men today begins to gather around the person of Pope Paul VI, a lonely figure who grows in grandeur. There are signs, I submit, that there is taking place, at long last, a gathering of the clans loyal to Peter. We can see it in France where the traditionalists today possess a powerful network of newspapers and magazines. We can see it in Spain where the appearance of the review, *Neuva Fuerza*, marks a determination not to permit the Catholic inheritance to be liquidated in the name of modernity. We can see it in South America where traditionalists make up the enormous bulk of the lower clergy, and where the New Breed today is being challenged with renewed vigor. Possibly we are men whistling in a graveyard, but then again—what else can men do when they walk among graves at night? Let us take our title from that taunt thrown at our persecuted brothers by the reformers in the England of the 16th and 17th centuries, when allegiance to Rome was punishable by death. They were called Papists. So are we.

We see in Rome not only the Voice of God on earth but the very center of creation. Beyond this voice and outside this center there is for us—we speak for ourselves only and not for our Protestant and Jewish friends—nothing other than darkness. The desolation of our hearts in a century of anguish in which men's souls have been "shaken to the foundation" (in the words of Paul Tillich) is warmed neither by appeals to the individual conscience, nor to the written Scriptures, nor to history. For us Rome and the Keys of the Kingdom are one. Our only alternative would be the silence of a civilized skepticism before the ultimate riddle of human existence.

Frederick D. Wilhelmsen

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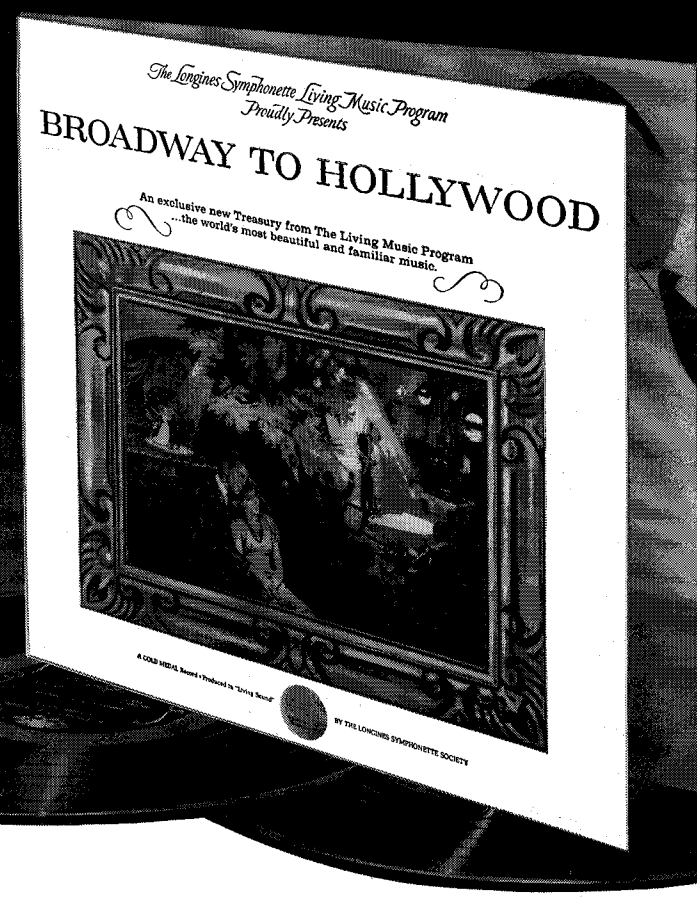
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Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

Does the Washington press lie?

WASHINGTON:

Do the 1,000 or so Washington-based reporters who cover foreign and domestic news tell their readers the truth? The question is worth examining, for a great many people are coming to believe that the Washington press corps consistently lies to the country.

The bitter distrust of the Washington press among right-wing Republicans is an old story. No journalist who was there is likely to forget the furious, full-throated roar of released hatred which greeted former President Eisenhower's off-the-cuff attack on the "sensation-seeking columnists and commentators" at the 1964 convention. It is an article of faith on the Goldwater right that the Washington press corps consists of toadies of the "Liberal Establishment."

Among left-wing intellectuals, contempt and even hatred of the Washington press have also become increasingly fashionable—but instead of being toadies of the liberals, the Washington reporters have sold out to the imperialists and militarists. Here, for example, is *The New York Review of Books*, house organ of the New York intellectual left:

"In ways which journalists themselves perceive only dimly or not at all, they are bought, or compromised, or manipulated into confirming the official lies: not the little ones, which they delight in exposing, but the big ones, which they do not normally think of as lies at all, and which they cannot distinguish from the truth."

The "truth," of course, is that Lyndon B. Johnson and his chief lieutenants are ruthless imperialists and militarists; and that American foreign policy is dictated by big money, oil, and the "military-industrial power structure."

But the "bought, compromised and manipulated" Washington journalists consistently hide this self-evident truth. Thus, according to *The New York Review of Books*, the Pentagon reporters refrain from telling the truth about American "militarism" in return for "a few beers with the colonels, and a sense of swinging, having the inside dope." They sell their immortal souls, in other words—and for beers with the colonels, not even Martinis with the generals.

It is impossible for a reasonably honest Washington reporter, no matter how liberal his views, to satisfy the hunger of the left-wing intellectuals for this kind of "truth." For example, *The New Republic*'s T.R.B. (Richard Strout, able Washington correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*) has only to suggest that perhaps Lyndon Johnson deserves some sympathy in the hellish situation in which he finds himself, to be angrily denounced in his own magazine.

The fact is that, like the McCarthyites or the Birchites, the left-wing intellectuals favor a devil theory of politics. McCarthy's chief devil was Gen. George Marshall (the "principal" in a "conspiracy on a scale so immense as to dwarf any previous such venture in the history of man"). The chief devil of the left-wing intellectuals is Lyndon B. Johnson.

It is symptomatic that *MacBird!*, an inept parody of Shakespeare, has been hailed in left-intellectual circles as a work of near-genius. The parody is on about the literary level of a freshman spoof. Its real merit in left-intellectual eyes is that it portrays the President as a brutal buffoon and the murderer of his predecessor.

The chief stimulus of this McCarthyism of the left is, of course, the war in Vietnam. Just as the McCarthyites were singularly ignorant of the real nature of Communism, very few of the left-intellectuals have any personal experience of either the Vietnamese war or of how the American government really works. An intellectual who writes from first-hand knowledge of *either* subject is in for trouble.

For example, Arthur Schlesinger, the archetypical liberal-intellectual, who has not been to Vietnam since World War II, is a leading dove. He has been bitterly attacked, all the same, in both *The New York Review of Books* and *Ramparts*, West Coast organ of the New Left. Schlesinger has been rather thoroughly exposed to the way the American government really works. Therefore his intellectual honesty does not permit him to support the left-intellectual version of "the truth" about that government.

Political reporters are also thoroughly exposed to the way the government works, which is why what they write so often infuriates both the Republican right and the intellectual left. Most reporters, liberal or conservative, see the government in about the same rather undramatic way.

Because they are in constant contact with it, reporters see the government in terms of people—some very able, some very bumbling; most devoted to the national interest as they see it; most also devoted to their own interest, personal or bureaucratic; many subjected to heavy pressures which are inherently irreconcilable; and all, where the great war-and-peace, death-and-life issues are concerned, groping earnestly in a near-darkness.

There is no large, immutable "truth" about what these people say and think and do. There are many bits and pieces of the truth. There is, for example, the kind of truth of which James Reston writes in his book, *The Artillery of the Press*. At the Vienna summit meeting between Kennedy and Khrushchev, Reston writes, the official communiqués were misleadingly complacent, as usual; but "in fairness to Kennedy, it must be added that he told this reporter precisely what had happened . . . in this instance the public did get the truth."

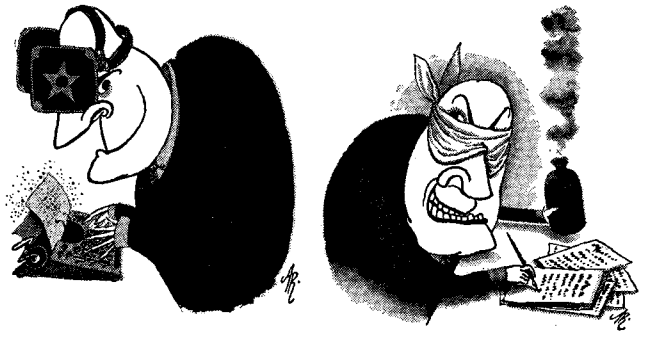
Reston's truth was, of course, Kennedy's version of the truth as interpreted by Reston. It was certainly as close to reality as a brilliant reporter could make it. But the fact remains that another President's version of the truth, as interpreted by another reporter, might have been very different.

The reportorial process thus produces many versions of the truth, as well as a good many half-truths, and some lies. Sometimes, as when war broke out in the Middle East, the half-truths and lies predominate for a while. But in time, by a self-correcting process, the half-truths and lies get winnowed out, mainly because reporting is a fiercely competitive trade. Thus if one reporter gets a self-serving version of "the truth" from politician or official A, another reporter is sure to go to politician or official B, who is A's political or bureaucratic rival, and get quite a different version.

"What is truth? said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer." For the ideologues of the extreme right or the intellectual left, there is such a thing as "the truth"—like "the truth" that the press is the captive of the "Liberal Establishment," or "the truth" that the government is the captive of the monopoly capitalists.

For the political reporter, there is no answer to jesting Pilate's question. There are only bits and pieces of the answer and many versions and variations of those bits and pieces. But because of the self-correcting process, an American citizen, most of the time, at least has a better chance than the citizen of any other country to get a fairly accurate idea of what is really going on, at home and abroad.

Stewart Alsop



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Priced just a few dollars a month more than the most popular smaller cars, comparably equipped. (Including little ones with big-car names.)

That's with power steering, power brakes, automatic transmission, radio, heater, and a big V-8 engine.

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Now if you still want to believe a Chrysler is expensive, go ahead. But you'll end up paying the price of a Chrysler—and settling for a much smaller car. See your Chrysler dealer and move up today.

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Illustrated above, the Newport 2-Door Hardtop equipped with optional vinyl roof.
Tune in Bob Hope and The Chrysler Theatre in color, Wednesdays. Major League Baseball in color, Saturdays. Both on NBC-TV.

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area rigid, providing traction an
control never previously availabl

What is meant by "radial de
sign"? Its essential difference
that it permits the sidewalls an
tread area to act independently
In the conventional tires, th
whole tire acts as a unit: whe
the sidewall flexes, the tread flexe
In the radial tire, the sidewall ca
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the tread area.

This is dramatically illustrate
in a high-speed turn, when max
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most urgently needed. In a co
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the tread area lifts off the roa
way, decreasing control, decrea
ing traction, and perhaps invitir
a dangerous skid.

The radial tire sidewall will fl
independently, leaving all t
rubber on the road.

* * *

Cuts Gas Consumption

An advantage of the St
Radial Tire that many people f
hard to believe is that it actu
reduces gas consumption.
tread doesn't squirm or wigg
the road. This squirming w
out the tire faster—and w
horsepower.

had the Sears Steel Radial tire on
national distribution for more
than a year.

The Steel Radial Tire has bene-
fits even beyond those of other
types of radial tires. And the rea-
son is twofold: inside the tread are
two belts of steel. These steel belts
provide tread rigidity unmatched
in other tires, and they make the
tire virtually blowout-proof.

The Sears Steel Radial Tire is
believed to be as completely
blowout-proof as any tire that
ever held air.

* * *

Tread grooves stay open

Laboratory tests of the Sears
tire have shown that the steel-
belted radial tire will withstand
tortures that will damage the
wheel itself. But the second ad-
vantage of the steel belts is per-
haps even more important to the
driver.

This material is designed to reflect published information on Radial Tires.

In conventional tires, the tread
area tends to squeeze together,
closing the grooves and reducing
the traction — particularly on a
wet surface. But the radial design
and the steel belts keep the tread
area rigid, providing traction and
control never previously available.

What is meant by "radial de-
sign"? Its essential difference is
that it permits the sidewalls and
tread area to act independently.
In the conventional tires, the
whole tire acts as a unit: when
the sidewall flexes, the tread flexes.
In the radial tire, the sidewall can
give even more without caus-
ing corresponding distortion in
the tread area.

This is dramatically illustrated
in a high-speed turn, when maxi-
mum control and traction are
most urgently needed. In a con-

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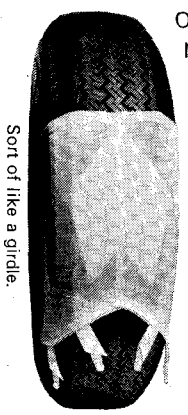
Here is the full story on the tire you've been reading about. The Sears Steel Radial Tire.

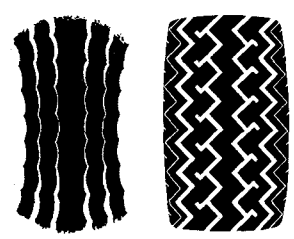
This is a true story.
About a revolutionary tire.
The Sears Steel Radial Tire.
It has two belts of steel under the tread for extra strength.
It is as close to being completely blow-out proof as any tire that ever came down the turnpike.
It has more steering control than ordinary tires.
It has more traction, safer cornering, better braking.
When the ordinary tires that come on most new cars are worn bald, the Sears Steel Radial Tire is just getting its second wind. It'll probably have more tread life left than the ordinary tires did when they were brand spanking new.
And when the ordinary tires are good only as dock bumpers, the Sears Steel Radial Tire is more cut-resistant, rupture-resistant and blowout-resistant than those regular tires were the day they rolled out of the show-room floor.
Sears, Roebuck and Co. guarantees it for 40,000 miles.

It may still be going strong at 60,000 miles.
Who else but Sears would sell you a tire so good it could put them out of the tire business?
In The Steel Radial Tire, cords run straight down the sidewalls and across the tread. So they are free to flex without the same distortion in the tread.
The tread is built in a new way, too—reinforced with two continuous belts of steel which run around the circumference of the tire like a hoop.


Sort of like a girdle.

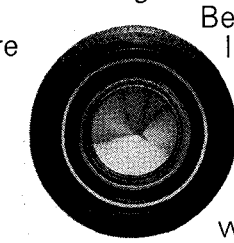
That means more flexibility in the sidewalls.
More rigidity in the tread area.
The tire stays flat on the road. A longer footprint than ordinary tires. About the difference between a size 9 shoe and a size 11 shoe.
That means better traction.
Better traction means greater steering control, safer cornering, better braking.
The Steel Radial Tire doesn't waste rubber wiggling around on the road. There's less rolling resistance. Which means you get more available horsepower.
That could add up to as much as 10 per cent better gas mileage.

And that's not the end of the story.
The Steel Radial Tire has up to 39 per cent more resistance to sliding out on wet curves. That makes it the ultimate rain tire.
More grip on snow and ice. That makes it an all-weather, all-year tire.
What more could you ask of a tire?
Sears set out to find the best, safest, toughest tire made anywhere in the world. The tire we found happened to be made in France.
After making some improvements, we bought it.
Depending on the size you need, the Sears Steel Radial Tire sells for $45.08 to $54.32 each. Including Federal Excise tax. No extra charge for mounting. And no money down on Sears Easy Payment Plan.


The Radial tread doesn't squeeze together.

You can pay $75 or more for a tire and you won't get more tire than this one. From anyone. Anywhere.

We put the Sears guarantee right in our ad.
Because a guarantee like this deserves reading.



It's simple and straight-forward.
Read the guarantee you got with your tires and see the difference.
When Sears guarantees, Sears guarantees.

• • •

Sears guarantees the Allstate Radial Tire, so long as it is used with Allstate Radial Tubes on passenger cars or station wagons as follows:

Guaranteed against tread wear-out and all failure from road hazards for 40,000 miles. If tread wears off or if tire fails before 40,000 miles, we will, at our option, repair it free or, in exchange for your tire, replace it or give you a refund, in either case charging only for the mileage received (charge will be pro-rata share of then current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax).

Guaranteed against all failure from defects for the life of the original tread. If tire fails, we will, at our option, repair it free, or in exchange for your tire, replace it or give you a refund, in either case charging only for tread worn (charge will be pro-rata share of then current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax).

Sears

You get more tire at Sears.

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WHO CAN HE RUN TO?

With no mother . . . and no father . . . what can a small child do? Who can he run to when he scrapes his knee . . . when he's tired and sleepy? Yes, Abandoned is a harsh word. One we're barely familiar with. But this small child knows the terrifying fear. And he somehow knows, too, that he isn't loved . . . isn't wanted. He is the child of an American serviceman and an Asian mother . . . left by his father, abandoned in desperation by his mother.

Even now he has begun to taste the tears of his future. Survival will become his daily task . . . education will remain always beyond his reach . . . and hard discrimination will follow him constantly.

But with your help, this shall not be! For just 50¢ a day, barely more than a pack of cigarettes, will provide for his welfare and education, and create his future. And to be there when a child turns to you is a great glory!

The Pearl S. Buck Foundation, dedicated to the welfare and education of Amerasian children, works not only to save lives . . . but to build lives. Help us now, we beg of you.

Pearl S. Buck

PEARL S. BUCK FOUNDATION, INC. Dept. SEP7, P. O.Box 2137, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103

☐ I will pay $15 a month ($180 a year) to support a ☐ boy ☐ girl.

☐ I will pay $10 a montn ($120 a year) toward a counselor for 2 children.

☐ I will pay $5 a month ($60 a year) toward a tutorial plan.

I enclose my first payment of $_____

I cannot make a pledge, but wish to give $_____

Name _____

Address _____

City State Zip

Your contribution is tax deductible.

Points West

By John Gregory Dunne and Joan Didion

Halfway home

When I was younger, and other people turned 35, I thought it amusing to send a two-word birthday telegram. The wire simply read, "Halfway home." But on the day this spring when I found myself halfway through my allotted threescore ten, the joke suddenly seemed pallid. Perhaps it is because I am beginning to find the names of classmates appearing in the obituary notes of my college alumni magazine. "After a short illness . . ." the notice begins. It is a chilling phrase. There was at least something youthful and abandoned about a drunken-driving accident or skiing into a tree.

Now I note on my calendar the date of my annual medical checkup. I examine myself for lumps and bumps and I have heard with sinking heart a doctor tell me that he was sending a piece of tissue "down for a biopsy." When one is 20, he feels immortal. But to be 35 is to be stranded on the highest precipice of the mountain range. Behind stretches the rugged topography of youth; ahead, on a far more even course, the valley of middle age.

And yet I am far happier than I was at 25. Life then seemed full of wild and largely implausible options. Ten years ago I put up $100 to buy a piece of an antimony mine in Thailand. I wasn't sure what antimony was, but I saw myself in riding boots and a wide-brimmed hat in the jungles of Siam. There was a whisper of opium and the freedom of self-exile. The thought, of course, was compensation for the reality I was then living. I was writing advertising copy for a product called Carborundum and I was living at a fashionable address on the upper East Side of New York. I never told anyone, not even the girl I was then supposed to marry, that the fashionable address was a rooming house. It was populated by men who had been beaten by the city. My roommate was a lawyer from South Carolina who had failed the bar exam three times; he was replaced by a drunk who had been out of work for 11 months. I insisted to myself that I was not like them. Noontimes I haunted the seedy one-room employment agencies along Broadway, looking for another job. I felt that if I could only break through to $75 a week, it would be the first step to the cover of *Time*. By night I concocted résumés, listing jobs I never held. Even now I sometimes wake in the middle of the night remembering the awful day when an employment agent with rheumy eyes and dandruff flaking down on the shoulders of his shiny blue suit told me he had checked one of my references, who reported that he had never heard of me.

I survived, as most of us do. The last three years have been, by and large, the happiest of my life. There are a number of reasons, and except for the first, I list them in no special order. I married. I quit my job and moved to Los Angeles, into a vast, old, rented house. I suppose the operative word is "rented." It

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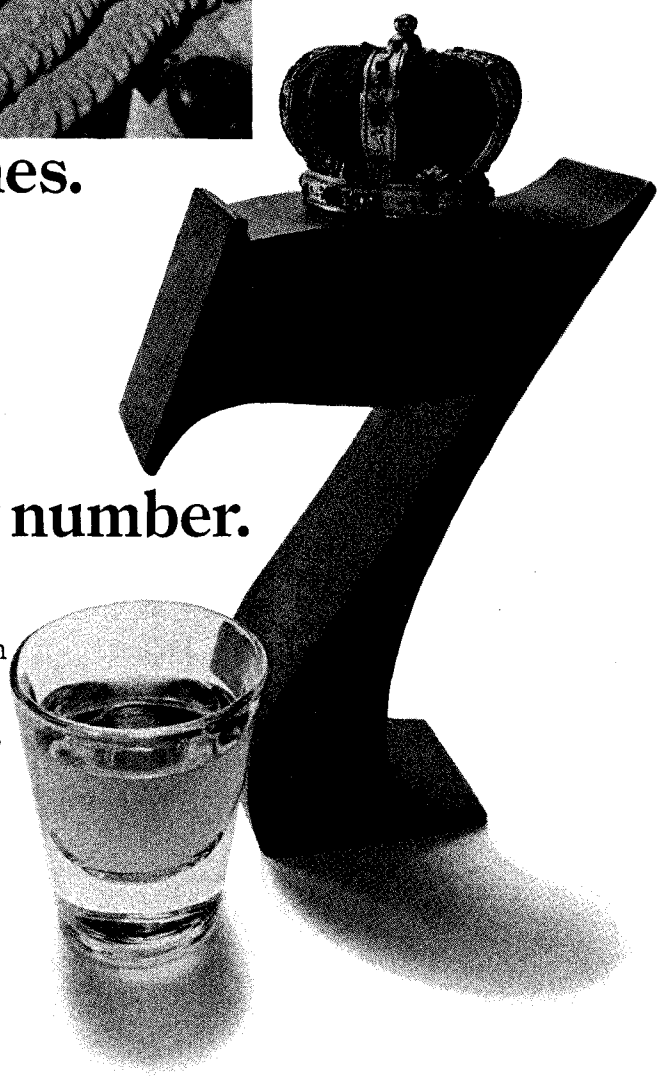
These are The Sure Ones.



This is their social security number.

It's the number they count on for unvarying quality in any kind of drink. And it never lets them down. They pour it, mix it, chill it, shake it, stir it, and it's always the same. Quality.

They serve it at birthdays, weddings, reunions, anniversaries, cocktail parties, housewarmings, and it's always the same. Quality.

And that's why they're called The Sure Ones. They never have to worry about their whiskey.

Seagram's 7 Crown—The Sure One

Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C. Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

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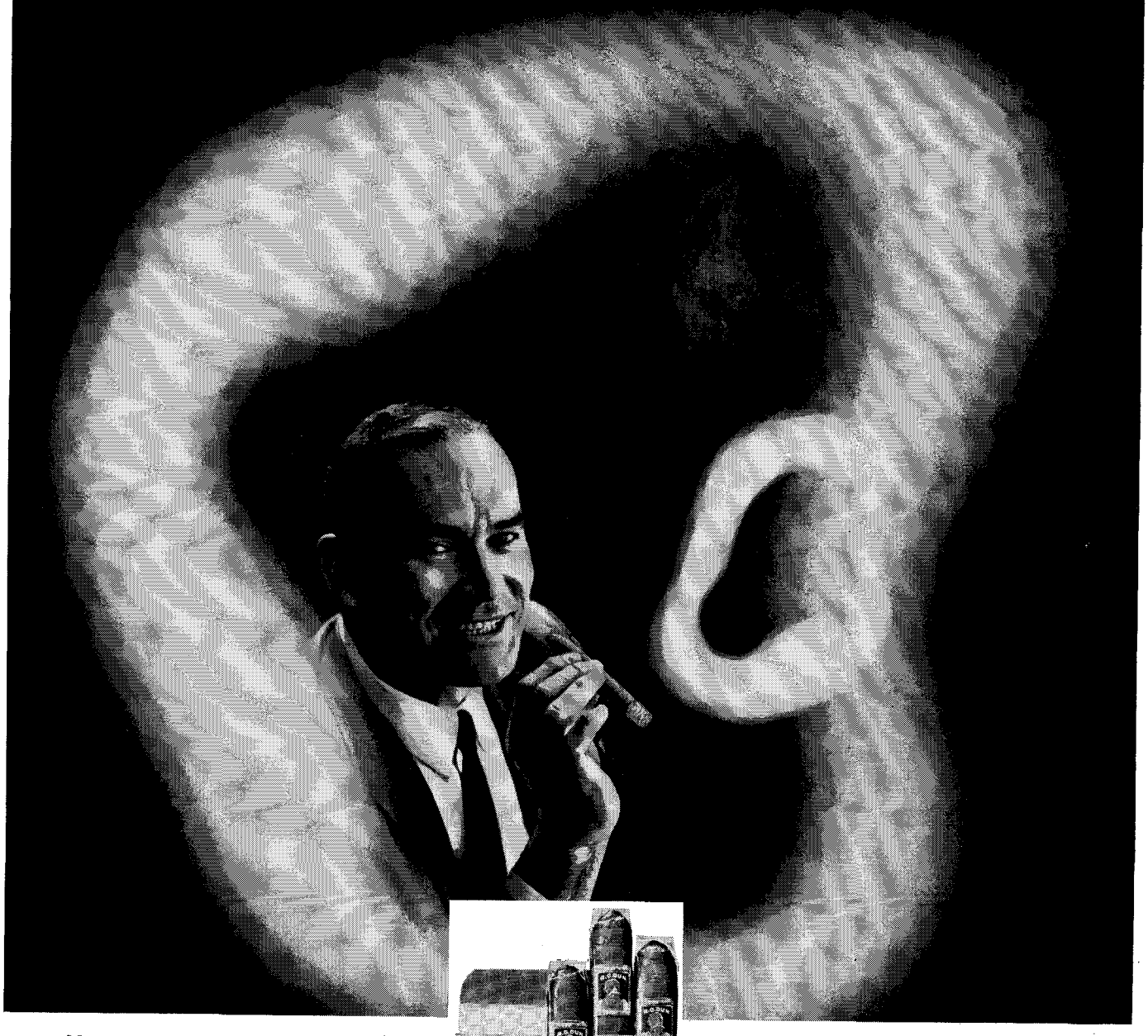
R.G.Dun puts you in the winner's circle as often as you like.



No matter when you light up, an R. G. Dun puts you in the winner's circle. That's because from tip to tip, we blend R.G. Duns for winners.

Take R.G. Dun's wrapper, for example. It's all shade-grown leaf, the most expensive kind there is. So light and soft, 25 yards weigh just about a pound.

Inside are specially selected South and Central American and Caribbean tobaccos all blended for a perfect marriage of flavor and mildness.

With a wide selection of popular shapes to choose from, you'll find there's an R.G. Dun just right for you. Smoke an R.G. Dun —the cigar for the man who wants to be in the winner's circle every time he lights up.

Give that man an R.G. Dun: Admiral, Bouquet, Cigarillo, Tip, Panetela.

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hints at the kind of vagrant life I prefer. Going into escrow implies a commitment I am not yet willing to make. When one reads other people's books and sits on other people's chairs as a life style, he feels free to pick up at a moment's notice to take the Trans-Siberian Railway from Moscow to Vladivostok.

So far I have not been to Vladivostok, but I know where the courthouse crowd hangs out in Independence, Calif., and where to find the *contrabandistas* in Nogales, Ariz., and who is the most successful madam in Winnemucca, Nev., and the biggest bookmaker in McCook, Nebr., as well as one or two other things I might never have known had I a patio to brick, a home to stay home in.

I learned I could make a good living without the crutch of a weekly paycheck. I was free to travel, free to turn down what I did not want to do, suddenly so professionally confident that instead of comparing myself to my contemporaries, I compared them to me. There are pitfalls, of course. It is sometimes hard to keep this confidence in balance. More than one bank manager has told me, when I applied for a loan, that I was "technically unemployed." I live for the mail and the checks it is supposed to bring. When they come, and I feel flush, my life dissolves into euphoria, the most chronic symptom of which is procrastination. I make dentist's appointments, I make lists, I plan parties I will never host. A spurious errand—who embedded the axe in Trotsky's skull?—keeps me in the library for days. I play with my year-old daughter. I had always been indifferent to children and, though I made the usual disclaimers, I did not want any of my own. Now when I watch her climbing the stairs, looking back at each step for a round of applause, I know I was wrong.

I was wrong about some other things too. "Cleverness" no longer seems the virtue it once did. I am not so sure any more that the world turns exclusively on sexual passion, nor do I think that getting rich would blight all my dreams.

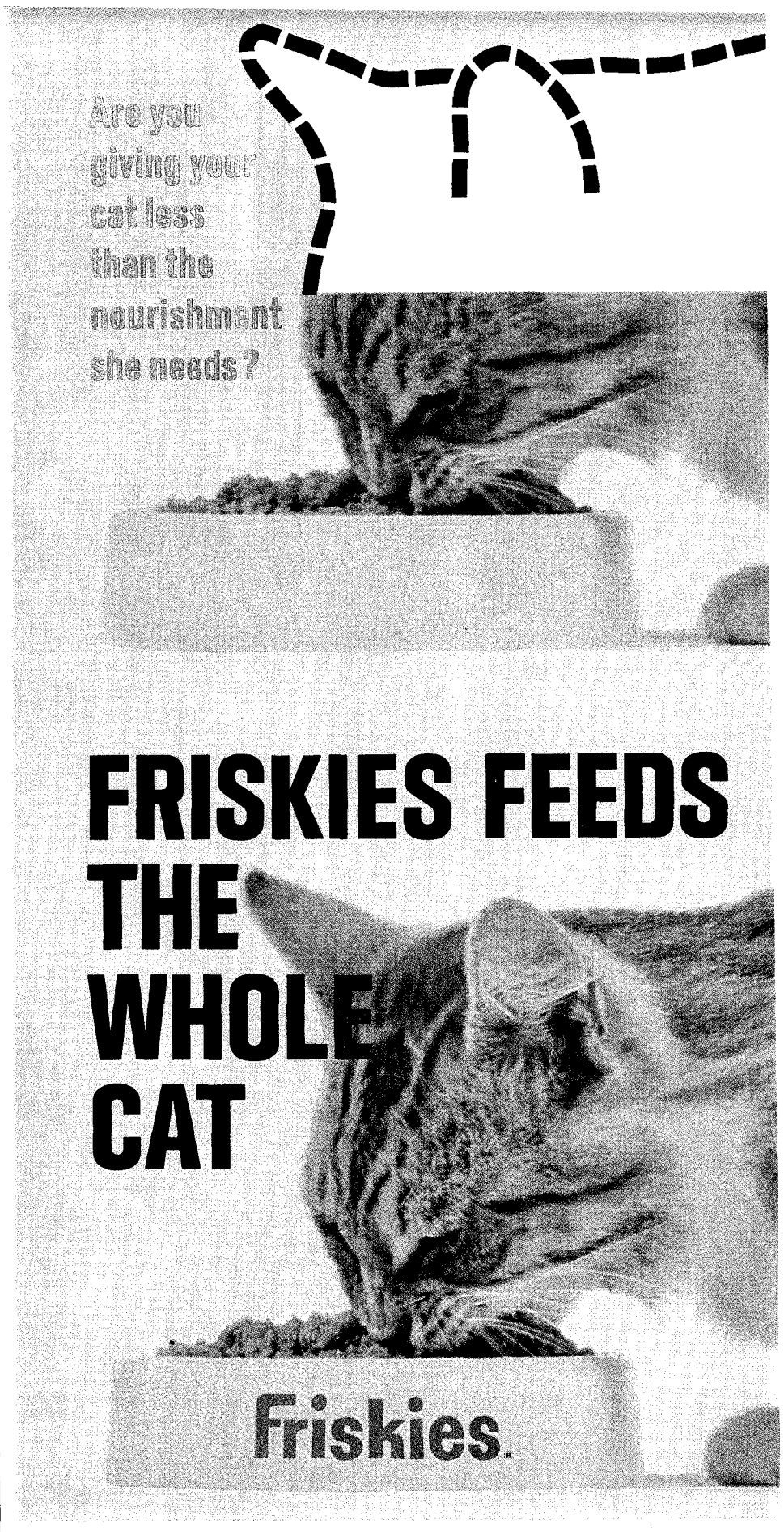
Perhaps everyone knows the same things at 35. But that is all I can tell you, for I am overguarded, disinclined to self-analysis. In making that admission, I know that I will never be a writer of fiction; a storyteller, perhaps, but not what I wanted to be more than anything else. Not long ago, in the hours after midnight when the ice had run out and everyone had drunk too much, I played a game called "Truth" in the company of a much-troubled, much-analyzed writer, a movie producer on the make, and one of the first ladies of the silver screen. The game consisted of drawing up two lists of the things you "loved" and "hated" most in the world; the players then tried to guess who made what lists. The first item on the star's "love" list was "making it"; she followed this with "the warmth of a baby's kiss" and "a solitary walk on a rainswept beach." I wrote down Evelyn Waugh and Graham Greene. You see what I mean when I say that I am guarded.

Politically I feel, at 35, like a ship without a port. Stokely Carmichael recently referred to me, on *The David Susskind Show*, of all places, as "a white middle-class liberal." I am unable to do much about being white or middle class, however pejorative those adjectives were meant to be. It is the "liberal" I object to. That is a bag I opted out of a long time ago. I belong generically to the Left, and suppose I always will, but the Left I espoused has lost its sense of skepticism about itself, and in so doing has become intolerant. Liberals will defend to the death your right to agree with them; any other point of view is irrelevant, if not downright obdurate or ignorant, and therefore unworthy of serious consideration. Their cause, and mine too, has become an orthodoxy confounded by its own conundrums.

"How did it come about," Malcolm Muggeridge once asked, "that the pursuit of happiness led to larger and more crowded psychiatric wards, of knowledge to ever greater credulity and vacuity, of security to an ever-intensifying sense of helplessness and loss of identity, of affluence to ever-mounting indebtedness, of health to the consumption of more pills and potions?" I ask and I cannot answer.

Perhaps answers are the luxury of the very young and hopeful. At 35, I find myself less and less inclined to look for answers, let alone to offer them. It is hard enough to frame the questions, halfway home. Or let us put it this way: halfway to Vladivostok.

John Gregory Dunne



with flavors cats love. Maybe there is another diet as nourishing as Friskies. Maybe. But it doesn't have Friskies' flavor.

Maybe your cat would like another food as much as Friskies. Maybe. But it wouldn't give her Friskies' balance of vitamins, minerals, and protein.

You can trust the cat-lovers at Carnation to make sure of this: Each Friskies variety–liver, fish, and chicken–contains every single nutrient it takes to nourish your whole cat.

Here, Kitty. You're going to *like* Friskies.

from Carnation®

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A wallet should do more than stash your cash.

It should give you fringe benefits.

Like a snappier silhouette. Nothing is so destructive of a man's image as a bumpy backside or lumpish jacket. . . .

A wallet should even permit you a touch of smugness now and then, as you think of the masterpiece of hand-rubbed leather in your pocket. With every edge turned and neatly stitched, or finished by hand in the French manner. And every lining sewn in, not glued. (Never glued!)

A man is entitled to feel his wallet won't disgrace him . . . (just when he's picked up the tab for lunch with a fastidious new client). . . .

Mark Cross has 210 different wallets that keep your money plus lots of other stuff sensibly organized (We've one billfold so small and slim, surgeons on duty carry it in their socks).

We invite you to meet with one of our specially trained girls who will analyze your wallet requirements and help choose the appropriate style for you. Then she'll show you how to pack it for proper balance and slimness. . . .

From an advertisement in *The New York Times*

Two for the money and nothing shows

By SPENCER KLAW

As the curtain rises, we see Stanfield Tarragon standing outside the glass door of Mark Cross's richly appointed Fifth Avenue store. A handsome executive in his late 30's, he is impeccably groomed except for one thing. He looks as if he were carrying a grapefruit in his right hip pocket.

At the rear of the store, a half-dozen young women are sitting in a row reading Barron's *and* The Wall Street Journal. *As Tarragon opens the door and enters, they study him intently and smile in unison. He looks embarrassed and seems about to flee when an older woman wearing pince-nez gets up from behind a desk and approaches him. She is Mrs. Viola Perth.*

MRS. PERTH: Good afternoon, sir. I am Viola Perth, your managing consultant. What can we do for you?

TARRAGON: Well, I'm just looking around. I've never been in a . . . a place like this before. An old friend of mine, Harley Groton, said I might, well . . .

MRS. PERTH: Of course! Mr. Groton is one of our nicest gentlemen. He often drops in to have his wallet packed before a business trip. He brings his wife too. They make *such* a lovely couple. But I'm afraid she's all thumbs, poor thing. She can't seem to get the proper balance and slimness.

TARRAGON: I've never felt I really needed help—professional help. But Harley spoke so highly of you that . . .

MRS. PERTH: Well, now that you've found the way, we hope you come often! Now, Mr. . . . ?

TARRAGON: Tarragon. That's Stanfield Tarragon.

MRS. PERTH: I know how precious time is to you executives, Mr. Tarragon, so let's get right down to business and meet your wallet engineer. (*She turns to the girls, and after a moment's thought nods at Clarissa Marvel, a nicely shaped blonde in her mid-20's who has on the kind of half-rimmed glasses chemists wear. It is clear that if she threw away her cheaters she would be quite a dish.*)

MRS. PERTH: Clarissa, dear, let me introduce Mr. Stanfield Tarragon. He's a friend of that nice Mr. Groton. Mr. Tarragon, this is Clarissa Marvel, one of our newer recruits. She's a California Tech girl, and very brilliant. Good-bye now, you two, and have fun!

CLARISSA: Mr. Tarragon, in order to analyze your problem, we have to determine your particular requirements. If you'll step this way, we'll get down to details. (*She leads him to a small room at stage right. It contains a couch and a coffee table, and there is a diploma on the wall. Clarissa closes the door, invites Tarragon to take a seat, and sits next to him. He edges away.*)

CLARISSA: Mr. Tarragon, somehow I get the feeling this is your first time.

TARRAGON: Well, naturally, I've had plenty of wallets. As a matter of fact, my wife gave me a Mark Cross model last year that was a masterpiece of hand-rubbed leather. She said she wanted me to have a snappier silhouette. (*Pauses*) That's just like Sylvia. It was a beautiful gift, but she ruined it by implying that all those years we'd been married she'd been ashamed of me because I had a bumpy . . . but that's not *your* problem.

CLARISSA (*softly*): Let *me* be the judge of that. What happened?

TARRAGON: Well, I cleaned out the old Leather-tex number I'd been carrying around. One of those with . . . with . . .

CLARISSA (*patting his arm*): Go on. If I'm to help, you must take me into your confidence.

TARRAGON: It had a glued lining. All those years Sylvia watched me apply Elmer's Glue-All to my wallet to keep the lining from flapping around, and never a hint from her that I was disgracing myself every time I picked up a lunch tab. Then, bang! She's telling me I'm a jerk.

CLARISSA (*losing some of her professional cool*): How absolutely bestial!

TARRAGON: Oh, in a way I was grateful. When I started using the new wallet, my jackets weren't lumpish anymore. I was able to have them all taken in, and people told me I looked years younger. At restaurants, people would beg me to pay the check just to watch me take my wallet out of my sock. And then Sylvia really showed her hand, Miss Marvel.

CLARISSA: Clarissa. You wouldn't believe the things we learn about our clients' wives. I like you, Stanfield—may I call you Stan?—and I'm going to tell you something. I suppose Mrs. Perth told you about Mr. Groton's wife tagging along when he comes to get his wallet packed?

TARRAGON: Yes. (*wistfully*) They seem to be a very happy couple.

CLARISSA: That's a façade. Behind it, she's punishing her husband for her own frigidity. She acts the part of the mother who pretends to be permissive but is in reality determined to emasculate her son in order to avenge herself on her impotent husband.

TARRAGON: God.

CLARISSA: Poor Harley will never break away. But I have a feeling you're different. You're not like most of the men who come in here. I try to solve their immediate problems and send them on their way. But that's not enough for you. You have, well, *potential*.

TARRAGON: You're not the kind of girl I expected to meet in a place like this, Clarissa. You give me courage. I could sit here and whine, and maybe buy a new wallet with every edge turned and stitched, but I've got to get to the bottom of this once and for all. I need your help.

CLARISSA: Stan, I believe in you. But *you're* the only one who can really help.

TARRAGON: You're right. I've got to dig down deep. (*He reaches into his pocket, and after some wrenching and tugging produces an object that looks like a ham sandwich wrapped in an old rubber poncho. It is his wallet. Clarissa recoils, but recovers quickly and reaches to touch it.*) There, now you know.

CLARISSA: Oh, Stan! I've seen lumpy wallets in my time, but nothing like this. (*She takes a pair of calipers from a drawer in the coffee table, and slips them over the wallet. She gasps.*)

CLARISSA: (*momentarily the professional again*): Three and an eighth! Wow! (*Sadly*) Stan, how did it happen?

TARRAGON: I guess Sylvia couldn't stand the way women were looking at me. So she started stuffing junk in my new wallet. Oh, she wouldn't stuff it in herself. She's too clever. She'd say, "Darling, will you hang onto these instructions that came with the can opener? Put them in your wallet so you'll know where they are." Or she'd say, "Darling, Effie Lathrop gave me the address of a wonderful restaurant you should go to next time you're in Cincinnati; why don't you just tuck it in your wallet?" Well, where do you draw the line? Lots of her requests seemed reasonable enough, but before long I had to have my jackets let out again. My wallet was full of recipes for chicken Tetrazzini and instructions about how to get to somebody's place in Armonk. Just look at this stuff! (*He opens up the wallet and shakes it out. When it is empty, there is a pile of papers nearly a foot high on the coffee table.*)

CLARISSA: Oh, Stan, that took real courage. (*She removes her glasses, and smiles tremulously.*)

TARRAGON (*really seeing her for the first time*): You're . . . the finest person I've ever met. Clarissa, I want to be free. But how can I break out?

CLARISSA: Stan, I can't tell you. You must find the answer in your own heart.

TARRAGON: Couldn't you give me a little hint? (*Clarissa picks up her glasses and throws them in the wastebasket. Then she takes a cigarette lighter from her purse and hands it to Tarragon.*)

TARRAGON: Yes! I see now! (*He sweeps all the papers into the wastebasket, tosses in the empty wallet, which now looks like an old inner tube, and sets fire to the collection. He and Clarissa embrace impulsively, and the lovers then stand transfixed, hand in hand, as the smoke curls up. Suddenly Clarissa gasps, and just before the contents of the wastebasket burst into flame she reaches in and plucks out a roll of bills.*)

TARRAGON: I'm glad you remembered that! We'll need some cash, at least temporarily, until I can get myself some new credit cards. Here, I'll take it.

CLARISSA (*coyly*): You forget, Stan. From now on, no more overstuffed wallets for you! I'll take care of all this. (*She tucks the bills into her bra, where they make no visible bulge. She gives Tarragon a look of radiant triumph and presses him to her bosom with a faint crackling sound as the curtain falls.*) □

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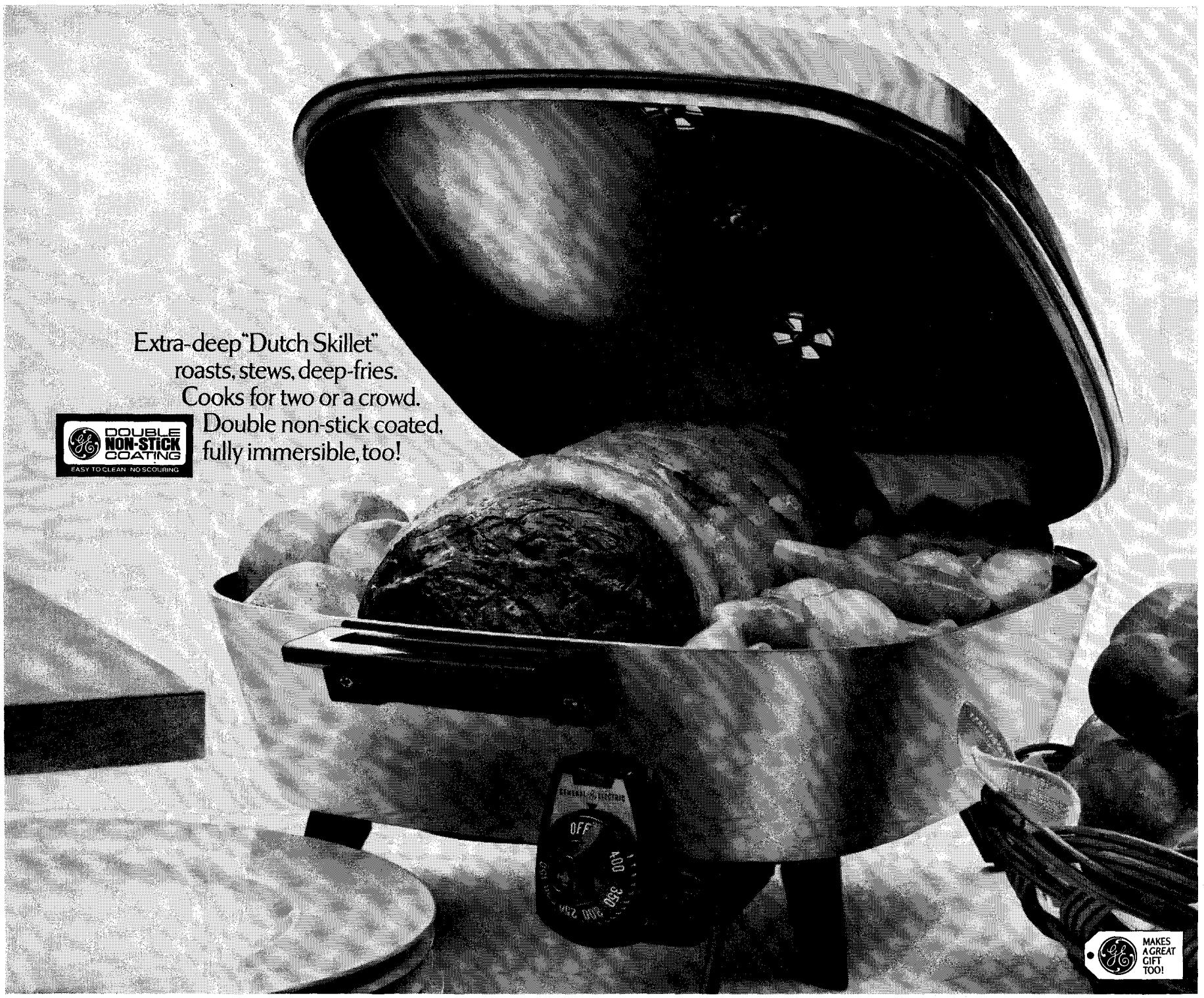
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The Austrians call it radball. I call it madball.

1 **"Put soccer on wheels** and you'll have a ball," writes Rudolf Novak, an American friend of Canadian Club. *"Radball* is a fast-riding, free-wheeling game played on brakeless bikes. Back home, I grew up on a bike and played soccer in school, so *radball* seemed as easy to me as one and one make two.

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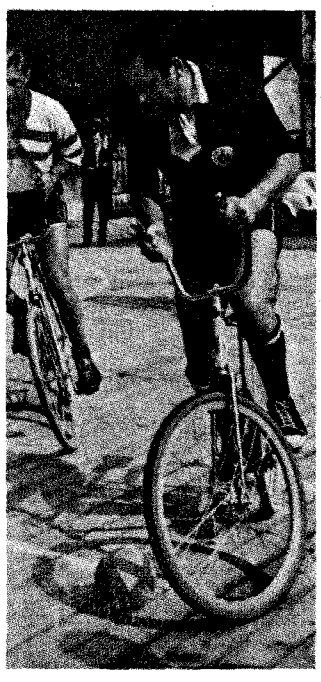

2 **"This is a breeze,** I thought, as I raced in to cut off my opponent. I wheeled into him and easily got the ball away. Then I reared up, like a cowboy on a bucking bronco, and sent a wicked smash toward the goal.

3 **"But I must've reared too high** and smashed too hard for I began tottering and, suddenly, came tumbling down. I found myself a heap of tangled arms and legs on the boards.

4 **"That's when I cried,** *'Bitte, bitte,'* and, bruised and battered, walked with my Austrian friends to a *Wirtschaft* nearby for a drink of their favorite whisky and mine—Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch *and* the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Enjoy Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—tonight.

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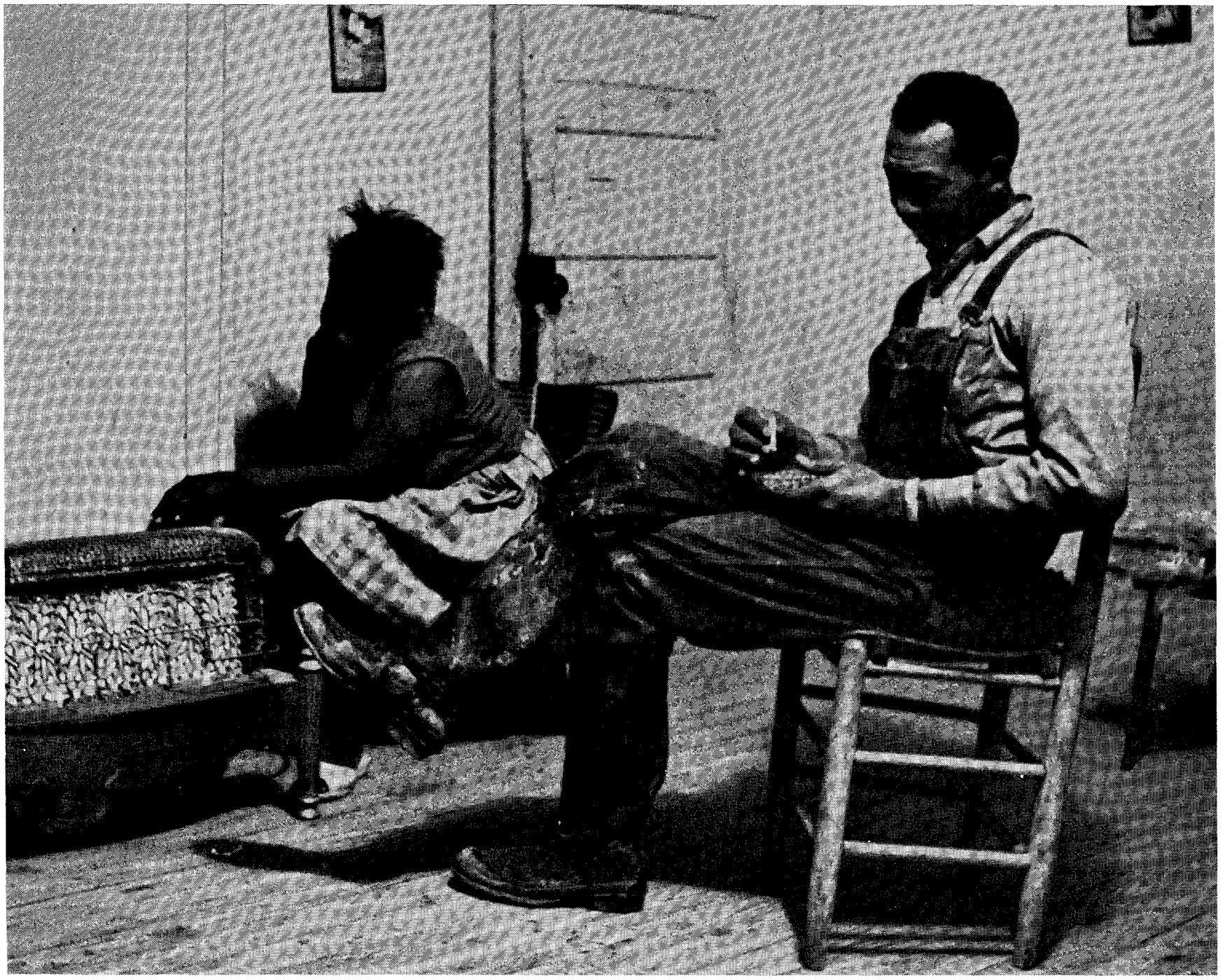
The Saturday Evening POST

THE BLACK IMMIGRANTS



The Negroes of the northern ghettos are not simply colored people or poor people. They are also the new immigrants—foreigners within their own country. Here is the story of Walter Austin of Merigold, Mississippi, and the millions like him: why they leave the South, how they go to the alien land, and what they find.

By Ben H. Bagdikian

Photographs by Matt Herron

At 6:40 on the evening of March 4, 1967, Walter Austin, who had lived for almost half a century within 60 miles of the Mississippi, actually saw the river for the first time. Still wearing his four-dollar overalls, he was sitting in the back seat of an automobile, jammed in with four other members of his family, crossing a high bridge. His eyes were red with the fatigue of the last 38 sleepless hours. But he stared down through the dusk at the aluminum reflection of the greatest body of water he had ever seen, and he said the same thing that rose out of him earlier when someone told him that in New York City there is a building 102 stories high: a low, slow, "Good gracious!" The car moved across the bridge, its occupants turning to keep in sight the massive river that had been the source of life and of suffering for five generations of Austin families. And then the river was gone, and they turned forward again to look uncertainly into the darkness ahead.

It was the most momentous crossing of their lives. From that time on their experiences would be like nothing they or their

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The day the Austin family is to go North, young Wendell takes one last run in the yard by the Mississippi cotton field his father worked. But Wendell will never be a sharecropper.

ancestors had ever known. That morning they had been just another impoverished Negro family working the fields on a remote Mississippi plantation. But at noon, with hardly a backward glance, they had slammed the doors of the two cars driven by a relative and a friend and headed north for a new life in the city. They carried all they could from the last hog they would ever butcher—the salted jaw, a slab of salt pork, two hams, 100 pounds of lard—stashed in the car like sacred objects. Riding with them as well was a new and confusing collection of hopes and fears.

That day the Austins—father, mother, five children aged 17 to 6, and one grandchild—added their eight lives to a flow of Americans that is one of the great unsung sagas of human history. It is an uprooting of more people in a shorter period of time than almost any peacetime migration known to man, a vast transfer that is changing America.

In a wicked moment Franklin Roosevelt once put a chill on a convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution by greeting them, "My fellow immigrants," and it is true enough that one thing all Americans share is a background of migration. The American Indians were immigrants, probably from Asia; the forebears of most white Americans came from Europe in the largest intercontinental human movement in history; the ancestors of most American Negroes were the 400,000 Africans brought into the South as slaves between 1619 and 1808. Now the descendants of these Negro immigrants are making another mass move, this time within the United States.

In this generation, some four million Negroes have left the South, most of them for six states: California, Illinois, Michigan, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania. Where 50 years ago three quarters of Negro Americans were in rural areas, today three quarters are in cities. And the tide still runs strong. In 1960 there were four American cities that were 40 percent Negro; by 1970 there will be 14, and practically every city of any size will have a core of migrant Negroes, piling up, desperate. Like previous migrants, they are truly aliens, used to different customs, a different climate, essentially a different language, different everything. Their ghettos are countries within countries, in which nearly every inhabitant feels foreign to what surrounds him. But what surrounds the city Negroes is more hostile than anything any white alien has ever encountered. For them the ghetto perimeters are closed as tightly as foreign borders.

This exodus of southern Negroes is one of the most dramatic demographic events of the mid-century, yet it is a clandestine operation. When the Negro goes, he goes suddenly and secretly, because he is afraid of the white man. Generally, the Negro is a sharecropper, living in a feudal, noncash economy—his plantation owner provides him land and credit. When the harvest is over, the plantation owner announces that, after deducting the cost of food, fuel, seed, fertilizer and other things the sharecropper has obtained on credit, the sharecropper's profit is such and such. Or, much more likely, the owner tells him he owes the plantation as much as $100 or $500.

To the Negro this kind of debt is so astronomical that no one, laborer or landlord, expects that it will ever be paid off in cash. Only by working off the debt can the Negro family be clear. As manual farm work gives way to huge machines, the means of paying back the debt disappears. When that happens, most plantation owners are resigned to seeing their tenants leave.

Even so, there is often a question of who gets the paid-for television or kitchen range, in light of the debt, the landlord or the departing family's friends and relatives? And the rural Negro has been taught in the harshest way never to make an important decision without the approval of his landlord. So when he moves North, the Negro usually goes unannounced, a final gesture of rebellion and fear.

The families themselves seldom know when they will go until the moment comes. Moving vans are unknown to the dirt roads of the rural South, and departure frequently depends on the car of a visiting relative. Thus the times of greatest population loss in the South are the holidays—Christmas, New Year's, Memorial Day, July 4, Labor Day, any long weekend when city relatives can make the long trip down from the North. And at funerals. The South loses more than the dead at funerals. A brother from Chicago who comes down for the ceremony, having driven the 12 hours since work let out on Friday, arrives Saturday morning before dawn, and suddenly some of the youngsters, or the whole family, decide to go back with him.

Sometimes the mail arrives with the awaited passport: bus tickets sent by older children in the city. The next day the younger children drop out of school, and after dark that night the family heads for the station, carrying in their hands everything with which they will start their new life.

Or a mother takes the youngest children to "visit my sick aunty in the city," where she gets a job and sends the tickets back for her husband and the older children, and the next Saturday night the husband pays a neighbor $1.50 to drive him and his children and their suitcases to the station. Morning on the plantation finds the shack abandoned, and another rural family has entered the central mass of an American metropolis.

The decision to abandon a way of life, even one you love, can seem very simple.

"Christmas morning, last Christmas morning," Walter Austin said in his deep and vibrant voice, "I got up and I cried." Weeping did not seem to go with the dark, weather-beaten face. Austin is 48, has black hair without gray and a black moustache, and wears rugged-looking overalls and rubber boots clotted with mud. "I cried, and then I thanked the Lord to be living, because I could

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Suddenly the painful decision is made, and the Austin family flees North.

have been gone, and I was glad to be here, and all my children well. And the children had food. It put me in debt, but they had food, special Christmas food. For Christmas I saw to it that they had fresh apples and oranges."

Over and over he returned to the subject of moving to the city where, he knew, it takes even more money than in the country.

"Yes, yes, but you need *some* money here. You need *some* money here. I can't sit here with eight children"—he kept referring to eight children, though his two oldest sons had left for the city within the last two months—"I can't have my children around me and nothing to give them to eat. I feel bad in the morning. I feel *bad* in the morning, hearing the kids get up crying because they want something to eat and I can't find enough for them to eat. Then I feel bad. Then I feel like crying."

So the easy decision is really whether to eat or not. But there is a harder question for older people who know only their rural life and who love it. Walter Austin and his wife, Bessie, who is also 48, were born in Holmes County, Miss., but 10 years ago moved the 50 miles to Merigold, Miss., in Bolivar County.

"I don't want to leave Mississippi," Austin said. "I never been out of Mississippi except one time in my whole life, and that was only one week. Tell you the truth, up to the sixteenth day of March, 19 and 57, I never been out of Holmes County. I never been in no kind of trouble, never paid a fine, never been to court. I'll peck on wood"—he reached over the torn leatherette arm of the chair in his living room and rapped the bare wood floor of the shack with his knuckles—"I've been just plain Walter all my life."

We had spent hours talking country-versus-city, and there wasn't much doubt where he stood, given a free choice and enough food.

"I likes to farm. I loves it. I can raise my chickens, raise my hog, I have my garden with peas and beans and potatoes and squash and cucumbers and onions and greens. You can't do that in town. You can't raise a hog in town. I'm just a home child. I just don't want to leave home unless I have to. I'll be frank with you, I like the country."

He lifted his leather cap and scratched his hair.

"I know in the city you's supposed to have an education. If you got me a job in the morning and I was supposed to separate the salt from the sugar, I couldn't do it, not if they was in the same kind of bag. I couldn't do it, Cap'n, because I can't read."

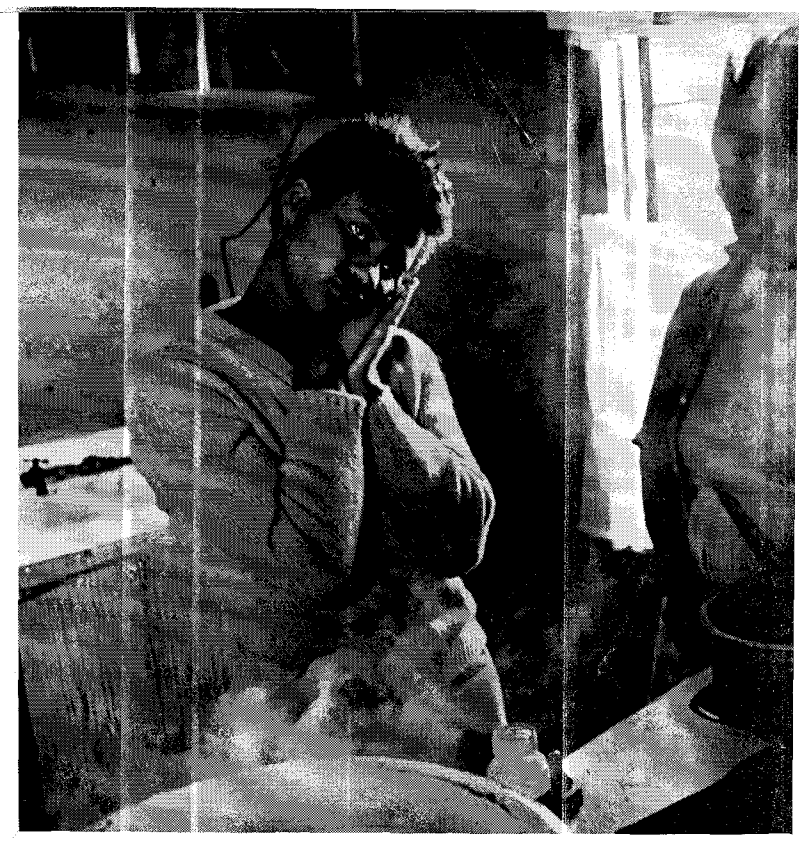
His wife, with a soft face drawn with worry, and a blurry right eye blinded by a stroke seven years ago, told about a visit she made once to Chicago.

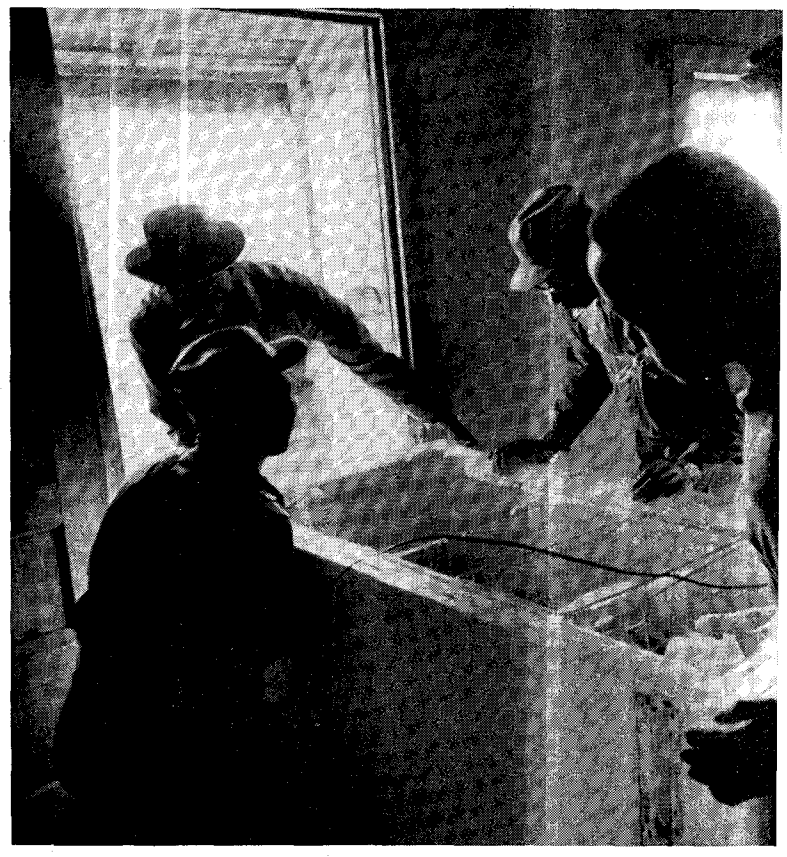
"I stayed with my husband's brother. I didn't even walk on the outside. That's all I know, what I saw from his place. I just couldn't stand that noise.

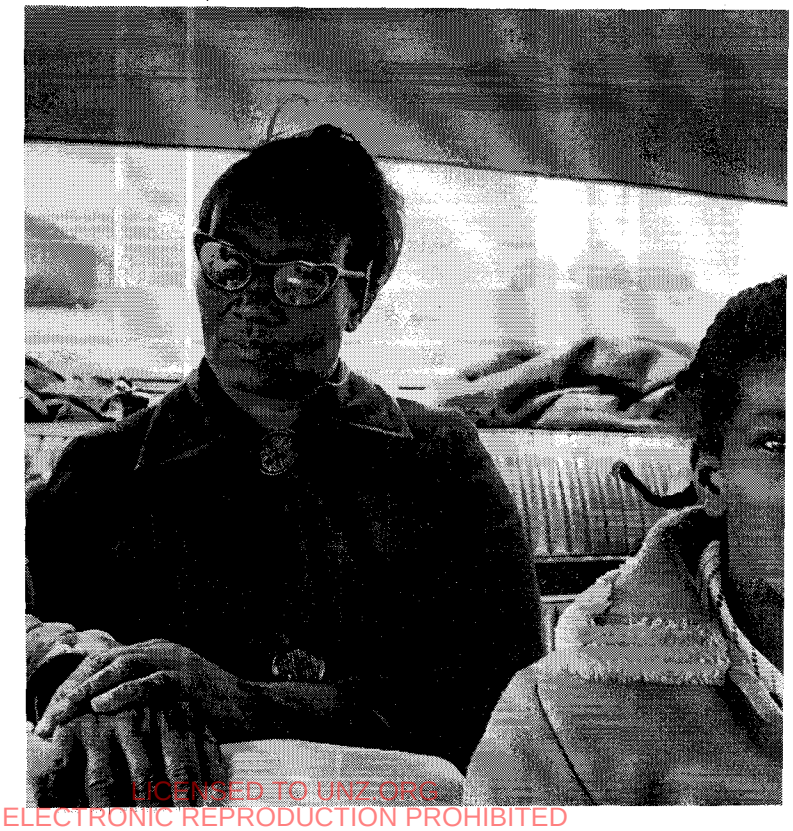
"I'd be satisfied working right here. If we had work. If I had enough to live on and be comfortable, oh, I'd stay. I'd stay."

What did she mean, "comfortable"?

"Nothing extra. You come into this world with nothing, and when you leave you can't carry anything away. I need some covers—quilts, you know—comfortable mattresses, some beds don't







Top: At the washtub in their plantation shack, 17-year-old Frances and her mother dream of their new life in the city. Middle: The Austins can't take their beloved $400 freezer with them, so neighbors buy it for $50 and carry it away. Bottom: In the car of a northern relative, the Austins and daughter Zettie Mae wait for the trip to begin.

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Newly arrived in Springfield, Ill., the biggest city they have ever seen, the Austins encounter a tempting new standard of living—and all the pressures and confusions of urban life.

need to be propped up. I would like some clothes."

She thought for a moment and then worried that I might misunderstand her desire for clothes. She didn't mean for herself (she bought her last dress in 1956, her husband had never bought a suit and limited his new clothes to a four-dollar pair of overalls each year).

"I mean for the children. And nothing fancy, just not all sewed up. Not half-priced or leftovers but good common clothes, you know? Not eight-dollar dresses, just good three-dollar dresses. What I need most is extra underclothes and socks. We have enough outerclothes so the kids can wear clean things to school, but the children have to wash their underwear and socks every night so they'll be clean in the morning. If they had extra sets they wouldn't have to wash them every night."

Walter Austin looked in mock severity at the apple of his eye, his 10-year-old daughter, Bessie.

"I gets up at four o'clock every morning. At four o'clock I'm up, Sunday, Saturday, rain, sleet or snow. I put on my clothes, wash my face, go out and feed my hog, feed my chickens, and then I come back in and see if the kids has washed their clothes before they went to bed, and if they didn't, then I gets them up early so they can do it before schooltime and give their underclothes and socks a chance to dry in time. Ain't that so, Bessie?"

Bessie obviously was the most recent transgressor, and she smiled sheepishly and said to her father, "Suh?" By "early," Austin explained, he meant the backsliding child rose at 5 A.M. instead of the usual 6.

To Mrs. Austin the prospect of the city held out the deadly danger that the children would learn to drink. Walter Austin would miss his farming and would no longer experience the pride of running and repairing a large combine. But the children had different thoughts. Frances, 17, whose formal, bland expression masked a quick and taunting wit, was fatalistic—"I think things would be just the same whether I go or stay"—but she looked excited when she described how well-dressed her girl friends and relatives were when they returned from the city. David, 14, also wore an outer mask of solemnity, but his black-cloth visor cap worn at a rakish angle hinted at the adolescent itch. "I just don't want to farm. No, suh. I just don't want to be a farmer." Hearing about the city, Bessie simply glowed wordlessly. Her younger sister, Zettie Mae, 8, and brother, Wendell, 6, looked bewildered and polite.

But their parents kept reminding themselves how much better off they are now than they were in their youth. Neither of them had ever lived in so good a house as this one. It had a tight roof, the five rooms were lined with wallboard. There was a cold-water faucet in the kitchen and a privy out back (some plantation shacks lack even a privy). Three open gas grates heated the place in winter, and they had some chairs, bedsteads, and from a few good years in the early 1960's a television set and a freezer, all paid for.

"My mother's house back in Holmes County," Walter Austin said, "you could see the chickens through the floor and the blue sky through the roof. And when I was a kid, what I had to eat for the whole day was one slice of hog jaw and corn bread with flour gravy, sometimes not even that.

"Now here's David here, fourteen years old and he's in—what grade is it? Eighth—yes, the eighth grade. When I was seven years old I was trying to go to school but, Lordy, I just had to work. When I was seven years old I had to walk three miles before sunup, get a mule and feed it and then work that mule in the fields until dark, all of that for only eight dollars a month.

"I married Bessie, here, the only wife I've ever known, when we were both seventeen, and the day we got married we ate corn bread and flour gravy. We started with an old wood stove, a bed, a pig and a calf my mother-in-law give me."

The family worked for 20 years on a plantation in Holmes County. At the end of that time, Austin was driving a tractor for $4.50 a day, during the season and when weather was good. Mrs. Austin and the children did sharecropping for the same plantation, planting, chopping (weeding) and picking a cotton crop. They provided the labor and the landlord provided the land and their rent-free house. The landlord also gave them credit for their share of the cost of their seed and fertilizer and lent them $40 a month for food until the crop was harvested and sold.

"The four kids and I," Mrs. Austin said, "that last year, did twenty-six bales. We had to keep the kids out of school to do it. But I got tired, just tired going with the crops, weighing my own cotton, tromping it, putting it on the trailer. I got so tired. As a woman, I couldn't farm no more." At that time she had seven living children, ages 19 to 4, the older ones working in the field, the younger ones brought out in boxes to play all day near the cotton rows. Two infants died early, and a daughter later died of leukemia at the age of 16. "And all we got for that year and twenty-six bales of cotton was a hundred and fifty dollars. The four kids and I, from May to October. When I told the boss man I just couldn't sharecrop with the four kids no

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The northern ghettos are better than starvation in Mississippi. But soon the Austins will want 'a better house with no rats, and some grass.'

more, he told us we'd have to move. That's when we come down here."

(The average price farmers received for cotton in 1956 was $152 a bale, so the Austins' half share apparently was $1,976, minus $480 lent for food and their share of seed and fertilizer; neither they nor anyone they knew ever saw an accounting.)

Walter's brother heard of an empty house in Bolivar County, and they moved, and though they loved Holmes County better than anyplace else on earth, they considered themselves much improved. People had a little bit more. In Holmes, median income for the rural Negro family was $895 a year; in Bolivar it was $1,198. The Austins didn't know that, but they sensed it, and they sensed that their new plantation owner and agent were more benign. And the house was better.

Life was not easy, of course. They had more children. Their daughter, Jean, had leukemia and spent the last six weeks of her life in University Hospital in Jackson, 100 miles away, where her father lived, penniless, in a chair in her room, fed by compassionate nurses. After she died, he returned home to find that his daughter, Bessie, had been born, and his wife was back in another hospital with the shock that blinded her right eye. But, then, life had never been easy, and their family kept its strong bonds and Walter Austin his mastery within the family.

The world of the Austins in Mississippi was simultaneously enormous and tiny. Their little home was a dot in the Mississippi delta, a flat ocean of land made from the silt of centuries of flooding, land as rich as any on earth. Square mile after square mile of cotton fields stretch out, in the winter a rusty sea with here and there a scrap of windblown paper snagged on a dry stalk like a whitecap. The huge landscape is punctuated by an occasional small town, a cotton gin, a stand of oaks, and the clusters of Negro shacks in the fields. Like most southern rural Negroes, the Austins lived on a dirt road without a name, in a house without a number. But though the view seems endless, their neighbors were few, their life concentrated around their own family.

"Watch for a burned-out house on the highway," a relative instructed me, "turn left and go in three miles and look for a brown house with a tan 1959 Chevy that's broke down."

I was lucky to have met the Austins before they decided to move and to be with them when they changed their minds, for their experience told much about the thoughts and emotions of families facing the great migration. Before he knew he would go, Walter Austin had uppermost in his mind the improvements he had seen since his youth and all the things he liked in the country and feared in the city. He was genuinely undecided. The plantation owner had told him there would be no guaranteed work the next year because their cotton acreage was being rented to a big agricultural operator. But the owner held out the possibility of a job in a machine shop in a nearby town, or, at least, some days of casual labor in the fields.

The pressure increased, especially during the winter, when work ceases in the delta fields. Merchants knew at once that Austin had been put in the doubtful category. Where credit for food, bottled gas and doctors had once been immediate, everyone wanted cash. Families around them were going away. Ten years earlier 50 families worked and lived on that plantation. Now there were six. Within the last year the two houses on either side of the Austins had been vacated and torn down, and the skies of the delta now were regularly streaked with smoke from empty shanties being burned down to clear the ground for growing. The smoke got thicker after a one-dollar-an-hour wages-and-hours law for agricultural workers began last winter. When motorists stopped one day to watch a spectacular fire consuming a plantation shack, the agent in charge called out, "Wages and hours got that one."

Yet the Austins hung on. He was a good worker. His plantation agent, within the limits of feudalistic white supremacy, was a decent man. Each day Austin rose at 4, went to the plantation headquarters at 7. If there was work, he returned after dark, $10-minus-debts the richer. If there was no work, as was most often the case, he went home and worked in his yard and garden.

Mrs. Austin rose at 5:30 to start breakfast of sausage and corn bread, if they had it. The children rose at 6 and got ready for the 7:20 school bus, if they all had shoes. After school they played with the children of the few remaining neighbors, did homework, had supper of greens and salt pork, and were in bed around 8.

The end of the week was different. On a typical Saturday, David lighted a fire in the backyard under an ancient iron pot and heated water for the washing. Frances did the wash in a round, wringer-style washing machine on the back stoop and hung it on the "clothesline"—two strands, one old electrical cable, the other old barbed wire. David helped his father clean up the backyard. The hog grunted, and Walter Austin rubbed its head with his glove—"Baby, you want your breakfast?"—and told David to fetch the slops. Instantly at the trough were the pig, three puppies, two cats, four kittens and two roosters.

The three younger children, bundled in bright donated clothes, played hopscotch on packed earth at the end of some cotton rows, tiny scarlet figures under a huge sky, chased by their puppies, Frisco, Fuzzy and Alaska.

In the evening they look at television. "I cain't read," Walter Austin explained, "so I have to get the news and weather on the TV."

And they sang, Bessie leading and her mother and the others following. They coaxed David to do his imitation of a local preacher. His father called gaily to his children in the living room, using the private names he dreams up at their birth, and he alone uses: "Preacher" for Wendell, "Chicken" for Zettie Mae, "Barbie" for Bessie, "Ben" for David, and "Root" for Frances.

"Ben," he said, "Let's hear the one, 'Your God and My Love.'"

During the singing, the three youngest children played school with the most magnificent Christmas gift any Austin ever got, a plastic-and-chrome children's table-and-chair set from two years ago. As always, Bessie was the teacher, sitting at the table, facing Zettie Mae and Wendell in chairs.

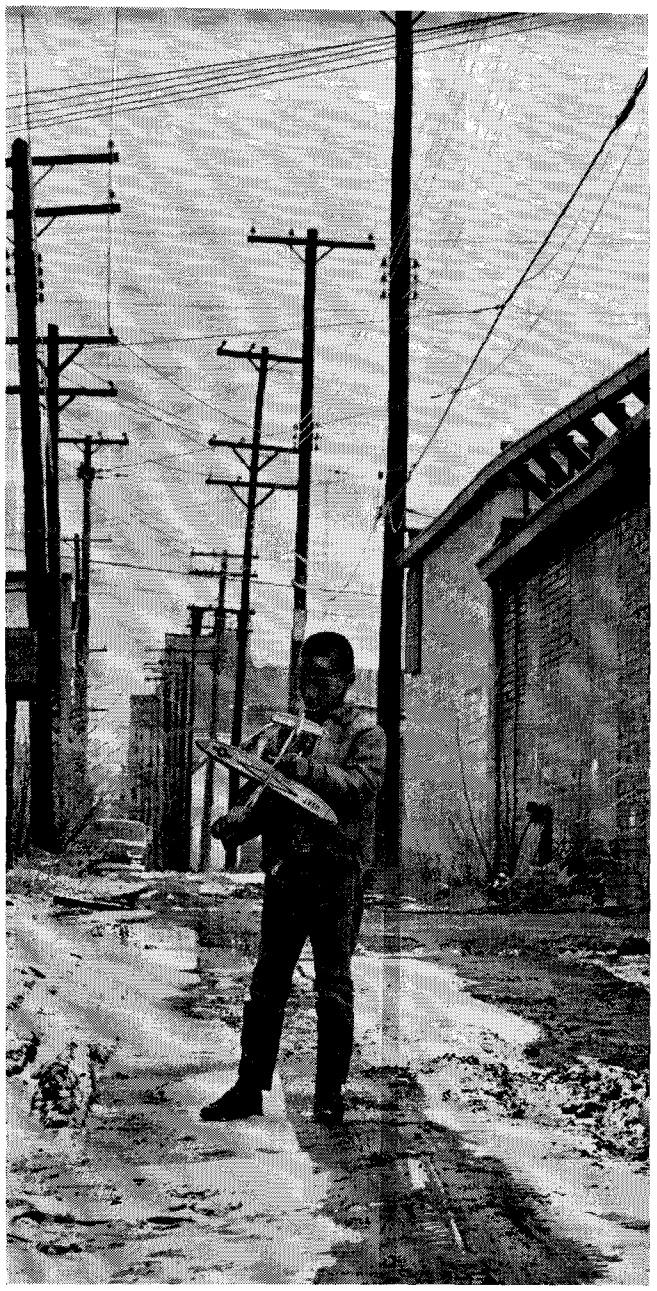
"Wendell," she said imperiously, "spell . . ." and she said what sounded like, "gown."

Wendell, puzzled: "Gown?"

Bessie, impatiently, "Yes, 'gown.'"

Wendell, timidly, "Like, 'machine gown'?"

Bessie, outraged, "No, *(continued on page 64)*



Top: With no cotton fields to romp in, Wendell now plays in a back alley in Springfield, in a Negro ghetto he may spend his whole life trying vainly to escape. At right, Frances works as a presser in a Springfield laundry which likes to hire the industrious Negro migrants. Already she earns more than her father ever did as a sharecropper.

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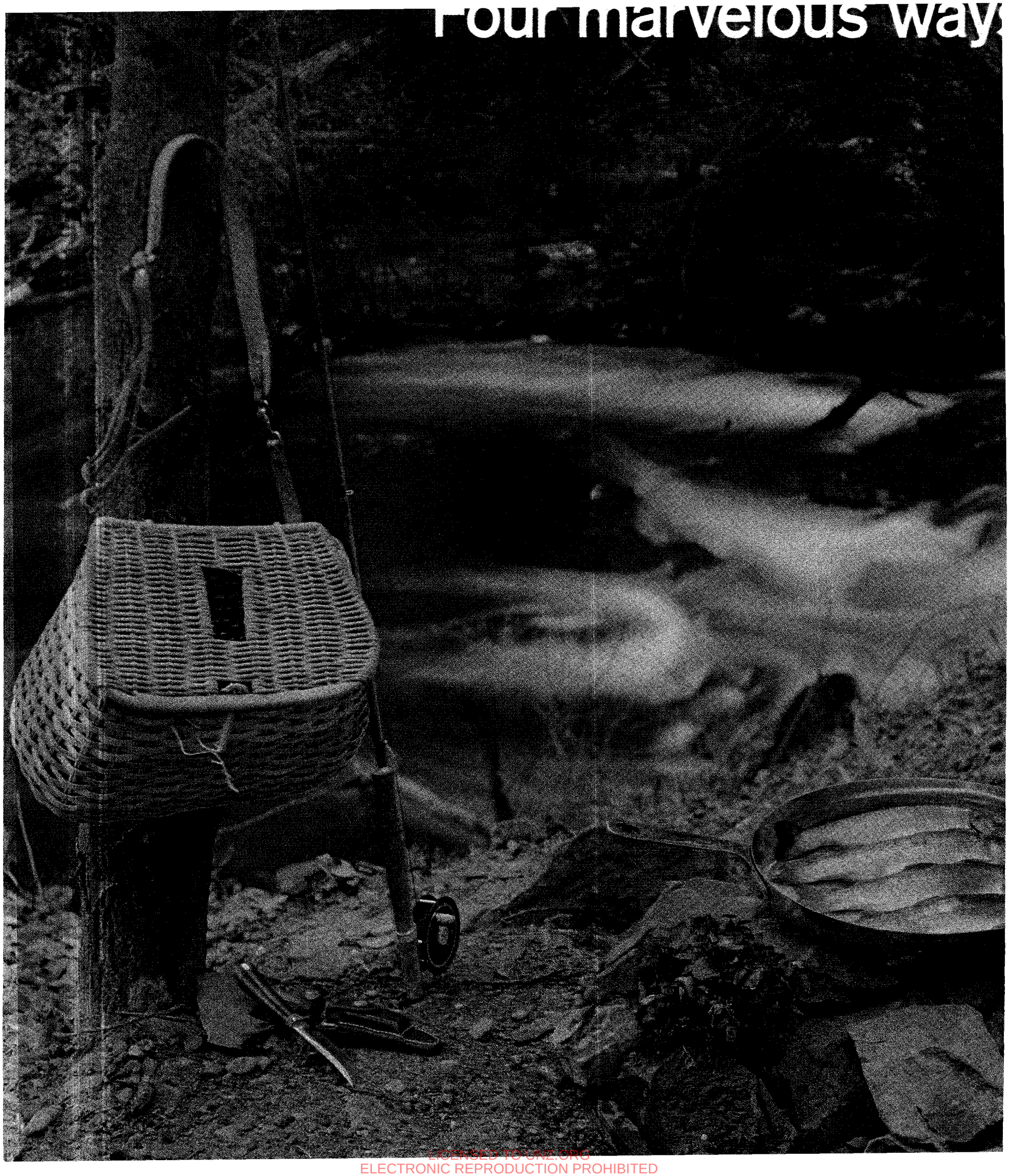

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By ROY ANDRIES DE GROOT
President of the International Gourmet Society

THE MIDDLE WEST

One remembers the morning brilliance of the hills, the song of the racing stream, the last flip of the rod. The rainbow trout that flashes in the sunlight and lands on the bank will never be as perfect to eat as at this moment. Neither banquet nor restaurant can produce the delight of feasting on foods freshly gathered and eaten beneath sun or stars. Too many picnics are bogged down by an overabundance of packaged foods and household trappings which provide so little contrast from the everyday routine that one might as well have stayed at home. The basic rule for eating out of doors is that the food should be prepared and presented with natural simplicity. Here, beside a Middle-Western trout stream, and on the following pages, we pay tribute to regional American specialties—fish, flesh and feather—that offer magnificently uncomplicated and dramatic menus which are still best enjoyed in the manner of our pioneer forefathers—around a campfire.

Camp lunch of rainbow trout

(For four)
Western honeydew melon with ham rolls
Marinated mushrooms
Pan-fried rainbow trout with scrambled eggs
Asparagus foil-roasted with butter
Small red baked potatoes
German rye bauernbrot
Whole fresh strawberries, dipped in anise-hyssop honey, or maple syrup
Coffee

TO DRINK: For perfect accentuation of the trout, a very light, dry, fruity white wine, a German Moselle, a French Alsatian, or a French Muscadet from the valley of the Loire—all within the range of $2 to $2.50 a bottle.

MARINATED MUSHROOMS: Prepare marinade at home. Heat in saucepan *1 cup water, ½ cup olive oil, ¼ cup tarragon wine vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 12 whole peppercorns, 1 teaspoon MSG, 2 whole bayleaves, 1 teaspoon fennel seed, ½ teaspoon thyme and 4 whole sprigs parsley.* Simmer 10 minutes to develop flavor, then cool and store in screw-top jar. At campsite, bring marinade to a boil in a largish pan, then drop in *1 dozen or more button mushrooms* and simmer about 20 minutes. Let cool in marinade, drain and serve as appetizer.

PAN-FRIED TROUT WITH EGGS: Allow *¾ pound trout* per serving. Clean (leaving on heads and tails), wash, dry, and lightly coat with *cornmeal.* Break *8 eggs* into bowl, add one *tablespoon* finely cut *chives* and beat lightly. Melt *5 ounces butter* in frying pan and put in trout. Brown on both sides for about 10 minutes, then add *salt* and *pepper*. Remove fish to a warm dish. Melt another *5 ounces butter* and gently stir in *¾ pint heavy cream.* Stir continually until sauce has boiled down to the consistency of light cream. Pour half over fish. Give eggs a final beat, then slosh into pan and scramble over gentle heat. Spoon eggs alongside fish and serve garnished with *watercress.*

PRODUCED BY MARILYN KAYTOR
Photographed by Ben Somoroff

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THE NORTHEAST

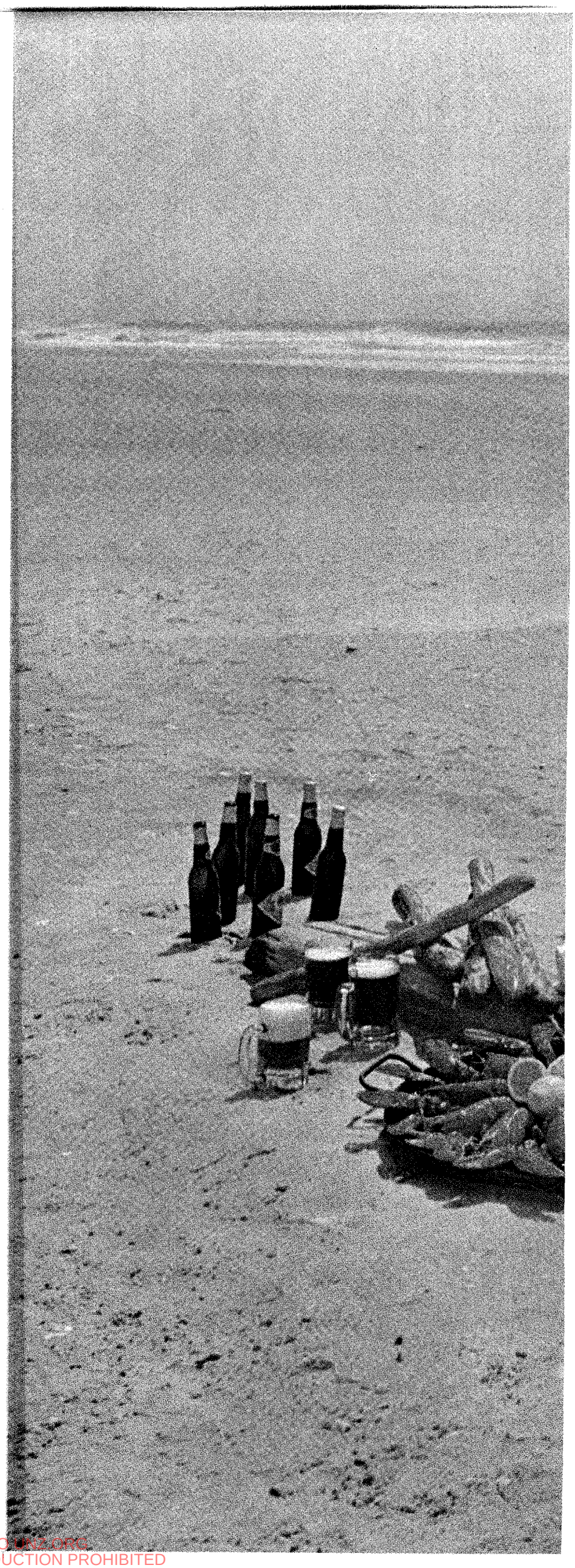
Our Eastern shoreline inclines over the Atlantic toward the Old World, and we share the European custom of feasting on beaches, where the sea's harvest can be cooked and eaten almost as soon as it is landed. I have enjoyed the fabled French *bouillabaisse,* the Italian *cacciucco,* the Greek *kakavia* but, to me, nothing is as gratifying as our native clambake. The true clambake, not to be confused with a public entertainment where hundreds of people sit elbow to elbow at trestle tables watching the professionals doing the work, should be a private project where two or three families combine to make the work a shared pleasure. The men dig the pit and build the fire. The older children go fishing. The younger children become hunters across the beds of blue and purple mussels, along sands strewn with clams, among rocks where crabs hide in periwinkle pools. The women gather the rockweed and prepare the food. Finally, the climactic moment comes when, with clouds of steam, the tarpaulin is rolled back from the pit.

Clambake

Scotch Eggs (shelled hard-boiled eggs, coated with sausage meat and deep-fat fried)
Cherry tomatoes, scallions and whole baby carrots
Lobsters, sweet potatoes, white potatoes, onions, corn, clams, mussels, scallops, fish
Plain melted butter dipping sauce
Long loaves of white bread
Rhubarb baked with butter
(in a Dutch oven over the fire)
Coffee

TO DRINK: Large mugs of India Pale Ale, or, if preferred, New York State white wines—at between $1.50 and $2.50 a bottle. Large jug of lemonade for the children.

CLAMBAKE: Buy *sweet and white baking potatoes, a few pounds of yellow onions, 2 or 3 ears of corn* and *1 small lobster* per person. At the beach, immediately organize hunting forces for *razor* and *surf clams, cherrystones, mussels, bay scallops* and *crabs.* Start surf casting for *fish.* Above the high-water mark dig a trench 2 feet deep, 3 feet wide and 6 feet long. Line the trench with smooth rocks, fill with dry wood and start the fire about 3½ hours before you wish to eat. To clean clams and mussels, scrub and soak in a bucket of sea water to which has been added several handfuls of flour. Wash potatoes, husk corn and wrap each in foil. Clean lobsters and crabs. Cut cleaned fish into chunks, sandwich between onion slices and foil-wrap. After about 2½ hours when the fire dies down to a white-hot and smokeless bed, cover it with a 6-inch blanket of wet rockweed covered with sackcloth soaked in sea water. Vary and spread assorted food interspersed with onions on the cloth in an even layer. Cover with more wet sackcloth, another 6-inch blanket of wet rockweed and over all place a heavy canvas tarpaulin weighted with stones to seal in the steam. Allow about 1 hour for the cooking. Then unroll the tarpaulin from one end and take out only enough food for the first serving. Serve with *melted butter* in dipping bowls.



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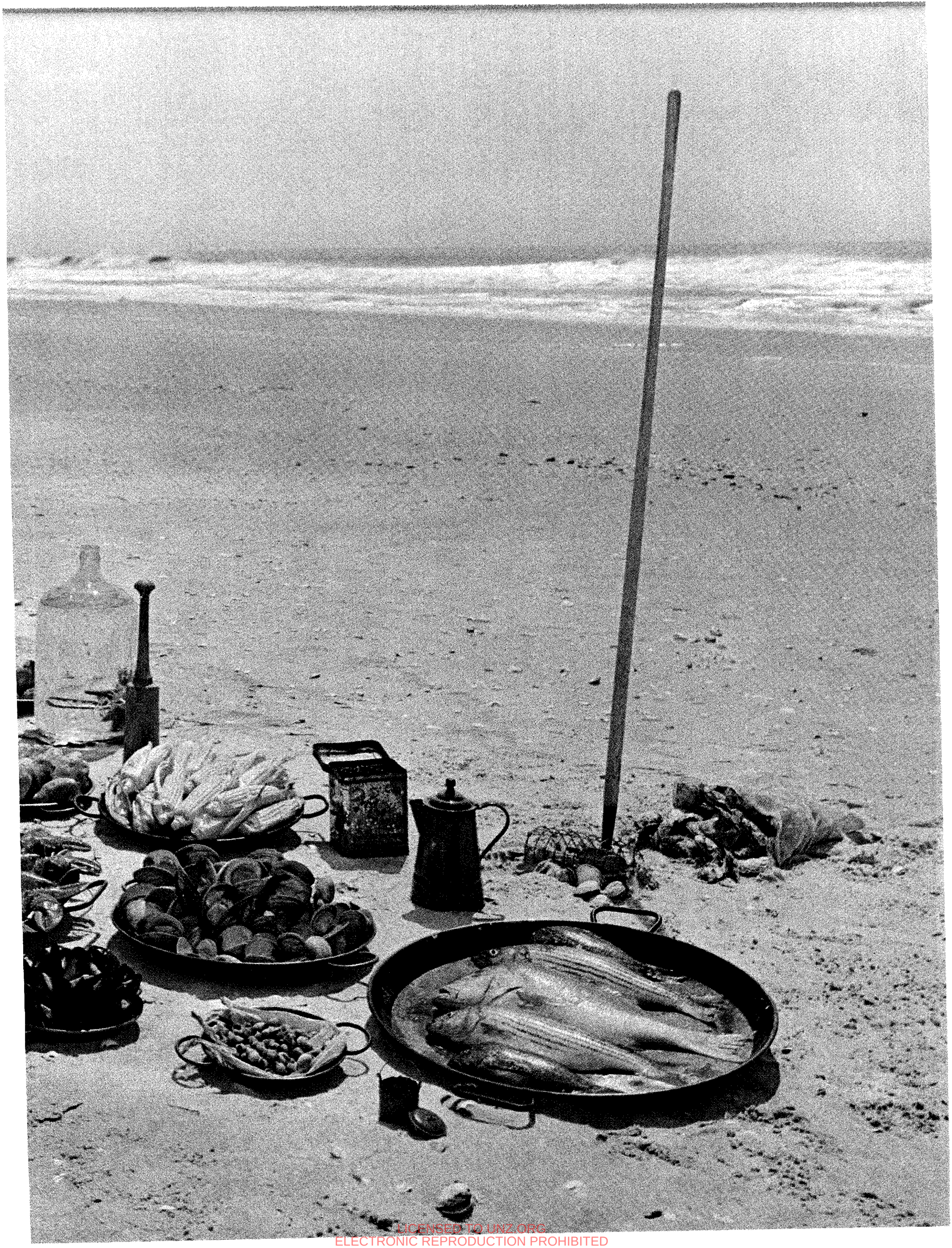

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THE SOUTH

Long ago, I remember an old fisherman near Savannah who tended his own small oyster bed. On a Saturday afternoon he would pick over the bed for the mature oysters and bring ashore a basketful for a roast-out in the field at the back of his shack. We could see the glow of his fire as we turned off the highway, down the lane that led to the nearby pine forests. Over the fire there was a huge sheet of rusty old iron, and when it was exactly the right temperature, he would empty his bag of oysters on it, rake them flat, and then cover them with a huge, wet sackcloth. Meanwhile, we melted butter into small stoneware bowls, poured the drinks, and armed ourselves with shucking knives and left-handed asbestos gloves. At the mysteriously right moment, he would flip off the sackcloth, rake out the hot oysters into baskets and call, "Come and git 'em. And eat your fill. There's more on the way." His method of roasting oysters is still the very best way I know.

Oyster roast

(For four)
Smithfield ham on Spanish tapas (canapés)
Cauliflowerettes to nibble
Roasted oysters with pecan sauce
Broccoli and okra foil-roasted with butter
Baked yams (in a Dutch oven)
Hopping John of black-eyed peas and rice
Corn bread
Southern Fruits, including Charleston Gray Watermelon
Coffee

TO DRINK: Before the meal, a Sloe Gin Fizz. With the oysters, Guinness Stout. After the coffee, Bourbon-on-the-Rocks.

SPANISH TAPAS: Cut a long *French loaf* into diagonal ½-inch slices and toast. Rub with *crushed garlic* and moisten with *virgin olive oil*. Spread with mashed, peeled *tomato*, lightly *salted and peppered*, then top with a slice of *Smithfield ham*.

OYSTER ROAST: This requires a large, flat, open, iron pan, balanced over the fire. (I use a Spanish *paella*, 18 inches across.) Since "roasting" is very quick, first prepare all ingredients. Scrub and wash *3 dozen oysters*, or more. Melt, in smallish iron pan, *½ pound butter* and keep lukewarm. Coarsely grate *½ cup shelled pecans*. Get large open pan spitting hot. Quickly lay on oysters, hollow shell downward. Cover at once with soaking wet burlap sacking. This involves much hissing and steam. Heat butter until it starts sizzling, add grated pecans and stir until darkish brown, being careful not to let them burn. Then add, in one measure, *2 teaspoons tarragon wine vinegar*. Sauce will froth violently. Stir once and remove from fire. After about 4 or 5 minutes, lift edge of burlap covering and, with tongs, remove each oyster that has opened sufficiently for a knife to be inserted. Discard flat top shell and serve oysters, with pecan sauce spooned over each.

CHARLESTON JOCKEY CLUB SLOE GIN FIZZ: Per person: *juice of ½ lemon, 1 teaspoon superfine sugar, 2 ounce jigger sloe gin.* Shake with ice and pour into cold glasses. Fill with *soda water*.

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THE FAR WEST

The Pacific Coast is still the El Dorado that men dream of and struggle to attain. A land of space and grandeur, of valleys heavy with fruit and vine, of rivers silver with salmon, of forests rich with birds and beasts for the hunter, of sea and sky and wilderness unending. From Mexican governors and priests of Spanish missions, from Chinese and Japanese San Franciscans, from Italian and German makers of wine, from Greeks and Armenians, have come great regional dishes and a way of life that leads always to the open air, to a trail in the High Sierras, or to sea grass and bright sand and a campsite close to the roar and tang of the ocean.

A city-dwelling friend once asked how I could possibly enjoy eating out of doors. He was a man of little faith and small understanding. I have dined in forest clearings and in rocky promontories by a windswept sea. I have drunk red wine on a mountain top and matched the color to the crimson of the distantly setting sun. These glories were here before us and will remain after us. And it is given to us to join ourselves with them and draw from them comfort of body and joy of mind.

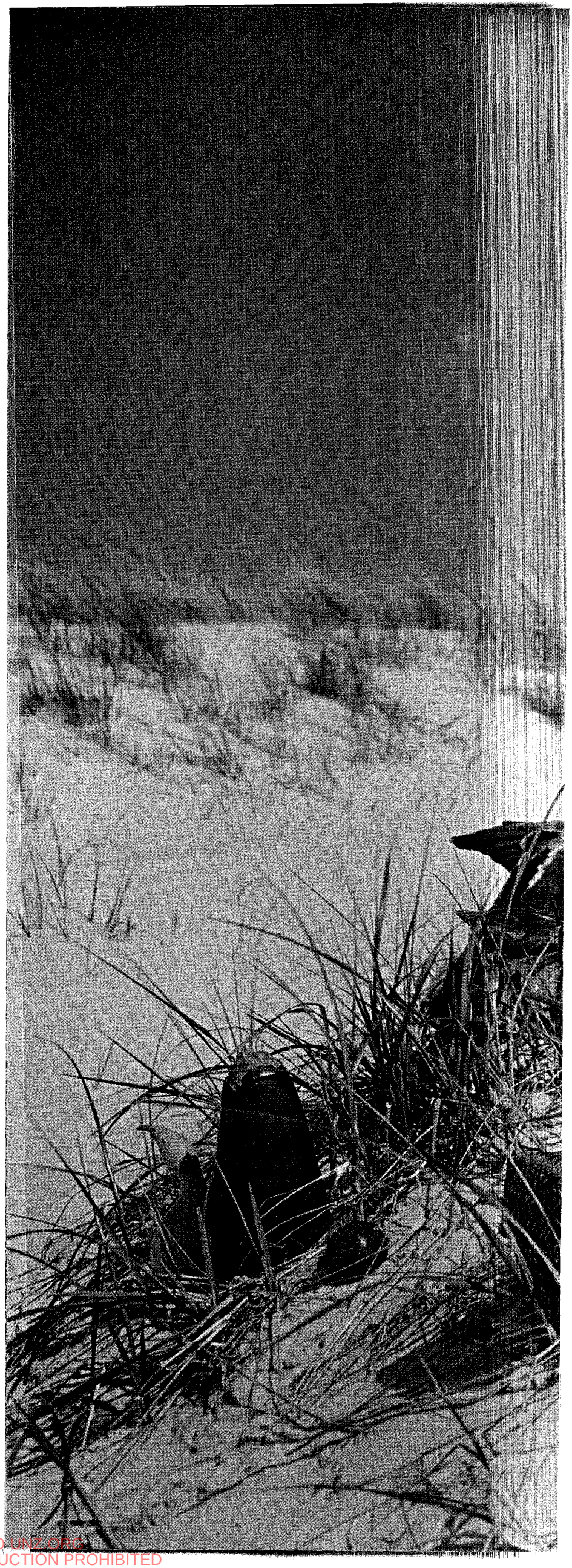
Supper of wild mallard duck

(For four)

California casaba melon seasoned with lime juice
Spit-roasted wild mallard duck with rack of lamb
Chinese rubbing sauce
Greek roasted eggplant
Western apples with red cabbage
Mexican avocado and orange salad
Sourdough bread
Western fruit bowl and Hawaiian pineapple
Western cheeses, including Monterey Jack and Oregon Tilamook
Coffee

TO DRINK: California champagne to start and finish the meal, and, with duck, a light red California wine—about $3 for the wine, and about $6 for the champagne.

SPIT-ROASTED WILD MALLARD DUCK: Make the Chinese rubbing sauce the day before by combining in a small pan: *2 tablespoons peanut oil, 2 crushed garlic cloves, 1 tablespoon finely minced red onion, 1 whole star anise, and ½ teaspoon Szechwan pepper.* Sauté 1 minute. Add: *2 tablespoons dry Spanish sherry, 2 tablespoons Japanese Shoyu sauce, 1 teaspoon granulated sugar.* Stir and boil for 2 minutes. Remove from fire, blend in: *2 tablespoons dark buckwheat honey, 3 tablespoons Chinese Hoisin sauce.* Bottle in screw-top jar. Rub this sauce thoroughly over each *duck.* (Average bird serves 2 people.) Inside each duck place *1 quartered orange.* Wrap entire bird with *Greek vine leaves,* then with fairly thick *slices of dark-smoked bacon.* Wrap tightly with heavy foil. Roast, turning continuously over very hot fire, for 30–40 minutes. Discard wrappings, and brown skin over hottest part of fire. Serve, sprinkled with *lemon juice.* GREEK ROASTED EGGPLANT: Press into 2 dozen ¼ inch by ½ inch slits in outer skin a little *salt* and *pepper,* a smidgen of *rosemary, parsley* and a *clove of garlic.* Foil-wrap and roast until the eggplant feels soft when squeezed.



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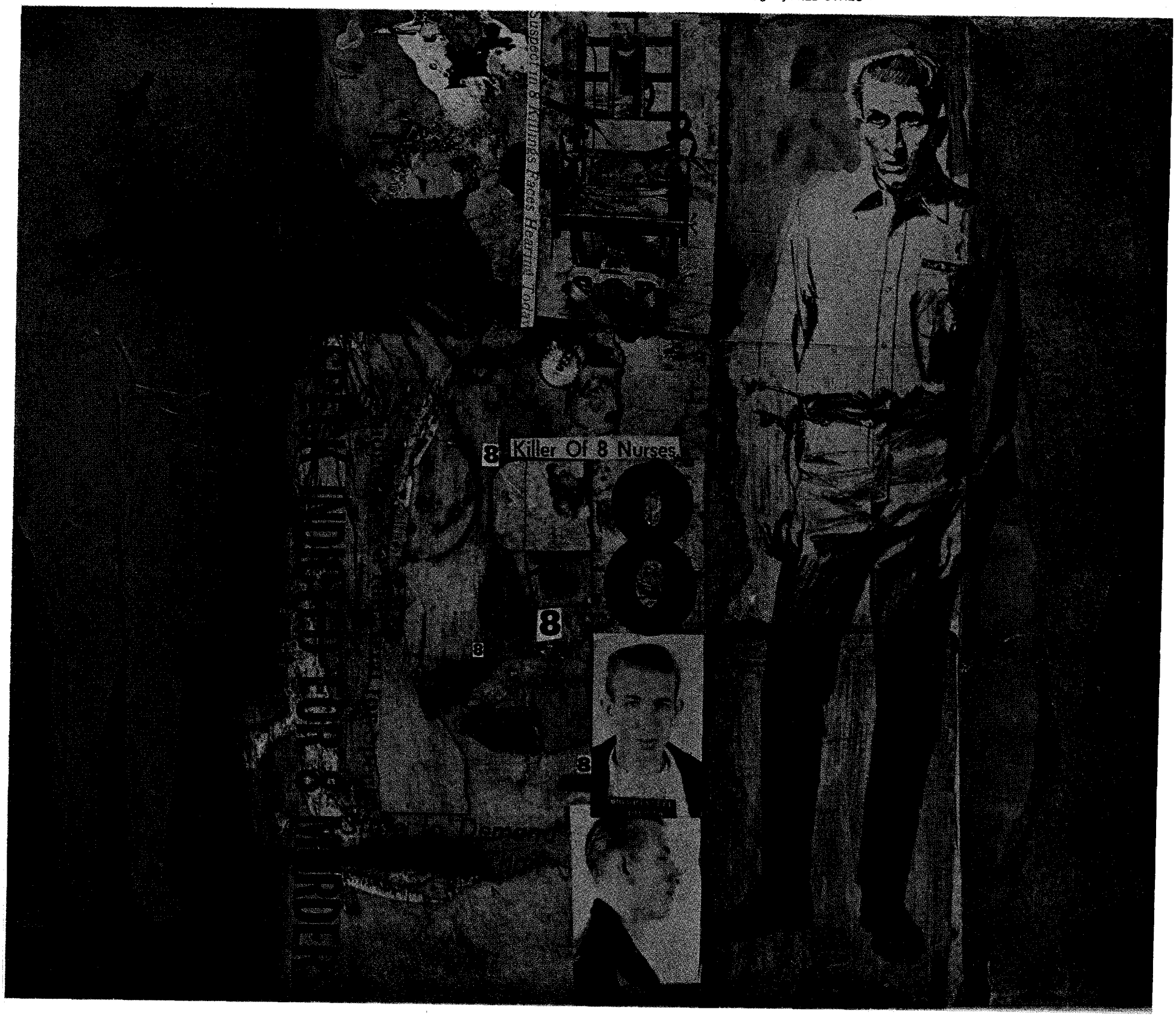
Drawings by FRED OTNES



Born to raise hell

THE MIND OF A MURDERER

Conclusion

Richard Speck has been sentenced to death for killing eight young nurses. Here is the story of his twisted life, as he told it to a psychiatrist.

By Jack Altman and Marvin Ziporyn, M.D.

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Richard Speck was in an exuberant mood. He greeted Dr. Marvin Ziporyn, the psychiatrist who had been interviewing him for several weeks, with an expansive wave toward the wall of his cell in Cook County Jail in Chicago.

"See my diploma?" Speck said, smiling broadly. "That's the first thing I ever passed."

The diploma certified that Richard Speck had passed the Emmaus Bible School Correspondence Course. Speck muttered over and over again: "First thing I ever passed, first goddam thing I ever passed. Ain't that something? I tell you, I was dumb when I was in school, but dumb. First thing I ever passed."

When Speck had raised his left arm to point to the diploma, the psychiatrist noticed the tattoo just below the elbow—BORN TO RAISE HELL. A description of this tattoo had been used by the police in their bulletins when Speck was being sought for the murder of eight young nurses. The last word of the slogan was barely visible, and Ziporyn asked the prisoner about it.

"To tell you the truth, Doc," said Speck, after some hesitation, "I was trying to burn it out of my arm when I was in jail in Texas."

"Why did you do that?" Ziporyn asked.

"I guess I was ashamed of it or something," Speck replied. "I mean, it's not a nice thing to have on your arm, is it?"

Ziporyn asked him how he got the tattoo.

"I was maybe nineteen, and with this bunch of kids," Speck recalled. "We was in Dallas, and we all went to this tattooer together. We all had something different—a skull, a heart, a girl's name—I couldn't think of nothing to have on my arm, so I asked the tattooer if he had any ideas. He suggested all kinds of things, slogans and stuff, and one of them was 'Born to Raise Hell.' That sounded kinda good, so I let him put that. Didn't mean anything special to me. I mean, what does something like that mean? Not much, does it? Never thought about it."

Speck's arms were a mass of tattoos. He rolled up his sleeve and pointed to one above his right elbow: RICHARD AND SHIRLEY. He had tried to burn that out, too, but without success. Shirley was his former wife, whom he hated.

"I've been trying to wipe her out of my mind," Speck told the psychiatrist. "But it's not easy. I was ready to settle down when I got out of prison in Texas, but Shirley wasn't ready. Hope she's satisfied now."

Speck showed Ziporyn the other tattoos he had acquired during a life as a wandering seaman, in and out of various jails. Etched at the top of his right arm was ROBBIE LYNN, for his daughter. Below that, less distinct, were the initials R.L., which he said stood for Richard Lindbergh. This was his stepfather's surname, which Speck had used until his marriage. This, too, he had tried to erase. Below the right elbow was a long dagger with a snake coiled around it.

On the little finger of his right hand was the solitary letter L. "I started to have 'Love' and 'Hate' on my knuckles," he explained, "but I stopped. See, at least I could hide the others under a long-sleeved shirt, but on the hands it would show too much."

On the back of his left wrist was the initial R, for Richard. Above that was BORN TO RAISE HELL, and above the left elbow a grinning skull with a World War I aviator's helmet.

Nor was that all. "There's one more tattoo that you haven't seen yet," Speck told Ziporyn as he rolled up the left leg of his trousers. He revealed an obscene picture crudely tattooed on his shin.

"Why did you have all these tattoos put on your arms and leg like this? What's it for?" the psychiatrist asked.

"Aw, nothing special," Speck replied diffidently. "All the guys was doing it, so I went along. Doesn't mean nothing to me. It was just the thing to do."

It was now the fall of 1966. On the night of July 13, an intruder carrying a gun and a knife had entered a nurses' home in a quiet neighborhood in southeast Chicago, gathered nine nurses into a bedroom and bound them, then removed them, one by one, to other parts of the house, where he murdered eight of them, savagely stabbing, cutting and strangling. The nurses made no outcry. One nurse, Corazon Amurao, 23, rolled under a bunk and survived, apparently overlooked.

Chicago police found that Richard Speck, a 24-year-old drifter from Dallas, had been in the neighborhood at the National Maritime Union branch hiring hall, seeking work. Fingerprints found in the nurses' home matched Speck's. The police got a photograph of him, which Miss Amurao identified. Speck, hearing he was being sought, had tried to kill himself in a skid-row hotel, cutting his arms. He was taken into custody in a hospital.

Ziporyn, who had been assigned to determine whether Speck was still suicidal, saw the prisoner on his twice-weekly visits to the Cook County Jail, and slowly a warm relationship developed. Speck traced his life for the psychiatrist, revealing a long history of head injuries, wild drinking and drug-taking which led to violent brawls, about which he said he later remembered nothing.

Of the night of the murders, Speck told Ziporyn, he remembered taking barbiturates, and drinking with some sailors with whom he injected some form of drug, and that his next memory was of waking up the next morning with a gun, wondering where he got it. Speck confided to Ziporyn that he had found blood on one hand when he awoke. Speck accepted the accusation of the surviving nurse, but insisted that he remembered nothing.

Speck was indicted for eight murders. The case was assigned to Judge Herbert C. Paschen. Public Defender Gerald W. Getty, appointed as Speck's defense counsel, obtained the appointment of a panel of six doctors, five of them psychiatrists, to examine Speck and determine whether he was competent to stand trial.

Speck's interviews with the panel had begun in earnest, and Speck was bewildered and at times exasperated by the persistence of their probing into the same areas of his behavior, his past, his activities on the day and night of the murders.

His bitterest complaints were reserved for a doctor whose Freudian orientation was more than Speck could bear. "That guy sure bugs me," he said. "He kept asking me whether I like sex books. That's all he could talk about, sex. I tell you, there's something wrong with him. He should be examined or something."

By contrast, Speck seemed to have enjoyed his interviews with another doctor. "He told me how I got that gun. Remember, I couldn't figure how I got hold of it? Well, he says I got it from some whore. I remember her now. Met her when I was with the sailors—you know, when I took those shots. Real ugly broad. I sure hope they don't bring her into court as a witness or something. I'd be ashamed for people to know I associated with something like that. I mean, she's real ugly—long hair all over her face."

He now remembered that the woman appeared after the sailors had left him on the night of the murders, but the rest was still blackness.

Returning to the examining panel, Speck said, "I don't bother to tell them much. What's the point?" he said. "But I'll tell you something I haven't told them. I have a split personality. My mother knows all about that. You see, when I'm sober, I'm . . . I'm . . . I'm—well, OK, but when I drink, I'll tell you. Once I smashed my hand through a wall rather than hit her."

The anger on Speck's face, his narrow eyes and his rising voice as he recalled the behavior of the "ugly broad," had reminded Ziporyn of the prisoner's reaction to memories of his wife and stepfather. The psychiatrist sensed that there was a link. As Speck had already said, his stepfather and his wife were the two great hatreds of his life. They were both a manifestation of woman's betrayal: Shirley because he suspected she "ran around" with other men, and the stepfather, Carl Lindbergh, as the cause of his mother's betrayal of him, replacing both his father and him in her affections. From this dual disillusionment Speck seemed to have developed an all-pervading suspicion of women, particularly in his sexual relations with them. It was Speck's experience that women gave their affections to men too easily and too freely. He reacted negatively even when he was the object of those affections.

The psychiatrist left the cell. As the guard closed the cell door, Ziporyn noticed a rolled newspaper emerging through the bars, hovering over the guard's desk and suddenly flicking the guard's cap to the floor. The newspaper disappeared back into the cell, and Speck appeared at the bars, grinning like an impudent schoolboy.

Speck was taken to Bridewell hospital for tests on September 29. Returning to the jail that night in a high state of tension, he assaulted a fellow prisoner. Speck later related the incident to Ziporyn: "We were in the reception area, and I noticed one of the guards had a gray hair on his shoulder. I kidded him about going around with old broads. The guard said old broads are sometimes still good, and I said, 'Yeah, nine to ninety, old ones, young ones, crippled ones.' Then this smart-ass next to me opened his big mouth and said, 'Dead ones?' So I swung at him, know what I mean?" Speck waited for some kind of endorsement from the psychiatrist but did not seem perturbed when Ziporyn did not respond.

As Ziporyn approached Speck's cell on his next visit, the sergeant on duty said, "Your boy is getting mean. He threw hot water at me last night."

The only survivor, Corazon Amurao, outside the courtroom.

©1967 by Jack Altman and Marvin Ziporyn, M.D., from the book BORN TO RAISE HELL.

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Ziporyn nodded but made no comment. These incidents of violent behavior were becoming more frequent. "I'm sick of it, Doc," Speck shouted. "I've had it up to here, all this stuff. I wish they'd kill me and get it over with. I'm sick of being a freak. Did you see today's paper? There's another story about me. Every day they write about me. Doc, you know I've got a temper—well, I'm just about cracking and you know what I'm like when I get these tempers. Once, I even kicked my mother in the head—of course, I was on pills, but still. . . ."

His voice tapered off into silence. Ziporyn stared at him, waiting. In every previous interview Speck had reacted violently whenever it was suggested that he might have attacked his mother in one of his tempers. Now, though it was not certain that he was telling the truth, with his defenses suddenly down, he was saying that he had struck her, and violently.

Ziporyn asked him, "Did you know what was happening at the time that you kicked your mother?"

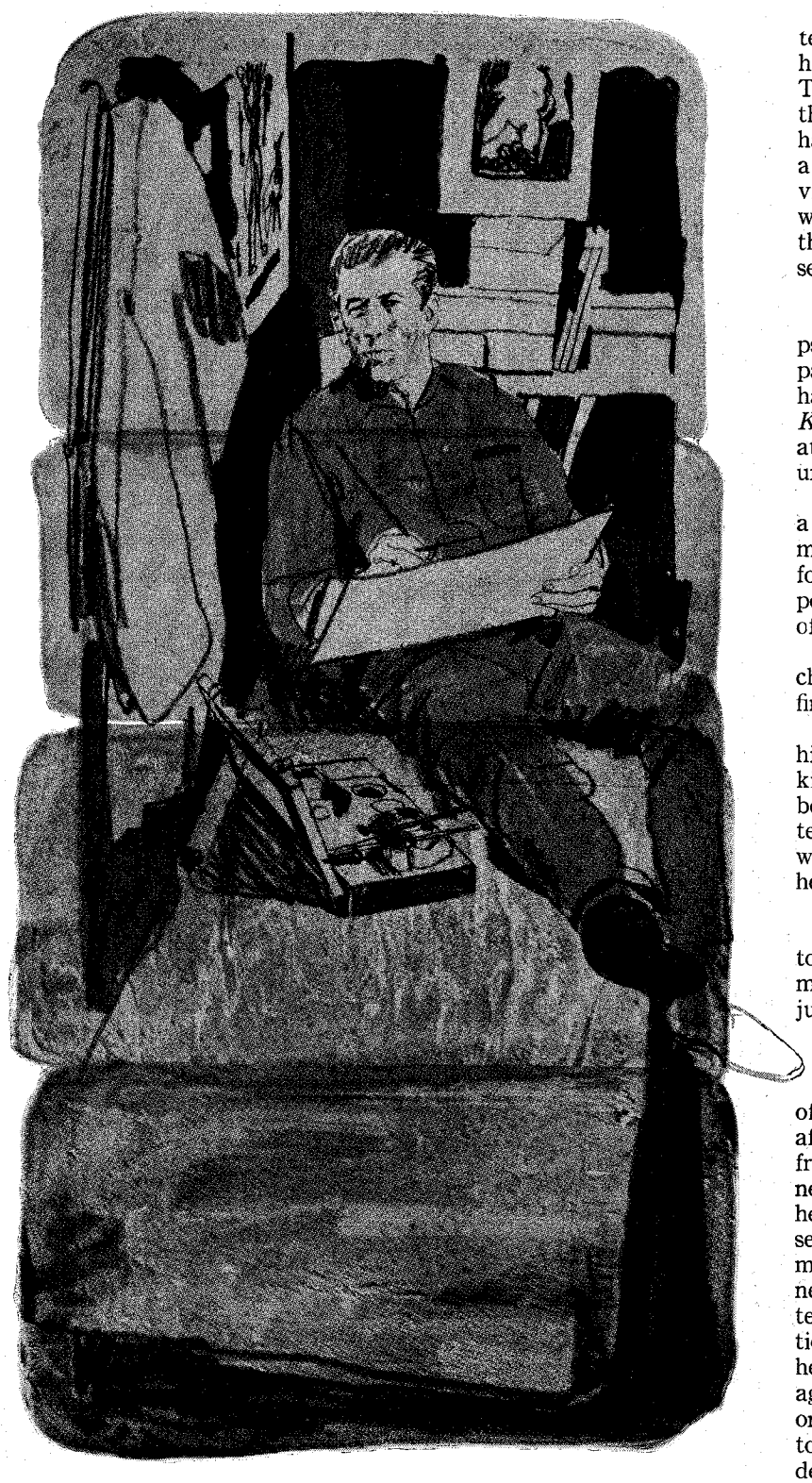
"Nope," Speck replied. He was not interested in pursuing the subject. "Anyway," he went on, "now I'm going after everybody, and the trouble is I know they're right and I'm wrong. I tell you, I'm cracking."

Ziporyn nodded and said he would get him some tranquilizers.

On October 10, Speck seemed more cheerful. He greeted Ziporyn effusively, bustling about the cell to make coffee.

Speck recalled that he had been a carpenter. "Liked it too. I was a good carpenter—till I got fired. I was working as a carpenter, and one of the guys I worked with was jailed for being drunk and disorderly. His wife had to go out of town a ways to raise bail money for him. I went with her. On the road we had us a few beers and a few more beers, and we finished up in this motel. She got me mad, the way she was behaving, it was disgusting, and I told her she was nothing but an old whore. First chance I got I lifted a hundred bucks from her."

The pattern of Speck's contempt for women was now well established. Ziporyn pointed this out to him and suggested a parallel between his anger at his friend's wife and at his own wife.



Speck sketched and painted in his cell as he awaited trial on eight counts of murder.

They talked again of the murders, his moods, his angers, their possible interrelation. Speck was alert and curious about the implications. "Could this mean that if I can't control myself when I'm angry and go wild, that I don't know what I'm doing and that's what happened?" Ziporyn said this was possible and quoted Plato's observation that the wild beast is in all of us.

On October 17, exactly three months after Speck's arrest, Ziporyn brought him a transistor radio. Speck tuned in a station, WJJD, playing the twanging strains of *Silver Dagger*, and slumped into a blissful daze.

They talked of a murderer who had told Speck he had nightmares in which his victim spoke to him. "Do you believe that?" Speck asked Ziporyn.

"It happens. For that matter," the psychiatrist said evenly, "a lot of people don't believe you when you say you don't remember the murders. They say you're lying to me, trying to cop a plea."

"Listen," said Speck in a low, solemn voice, "I didn't kill those girls for fun, I'll tell you that. I don't know why I killed them."

"Do you ever think about that night?"

"Naw, it's all gone. I only think about it when people ask me questions."

Speck was on the defensive. He was constantly reminding himself of the horror of the crimes he was accused of committing. Yet when he was in public—in his court appearances—he appeared cool, even carefree. This defense mechanism is very common in the type of obsessive-compulsive individual that Ziporyn considered Speck to be, and its appearance now tended to confirm the psychiatrist's interpretation.

Assuming convincing evidence of such personality, the murder of the eight nurses—if it was Speck who did it—could be explained as follows:

With the rigid and sadistic tendencies of an anal personality, Speck developed a specific hostility toward women when his mother remarried, and later when he feared that his wife was unfaithful to him. This hostility cannot be controlled when his inhibitions are low. Successive traumas have caused brain damage, which makes his emotional control difficult at any time. Under the influence of whiskey and drugs—which he takes to relieve the headaches created by the brain damage—his tenuous control breaks completely and his hostility is left raw at the surface. This was his condition on the night of the murders. The hostility might still have been contained had there not been a trigger. This could have been provided by the resemblance between his wife and Gloria Davy, the only one of the murdered nurses who had been sexually assaulted.

On the next visit Speck handed the psychiatrist some coffee already prepared for his arrival. The "sessions" had by now taken on the character of a *Kaffeeklatsch*, though the easygoing atmosphere often belied the tensions underneath.

Speck lit a cigarette, deftly bending a match double and striking it in one movement between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand. Again Ziporyn was struck by the size and grace of Speck's fingers.

"You have great hands," the psychiatrist said. "You could have been a fine craftsman."

Speck stared at Ziporyn, searching his face for signs of irony. "Are you kidding? Still, I guess I could have been a lot of things." He sounded bitter now. "I should have seen a doctor when I was eighteen, when I beat the hell out of my mother."

"When was that?"

"I told you about it—when they took me to that juvenile home, and my mother came to get me. They say I was just sitting there, talking quietly, and then I went wild—beat my mother up. They had to flatten me out."

Speck had given Ziporyn one version of this incident, had recounted how, after taking some drugs with his friends, he had gone wild, but he had never mentioned that it was his mother he had attacked. This, then, was the second instance of his having hit his mother. His insistence that he would never do such a thing was now forgotten, his indignation at such a suggestion replaced by the same remorse that he felt every time he acted out his savage impulses. The psychiatrist tried once more to explain that surrendering to impulse was not the same as taking deliberate action.

"Yeah—like those girls. I sure didn't do that for kicks. I don't know why I did it. I still don't remember anything about it, but I sure as hell wonder about it a lot, like *how* it happened. Why didn't one of them yell or scream or something? Seems like one of them would."

A razor blade suddenly flashed between Speck's fingers. Ziporyn had no idea how he had obtained it. Speck leaned toward Ziporyn, holding the blade just a few inches from the psychiatrist's throat, and said, "Look, if I'm such a killer, how come I don't kill you? I've got nothing to lose."

"That's easy to explain, Richard. You don't have whiskey or pills in here."

Speck slipped the blade out of sight again. The psychiatrist was satisfied that Speck had progressed beyond the point where he would be dangerous with a razor blade.

"Somebody asked me the other day if I'd trust you to baby-sit with my kids," Ziporyn said.

Speck looked indignant. "Why not? I like kids."

On October 31, Ziporyn brought Speck a 650-piece jigsaw puzzle depicting the Bangkok floating market, along with some more Western and men's magazines. Speck expressed great delight with the big, boxed puzzle. (*continued on page 44*)

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Born to raise hell *continued from page 40.*

"How'd you know I like this kind of stuff? You know what I'll do? I'll get some glue—don't worry, I won't do no sniffing—and when I've finished it, I'll stick it together as a picture."

Speck flicked through one of the men's magazines. He came across some pictures of girls in their underwear. He snorted: "Look at all these nude women. It's disgusting." He turned back to the puzzle and looked at the pieces, planning how to begin it.

"How would you like to try painting by numbers?" Ziporyn asked. "Did you ever try that?"

"Yeah. I did one. I liked it. I did some in Dallas. I was doing it one night while I was baby-sitting with Robbie. Shirley was out, you see. I heard a car pull up and heard the door close. I looked out and some guy was letting Shirley out of his car down the street. I ripped up that painting. Next week I was in the penitentiary. See, I started to drink again. I just didn't care."

The reports of the examining panel were completed by the end of October. Despite a warning from Judge Paschen not to discuss the contents of the reports, one panel member let it be known a few days before the November 4 court hearing that the panel felt Speck was mentally competent to stand trial. Gerald Getty stated that he had decided to abandon his plans for a defense on insanity grounds, but would ask for the trial to be taken out of Chicago because press coverage had been prejudicial to the selection of an impartial jury. On November 2, Assistant State's Attorney William Martin asked Ziporyn to come to his office to discuss the case.

Ziporyn told Martin that he thought Speck was competent to stand trial, but that he had been incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong at the time of the crime. He cited Speck's brain damage.

Ziporyn told Speck he had had a meeting with the assistant state's attorney. "He wanted to know if I thought you could stand trial. I told him I feel you can."

"OK." Speck did not seem to care one way or the other.

"The panel thinks you can too. They think you're in great shape. They also think you're a sociopath."

"What's that?"

Once more, it was important to use the simplest terms. "Well, they think you killed those girls for kicks."

"Hell, they're crazier than I am."

Ziporyn reminded him that it was partly his own fault, since they did not all know about his head injuries. "Didn't you tell them?"

"Only if they asked me." Speck pouted. He was sulking again. "Some did, some didn't."

"And if they didn't ask you, you didn't tell them?"

"Yeah, that's about it."

"That's a big help. I know that you figure it's hopeless, but it doesn't have to be."

"I want it to be. I want it over with. I'm ready for the chair."

"Don't give me that kind of talk," Ziporyn replied. "You want to live as much as I do. You're just talking, to talk yourself into not being afraid."

As Ziporyn was leaving, Speck stopped him. "Say, Doc, I wanted to tell you something," he said. "You can read my brain like a book. You were right. I am scared."

Speck was evidently reacting to Ziporyn's coldness. He was eager to win back his attention.

"I'm glad you understand," Ziporyn said. "And I think I understand, if it was you, why you did the murders."

"Why did I?"

If Speck was being more receptive now, it was worth Ziporyn's while briefly to reiterate his theory. He might be more ready to understand it.

"I think that Gloria Davy reminded you of Shirley."

"But why did I kill the rest of them, then? I don't hate nobody—except Shirley."

"That's the point I am making. And that's why you apparently treated Gloria differently."

"What do you mean, differently?"

"Well, you did things to her you didn't do to the others, or at least that's what it seems from the reports."

Speck reached through the bars and his powerful hands gripped Ziporyn by the shoulders. He stared wildly into the psychiatrist's eyes.

"What did I do to her? Tell me the truth. You've got to tell me the truth."

"Look, I won't lie to you. You see, she wasn't there at first. She came in later. You took her to the bedroom with the others. I don't know what happened. Maybe she said something, maybe it was just that she looked like Shirley. Anyway, you stripped her. . . ."

Ziporyn stopped. Speck's head slumped forward between his shoulders. When he raised it again, his eyes were glistening with tears.

"Doc, I'd die eight times over if I could bring them back. I should have been shot the first time I hit my mother. And I choked Shirley once. I'm just no good."

On his next visit, Ziporyn brought a painting set. Speck was grateful. The psychiatrist also had picked up a copy of *Detective Cases*—"All Stories True." The cover of the publication was a color version of the newspaper picture taken of Speck lying in a prison bed after his suicide attempt in July. Beside his expressionless face were pictures of the eight dead nurses surrounding a picture of the survivor, Corazon Amurao. The cover headline read: CHICAGO ATROCITY: THE NINE LIVES OF RICHARD SPECK.

Speck read through the account, taking issue with various points as he went along. He objected particularly to suggestions by the Municipal Court psychiatrist, Dr. Edward Kelleher, that the murders were the work of a "sexual psychopath." "I ain't no sex-killer," said Speck, almost sulkily. For Speck now, guilt was not an issue—it was to be taken for granted—but his motivation was important to him. Kelleher was also quoted as saying the killer had evidently done a certain amount of planning for the crime. Again Speck was indignant. "I never was there before. I never knew anything about the place."

Prompted by the article's report on his past, Speck recalled a fight in which he had been involved as a boy—a public altercation with a woman—which he described in great detail for Ziporyn.

"You know what there was about that?" Speck told the psychiatrist. "That woman was a lezzie—you know what I mean? She was a Lesbian. And there was a queer living with her." His voice had a ring of earnest indignation.

This was the second time Speck had talked of violence directed against homosexuals. He had attacked a homosexual in one of his many bar fights.

Speck did not have a monopoly on the mass-murder headlines. In the second week of November, 1966, an 18-year-old high-school senior, Robert Benjamin Smith, made five women, a three-year-old girl and a baby lie on the floor of a beauty parlor in Mesa, Ariz., and proceeded to shoot all of them. Only the baby and one of the women survived. As usual with the murder cases he read about in the newspapers and magazines, Speck was incensed, but in this case the reasons became more personal.

"Did you read about this guy in Arizona? What a guy! Said he wanted to be famous. Said he was inspired by the Chicago case. Boy, I'd like to take care of him. If I could have a last wish, it would be to kill him. That's all—just kill him and I'll die happy."

"Easy there," said Ziporyn. "Don't you feel sorry for him?"

"Sorry for him? After what he did? He deserves to die."

"Yes. But Richard, don't you think that a person must have something wrong with him to do all that? Don't you think he must be sick?"

Speck stared at Ziporyn, wide-eyed with incredulous amazement. "Are you sure you read about this? Listen." He spoke slowly, deliberately, as if the psychiatrist were a child who needed to have some simple facts drummed into his head. "He . . . made . . . them . . . lie . . . in . . . a . . . circle . . . and . . . he . . . shot . . . them."

Ziporyn replied, "That's why we're talking—to learn as much as we can about what makes you tick—maybe it will prevent a killing someday."

Then the interview took a new tack. In a discussion of his family, Speck casually recalled that he had had syphilis and that he was sterile.

"Have you had any sperm studies to find out if you really are sterile?" Ziporyn asked.

"No. I'm finished. I know that much. That girl really fixed me."

"Do you know the girl with whom it happened?"

"Never forget her. Sure would like to get back at her. She was Chinese or Japanese—some kind of Oriental, know what I mean?"

Extending the hypothesis of what might have happened on the night of the nurses' murders, it was possible in the turbulence of Richard Speck's mind that the Filipino girls reminded him of a previous encounter with an "Oriental." This could have increased a wild rage already kindled by the sight of a girl resembling his wife.

At the end of the visit Ziporyn rose to leave.

"You know," said Speck. "That doctor, he really makes me mad."

Ziporyn wondered what could have suddenly reminded him of his interviews with the examiners. "Why?"

"Questions he asked me. Like, did I ever mess with boys? Hell, I'm not that way at all."

Speck was still eager to insist on his masculinity. Ziporyn believed that Speck had been showing many signs of latent homosexuality—positively, in his vanity and his fussiness around the cell, and negatively, in his hostility toward women, his strong reaction against "queers" and his resentment at the questions of the examiner. In his response to these questions he was going to the opposite extreme in his behavior to prove the suspicion false. Ziporyn, however, saw these manifestations of homosexuality as a definite component of Speck's hostility toward women, but by no means the basic problem. The roots of this latent homosexuality could only be guessed at, since Speck had revealed so little about his earliest years. Of his relationship with his father, it was known only that it had been very close. His father died when Richard was six, and there is no indication of how strong a figure he had been. But it was also apparent that Speck had been extremely close to his sister Carolyn and his mother. Whatever contributed to his latent homosexuality in his early years may have been intensified with the arrival of his hated stepfather. Speck had no strong male figure to identify with in his adolescence.

The Speck competency hearings of November 28–30 had a foregone conclusion. Gerald Getty assumed that his client would be found competent to stand trial. He therefore concentrated on a change of venue for the trial (which he obtained). William Martin, assistant state's attorney—with Judge Herbert Paschen's support—insisted on having members of the psychiatric panel heard in open court and their conclusions read into the record. The report stated:

> The panel is in unanimous agreement that Richard Speck is competent to stand trial at this time. . . . The panel is of the further opinion that Richard Speck was responsible for his behavior as of July 13 and 14, 1966.
>
> The diagnosis established by the panel in accordance with the American Psychiatric Association nosological classification [systematic classification of disease] is sociopathic personality, antisocial behavior, with alcoholism. These opinions are in accordance with legislative standards established by Illinois statutes.

The signatures to the report represented an impressive professional lineup against Ziporyn's contention that Speck was not a sociopath. The psychiatrist studied the panel's diagnosis of Speck's mental status: "sociopathic personality, antisocial behavior, with alcoholism." Ziporyn turned for his text to *Modern Clinical Psychiatry* by Noyes and Kolb. Of antisocial personality it states:

> Individuals without the capacity to form significant attachments or loyalties to others, to groups, or to codes of living. Thus they are callous . . . convince them[selves] that their actions are reasonable and warranted. . . . [The psychopath] has no critical awareness of his motives. . . . He shows few feelings of anxiety, guilt or remorse.
>
> They are cynical, devoid of a sense of honor or of shame. . . . Many feel pride in their [unlawful] accomplishments. Punishments are considered as expressions of injustice.

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Speck was distressed. His trial was to be held in another city. He would have to move from his cozy Cook County cell. He asked to see Warden Jack Johnson. The warden told Ziporyn about their talk.

"I came down there," said Johnson, "and Speck was looking out of the cell door, needling the guard. He said, 'The paper says I got the I.Q. of a ten-year-old. I always told you you were nothing but a baby-sitter for an idiot,' and he started to laugh. Then he saw me and said, 'Here's Big Daddy now.' I'll Big Daddy him." The warden chuckled. "He wanted to talk to me alone, so I took him to my office. He said he wants to burn here with all his friends around him. He's upset at getting moved. I explained the procedure to him."

When Ziporyn saw Speck, the conversation turned to the trial, another forbidding prospect—"more people saying lies about me."

"They're not lies," said Ziporyn. "People just get details confused sometimes. And you know, I might testify too. You're going to be mad at me too, when I testify."

"No, you can say whatever you like."

"Well, remember, it's not a popularity contest. The idea is not to say you're an angel. If I testify, I'll tell the truth as I see it—that you have had severe head injury, that you drank to stop the pain ——"

"Getty said I left quite a trail that night. He said they found I was in and out of bars, wild drunk. They say I waved a gun in a boy's face. I told Getty I wasn't hiding anything, so that's why it was easy to trace me. I didn't know anything had happened that should make me hide."

And again, "You don't remember any of this?"

"Nothing."

"Nor the killings?"

"No."

"You're sure you killed them?"

"It's hard to believe, even now. I'm no killer. Guess I am though."

"It's hard to argue with the fingerprints."

"Yeah, but there's one thing I can't understand. What was I doing over there—it's so far away? The nurses' house is about a mile from the Shipyard Inn, where I was staying that night. At least, that's what Getty says. Over a mile."

"That's an easy walk."

"Not if you're against walking, like me. I don't walk nowhere."

On December 5, the day before Speck's 25th birthday, he was in a festive mood. The psychiatrist gave him some birthday presents—another jigsaw puzzle, a new paint set, a model airplane and a magazine entitled *Adventure*. Their talk turned to publicity.

"I've had enough publicity," Speck said. "Why don't they write about that guy in Arizona instead of about me?"

"You've captured the public imagination. The thing is that nobody knows what happened in the nurses' house. Half the people think you raped those girls."

"What?" Speck's voice rose incredulously.

"Sure. They think you're the stud of the century."

Speck laughed in a disbelieving manner, but he gave the distinct impression that the notion pleased him.

"That's impossible," he said to Ziporyn. "I couldn't rape no eight girls."

"You know that and I know that, but the general public doesn't. They think you are some kind of sex symbol. Why do you think women keep writing to you?"

Speck's laughter grew louder, his pleasure at the fantasy growing with it. "I couldn't rape two girls, let alone eight. No man could do that. Truth is, I was probably too messed up to rape anybody. You can't do it when you're on drugs. I'm no rape-o. I never raped a girl in my life—well, maybe one, in Dallas, but it really wasn't rape. She was just shy, so I held her arms while my buddy did her. Then I did. But we all laughed about it afterward. But you don't have to rape women. There's always whores and lots of girls. Buy them a drink and they're yours. We used to call them nymphos in Dallas."

The suggestion that he might be considered "the stud of the century" had made a direct if unintentional appeal to the masculinity he was always so anxious to fortify. Now he was eager to embellish the legend with boasts.

The stories that he told the psychiatrist were a mixture of barracks bragging and matter-of-factness, about compliant girls on dates in Dallas, including one whose favors he shared with three of his friends.

"I've had lots of pleasure from women. I like them." His expansive tone suddenly froze to a cold snarl. "All except one. I've got hate, jealous hate for her. Shirley. She's the only woman

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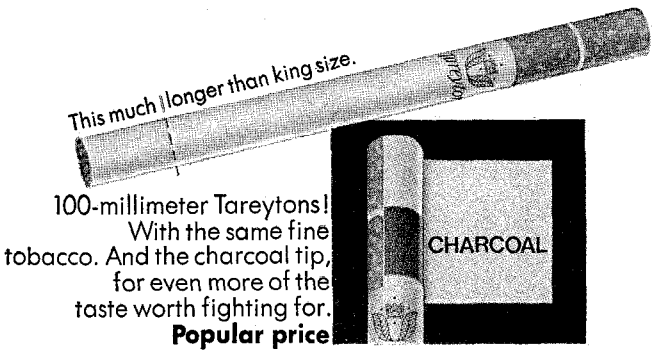

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I've ever hit sober. Oh, yeah, and her mother. That woman—I wonder what she's thinking of me now. She was always low-rating me. Once I came round to her house, pulled out a Luger and fired four shots. Then, I hit her at a New Year's party. Oh yeah, and one more time when I was sober."

"What about the time you hit your mother?"

"No, I was stoned then. I wouldn't hurt my mother. She's the only girl that knows me. But I could have killed her that time. That's when I should have given up drugs. Wish I had. But outside of Shirley and her mother, I like women. But I'm no sex fiend." Speck thumbed through the men's magazines, snorting in disgust at the pictures of girls in bras and panties, one showing half-naked girls at a party. "Who would get excited about those? I've been to parties like this."

For the psychiatrist, Speck's talk had revealed more of the nature of his ambivalence toward women. This kind of ambivalence, typical of the obsessive-compulsive, is known as the Madonna-Prostitute complex because it assigns every woman to one category or the other.

A week later Ziporyn joined Defense Attorney Getty's assistant, James Gramenos, on a trip to Dallas for an interview with Speck's mother, Mrs. Mary Margaret Lindbergh, and her daughter Carolyn. They met in a hotel lobby, and it was Ziporyn who first saw the women. The mother was of medium height, thin and angular, with gray hair. She wore a black fur-trimmed coat. Her daughter, also very slim, was a pretty brunette, her hair done in bouffant style. She, too, wore a fur-trimmed coat, in blue. Both women had sharp-featured faces, and the psychiatrist could see that his patient strongly resembled them.

"Hello," said Ziporyn, as the two ladies stepped off the Escalator. "We're the people who came to see you."

The daughter stared at Ziporyn suspiciously. Gramenos said, "I'm the man who talked to you on the phone. I'm from Mr. Getty's office. You're Richard's family?"

They nodded, but said nothing. Ziporyn sat down with the two women in the lobby while Gramenos went off to find a vacant conference room.

Carolyn was fiercely indignant. "I don't believe my brother did it," she said, when they got to the room. "I just don't believe it and I never will."

'He was always generous with his money, and helpful—used to help old ladies . . .'

With help from Carolyn in establishing a date or place, Mrs. Lindbergh related six separate incidents in which her son Richard sustained head injuries.

Mrs. Lindbergh recalled Speck's assault on her when she came to collect him from the juvenile home.

In a soft, measured voice, Mrs. Lindbergh said, "He was swinging and kicking; he kicked me in the hip—he was just wild."

"Did he know what he was doing?"

"No, he was just out of his head."

"Did he remember the incident?"

"No, we told him about it the next day. He wouldn't believe it."

Ziporyn then turned to the subject of Speck's drinking, asking specifically whether he drank as much as his anecdotes would indicate.

"Usually just on weekends," the mother said. "He would be all right during the week, but his friends would get him on weekends."

"How did he act when he was drinking?" Ziporyn asked.

"He was hateful and cross," said Carolyn.

"What was he like, then, the rest of the time?"

"What do you mean?" Carolyn asked.

"Was he hard to get along with—when he was not drinking, I mean—selfish, cold?"

"He was very good," the mother said emphatically. "He was always generous with his money, and helpful—used to help old ladies with their packages, and that sort of thing. And he was very responsible at work."

Ziporyn moved on. "Did he ever throw his stepfather out?" Ziporyn asked.

"His stepfather was handicapped," said Carolyn.

"I know, but Richard says they always fought."

"That's true. That's Richard's problem right there. His stepfather hated him—always did—always called him a gutter rat."

"Why?"

"I don't know," she said. "And Richard always wanted a father. I think he really suffered. He used to cry about it sometimes."

"Now let's talk about Shirley," said the psychiatrist. "Richard has told me he disliked her."

"Disliked her?" said the mother, incredulously. "I never knew that."

"Well, he says he was always fighting with her because, as he claims, she stepped out on him."

Carolyn confirmed what her mother did not want to believe. "That's true, they always did fight about that."

Gramenos went alone to talk to Speck's former wife. He and Ziporyn met in the evening.

"Did you see Shirley?" Ziporyn asked. There had been no hope of seeing her himself.

"Yes, she's no help."

"What's she like?"

"Confused—or lying. Of course, her new husband stood right there with her. I asked her if Richard ever got drunk. She said, 'No, he just used to pretend to be drunk.'"

"Pretend?"

"Yes. He'd come home, fall on the floor, roll out on the porch, pound on the door, cry, carry on. Just pretending, she says. She also says she can't remember where she met him. I said, 'I heard you met at the Texas State Fair,' and she said she didn't remember that. She 'thinks' they got married in 1963, and when I asked her how old Robbie is, she said five. Even her husband tried to straighen her out on that, but she just played stupid, said she couldn't remember anything."

Gramenos shrugged. The smoke screen had grown thicker, but through it, Ziporyn could perceive that the basic, important facts of Speck's story remained true.

Speck was excited about Ziporyn's return from Dallas, and Ziporyn told him about the interviews.

"Are they talking about me all over Dallas?" Speck asked. "I wonder what Shirley thinks. Did you see that witch?"

Ziporyn explained that James Gramenos had visited her. "She said she couldn't remember where she met you."

"Was her husband around?"

"He wouldn't let her out of his sight."

"She was just afraid to talk, then. Anything else?"

"Carolyn said Shirley used to slap you and get upset when you wouldn't pay attention to her."

Speck was solemn now. He stared through the bars of the cell, seeming to retrace the span of his brief, unhappy marriage. "Yeah, she used to say she wanted me to love her more than I did my mom. I told her, 'That will never be.' Then she'd get mad."

Ziporyn recalled an incident of drunken rage that Speck had spoken of, and asked, "Does that happen often when you drink?"

"Yeah, I get to feeling people are trying to push me around. When I'm sober, I let them. It doesn't bother me so much. But when I drink, I won't take it, I won't let them get away with it."

The paranoid core of Speck's personality had been glimpsed at times in the expression of his fears and suspicions of the world around him, but this was the first time that Ziporyn had heard his patient express his paranoia so overtly.

Ziporyn paid a brief call on Gerald Getty on January 13 to review the clinical assessment that he had made of Speck: "chronic brain syndrome associated with cerebral trauma." He also conferred with William Martin, the prosecutor. "Doesn't he have any remorse?" Martin asked.

"Remorse?" said Ziporyn. "Yes, lots of it. He's constantly expressing regret, saying the whole thing was so unnecessary."

"But he still claims not to remember. Do you believe him?"

"I do."

"Why?"

"If he is trying to deceive me, why would he tell me something incriminating like the blood he found on his hand the morning after the murders? Also, he knows how important the head injuries are. Why didn't he tell all the psychiatrists on the panel about them? Some came away knowing nothing about them."

"What would *you* do with Speck?" Martin asked.

"You mean, if I were the judge and knew what I know now?" Ziporn said. "Well, the chair is out of the question. I guess I'd give him a long prison term, 199 years or so. He's a nice guy when he's sober, but he says himself he can't quit drinking and he doesn't trust himself. So I guess prison is the solution."

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The trial was now scheduled for February 20 in Peoria, 150 miles southwest of Chicago.

Ziporyn's last interview with Speck was on February 13. The cell was in total darkness as the psychiatrist approached, and for a moment he thought Speck had already left. But Speck was still there, lying on his bed. When Speck switched the light on, Ziporyn saw that his face was suffused with fury. The psychiatrist glanced around and saw the reason. The cell had been stripped of all the trimmings with which Speck had made it into a home in the past six months.

"So you're finally moving out?"

"Yeah," said Speck bitterly. "The captain came in at three-thirty today and told me to pack. He said I might go tomorrow. And they lied to me. The Peoria sheriff and the warden, they told me that I could take my radio and my paint stuff. Now they say I can't take nothing." (As it turned out, he was allowed to take his paints and clothing with him.)

It was Ziporyn's last chance to try to impress on Speck the true nature of his responsibility, or lack of it, for the crime he was accused of committing.

"Richard, I believe you did not choose to be a killer. I believe that what happened was not the result of your conscious decision. Like every other human being, you, Richard, are the product of your heredity and your environment. *You* didn't pick either one. I can find what you did terrible. I do, and you do too. But I can't honestly find you responsible for your actions. Do you understand?"

Richard Speck did not answer. He held his head in his hands and sobbed. He looked up and tears were streaming down his face as he shook his head, still unable, unwilling to comprehend his situation.

Ziporyn made one more effort. "As you've been told many times, you have real brain damage. You just can't control your feelings. It's not your fault that you didn't get real medical care."

"What good would it have done?" Speck answered. "You know what would have happened if I'd been brought to you on the outside. I'd have listened politely, agreed with what you said, and then gone away and laughed at you."

The psychiatrist took his leave, promising to see him again in Peoria.

Speck was watching *Machine Gun Kelly* on television when the sheriff's deputies came to his cell at midnight to take him to Peoria. He had been looking forward to the movie for several days and was annoyed that the deputies had interrupted him in the middle of it. As he left, he asked his friend in the next cell, Mark Clancy, to write and tell him what happened to Machine Gun Kelly.

The date was February 14, 1967, exactly seven months after eight nurses were murdered. The deputies put Speck into the back seat of an unmarked car and drove along Route 55 to Peoria. At 2.45 A.M. they left him in a cell in the county jail.

A few days later Ziporyn talked to Clancy, who laughed at the outcome of the movie Speck had been watching. "Wait till I tell him Machine Gun Kelly turned out to be a fag," Clancy said. "At the end, Kelly was whimpering, crying, begging for mercy, just a punk. Richard'll flip when I write and tell him."

Speck, waiting for the trial to begin, settled into the new cell, quietly painting and sketching.

On the morning of Monday, February 20, he dressed in his "court" suit, with a handkerchief, monogrammed "R. S.," tucked in the breast pocket. He wore a slim dark tie and white shirt. Freshly shaved and barbered, and handcuffed, he was ready to go.

It took Judge Paschen 12 minutes to read the indictments.

"The Cook County grand jury of July, 1966, charges that on or about July 14, 1966, in said county, Richard Franklin Speck committed the offense of murder in that he intentionally and knowingly strangled and stabbed and thus killed Suzanne Farris.

"The Cook County grand jury of July, 1966, charges that on or about July 14, 1966, in said county, Richard Franklin Speck committed the offense of murder in that he intentionally and knowingly strangled and killed Nina Jo Schmale. . . ."

The litany, with its eight almost identical verses, told in colorless, horribly simple language, of the savage murders of the eight young women, all aged between 20 and 24—Miss Farris, Miss Schmale, Patricia Ann Matusek, Mary Ann Jordan, Pamela Wilkening, Gloria Davy, Merlita Gargullo, Valentina Pasion. All were student nurses at the South Chicago Community Hospital, and the last two named were—like Corazon Amurao, 23, the only survivor—Filipino exchange students.

Richard Speck sat through it all, holding his chin in his right hand, his eyes staring glassily ahead of him, not at the judge, but through him. His jaws chewed slowly on some gum. He looked neither tense nor relaxed, just numb.

It took six weeks to select a jury. During this period, Ziporyn went to Peoria to see Getty and visited Speck. But Getty and Gramenos were with him, and the talk was inconsequential.

Speck was surprised to see Ziporyn and seemed a little shy. His cell was large and well lighted, and the psychiatrist noticed that the change of scene was not having the feared bad effect on him. He looked comfortable and well fed.

"You're getting paunchy," Ziporyn teased him.

"Yeah, the food's better here than in Chicago," said Speck, patting his stomach with an appreciative grin. He saw Ziporyn looking round the room and up at the light in the center of the ceiling. Speck had tied the light cord in the form of a noose.

"That's my appeal," Speck commented.

Getty, in his opening statement, announced that "the theory of the defense is that Speck, this defendant, is not the perpetrator of the crime." He would claim that Speck was not in the nurses' house on the night of the murders, and would fight the evidence, piece by piece.

The prosecution, led by William Martin, introduced witnesses who placed Speck in the neighborhood. Then Martin called the only survivor to the stand—Corazon Amurao.

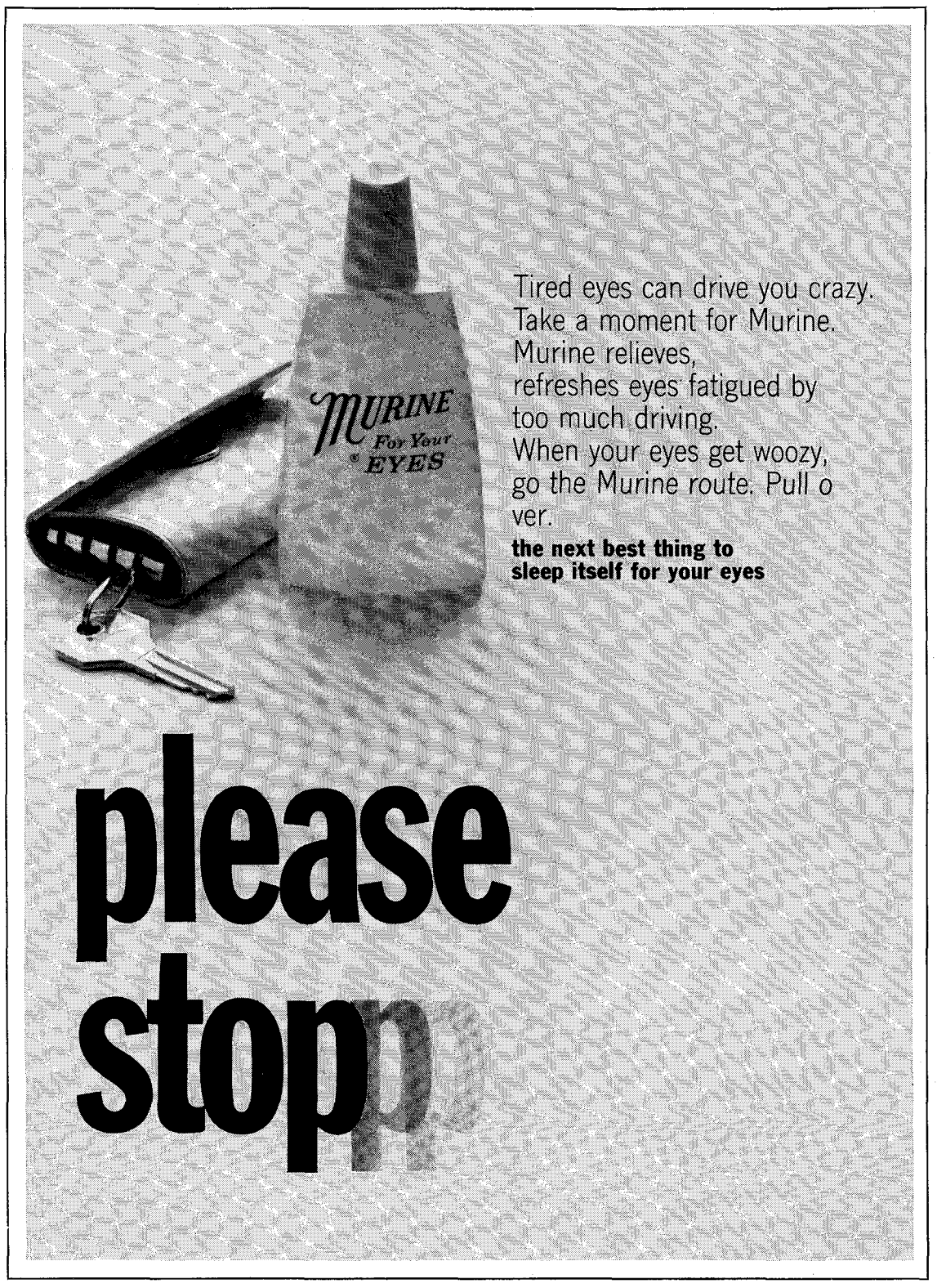
Miss Amurao told of the events of the evening up to the point at which there was a knock on her door.

"Now, Miss Amurao," the young prosecutor said, "if you see that same man in the courtroom today who came to your bedroom door on Wednesday night, July 13, 1966, would you please step down and point him out."

Corazon Amurao stared intently and unflinchingly at Martin as he asked the time-honored question. Without any word of acknowledgment, she rose slowly, and walked a dozen short steps to the polished oak defense table. Clutching a white handkerchief in her left fist, she held her tiny body erect and steadily raised her right hand to within six inches of Richard Speck's ashen face. "This is the man."

Her small features remained expressionless as her accusing hand hovered by Speck's left cheek. Speck's eyes flickered momentarily toward Miss Amurao and then resumed their glassy stare at the judge's bench behind her.

Miss Amurao's voice faltered as she went on with her story. "I went to the . . . I went to the door," she said,



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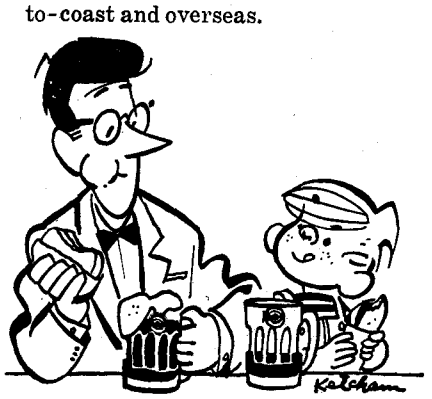
Dennis the Menace
by Hank Ketcham
GEE, DAD, LET'S STOP! I'M THIRSTY!
WE'LL SOON BE HOME, SON.
BUT THERE'S A A&W ROOT BEER DRIVE-IN!
WE'VE GOT NICE ICE WATER AT HOME, DENNIS.
ICE WATER? THAT ONLY MAKES YA WET INSIDE! ROOT BEER MAKES YA HAPPY!

The world's largest-selling draft root beer is only as far away as your nearest A & W Drive-In

Next time you're out driving, stop at the sign that says A & W Root Beer! Enjoy a tasty meal and an ice-cold mug of the world's largest-selling draft root beer. You won't find flavor like this in any ordinary store because this root beer is sold exclusively by A & W franchised outlets. There are more than 2500, coast-to-coast and overseas.



BORN TO RAISE HELL

fighting back tears, "and I unlocked it and started to open it, and at once there's somebody who's pushing the door." She broke down and wept as she added, "I saw a man standing on the center of our door with a gun in his right hand pointed toward me, and I noticed that he had marks on his face, the clothes was dark from the shoulders to the foot, and his hair was blond, hair combed toward the back and some hair in the front."

After she had identified the man in court, Miss Amurao unfailingly referred to the intruder as "Speck" throughout her testimony. The repetition of the name gave it the aura of a proven fact. She recounted how he took the girls to the house's large south bedroom, making them sit on the floor.

"One of the girls," she said, "asked Speck, 'What do you want?' And then Speck answered, 'I want money, I'm going to New Orleans.'"

Her account revealed that he did not have to rummage through the house for the money, since the girls fetched money for him from their purses; that they remained unbound for about an hour after his arrival, and that he carried on conversations with the American girls which she did not understand. She told how he bound each girl, then stood up and walked over to Pamela Wilkening, untied her ankles, and led her from the room. Then, returning, he took the others out of the room, one by one.

"After Speck had taken Miss Wilkening from the south bedroom, did you hear anything?"

"After about one minute, I heard Miss Wilkening say 'Ah.' It was like a sigh."

"Did you hear anything after the noise you just described?"

"Before he came back to the south bedroom, I heard water running in the bathroom, as if Speck was washing his hands."

And the next. "After about one minute, I heard Nina Schmale say 'Ah,' just the same like Miss Wilkening."

A period of 20, 25 or 30 minutes passed between each girl's disappearance from the south bedroom and the man's return. During one of these periods, Miss Amurao stated, she and three other girls tried to hide behind and under beds, but all except Miss Amurao were discovered when the man returned. The story resumed.

"Did you hear anything after Speck had taken Miss Pasion from the south bedroom?"

"After about two minutes, I heard Miss Pasion say 'Ah' more loud than the two other American girls." More water running in the bathroom, another 20 minutes passed.

"What happened after you saw Speck carrying Miss Gargullo from the south bedroom?"

"Then after about five minutes, I heard Miss Gargullo say, 'Masakit.'"

"Could you tell the court and jury what 'Masakit' means in your native language [Tagalog]?"

"It means 'It hurts.'"

Detail was piled upon pathetic detail. Miss Amurao reported Patricia Matusek's last words: "Will you please untie my ankles first?"

At that point, Miss Amurao broke down and wept. Judge Paschen called a brief recess.

After the recess, Miss Amurao resumed her testimony and told the court that it was 45 to 50 minutes before Speck returned after removing Gloria Davy—"the longest time he was out." Everything that followed—the man's departure, her rescue and recuperation in hospital—was necessarily anticlimactic, but the effect of her appearance in court that Wednesday, April 5, was indelible; in Getty's own private words, "devastating."

Getty's cross-examination of Miss Amurao was kindly, persistent and largely unavailing. He sought to weaken her identification of Speck by raising points of discrepancy; her principal, repeated answer was, "I don't recall."

Getty sought, with witnesses, to prove that Speck was elsewhere at the time of the murders. A bartender and his wife both testified that Speck was in Kay's Pilot House, a tavern, at midnight on July 13, at the time Miss Amurao had sworn Speck was preparing to remove the first of eight murder victims from the bedroom, 12 blocks from the tavern. The prosecution could not shake their testimony—but apparently it wasn't necessary to do so.

After only 49 minutes of deliberation, the jury returned with their verdict. On all eight charges they decided: "We, the jury, find the defendant, Richard Franklin Speck, guilty of murder in the manner and form as charged in the indictment, and we fix his punishment at death."

Richard Franklin Speck sat motionless in his chair at the defense table, showing not the slightest emotion. Judge Paschen adjourned the court, preparatory to hearing post-trial motions. Speck stood up between two policemen and left the courtroom. As he was going through the door behind the judge's bench, the courtroom door at the front was opened, and a deputy announced the verdict to a crowd of spectators waiting downstairs. Cheers and applause arose from the crowd, mainly girls and middle-aged women. Speck turned his head at the noise. His mouth dropped open, uncomprehending eyes stared across the courtroom. One of the policemen beside him put his hand on Speck's shoulder, and the boy who was born to raise hell disappeared.

On June 2, Judge Paschen held a hearing in Chicago for presentation of evidence which, under Illinois law, a judge may consider in possible mitigation of a jury-recommended death sentence. Dr. Ner Littner, a psychiatrist, told the court that Speck was mentally ill and not responsible for his actions last July when the murders were committed. The psychiatrist traced Speck's history of head injuries and violent behavior. Speck was living in "a mental pressure cooker" last July, the psychiatrist said.

On June 5, in Peoria, Judge Paschen sentenced Speck to die in the electric chair on September 1. He stayed the death order pending appeal to the Illinois Supreme Court, and assigned Getty to make the appeal. Review by the Illinois Supreme Court is mandatory in death sentences.

Afterword

By MARVIN ZIPORYN

Many people have asked me for my subjective feelings about Richard Speck. The answer is simple. I like him. He can be courteous, thoughtful, generous and witty, and he has considerable charm. I know Richard in a way most people do not—as a human being. It would be difficult to spend over 100 hours of intimate discussion with another person, listening to his reminiscences, sharing his hopes and anxieties, guilt and remorse, without developing an empathy and understanding. To me, Speck was not the monster the press depicted; he was Richard, a confused, tense, frightened young man, seeking desperately to be loved and knowing he was an outcast among outcasts, despised, scorned, cursed, rejected and, as he always felt, hopelessly doomed.

That I might be fond of Richard does not mean that I condone his crime. For that matter, neither does he.

Like anybody else, I am saddened by the thought of the eight murdered girls. They are to be sorrowed for as the Abels of the world—pathetic victims. But I feel pity for the man convicted of their murder as well. He too is a victim of existence. He murdered under the drive of forces he could not begin to understand. It is easy to forgive the innocent; the mark of true humanity is to forgive the guilty.

Do I then feel that people like Richard Speck, not being responsible for their actions, should be left at large, their actions condoned? No, I feel the answer lies in rehabilitation and reeducation rather than punishment, and in some cases, such as those of brain-damaged individuals whom we do not know how to rehabilitate and reeducate, perhaps permanent institutionalization until science finds the answer.

As I told Richard, he is like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Given the magic potion (drugs and alcohol), this gentle, considerate man turns into a murdering monster. Richard Speck did not wish to kill; the question remains—why did he?

The essential elements are: a brain-damaged human being—impulsive, childish, emotionally labile, racked by headaches; drugs, alcohol and barbiturates which excite him; a basic obsessive-compulsive personality, rigid, punitive, Puritanical, sado-masochistic, containing unconscious hostility to females because of a Madonna-Prostitute complex; hatred of his wife for suspected infidelity, and for divorcing him.

These elements are all present at the scene of the murders. A hopped-up, brain-damaged drunk, looking for anything and nothing, with a gun and knife, stumbles into a girls' dormitory near his union hiring hall. The girls are bound and helpless. One of them resembles his hated wife.

The existential moment has arrived. Fantasy (of revenge on women) is suddenly reality—the helpless girls are at the mercy of Mr. Hyde, whose damaged, poisoned nervous system cannot brake, control or censor him. He transmutes dream into reality. The result: the murder of eight nurses. □

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The little leaguers

By Roland Michaud

"Your husband may be a good engineer, but as an umpire I think he lacks something."

"He wouldn't have dropped it if all those other boys hadn't been yelling at him."

"Now watch how he turns slightly toward third and pauses to take his grip at the top—it's a curve."

"Was he safe or out?"

"Nice peg to second, Boyle . . . too bad he went to third."

"I got into the game—and we were only twelve runs ahead."

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The girl who took risks

By Theodore Taylor

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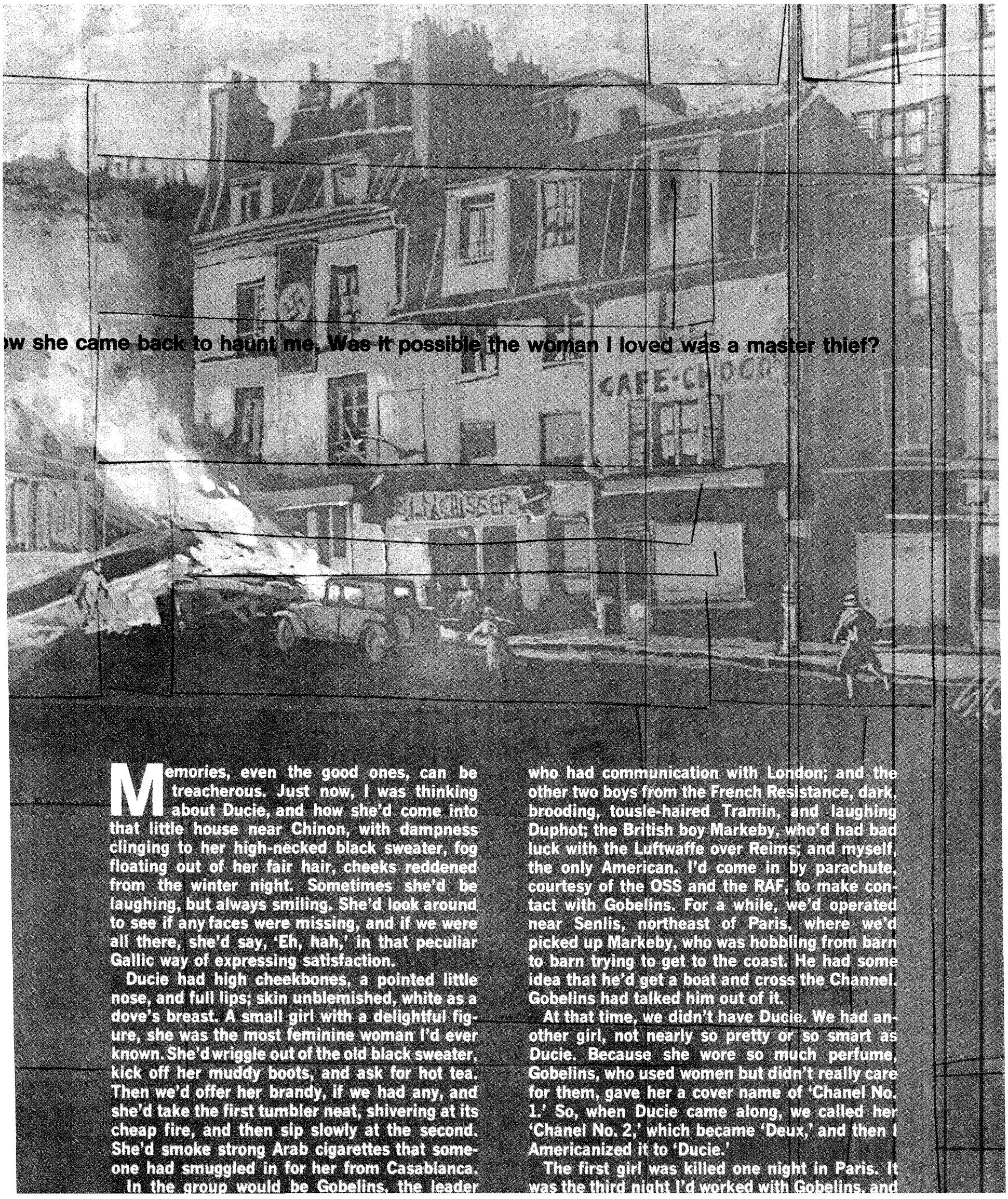

ow she came back to haunt me. Was it possible the woman I loved was a master thief?

Memories, even the good ones, can be treacherous. Just now, I was thinking about Ducie, and how she'd come into that little house near Chinon, with dampness clinging to her high-necked black sweater, fog floating out of her fair hair, cheeks reddened from the winter night. Sometimes she'd be laughing, but always smiling. She'd look around to see if any faces were missing, and if we were all there, she'd say, 'Eh, hah,' in that peculiar Gallic way of expressing satisfaction.

Ducie had high cheekbones, a pointed little nose, and full lips; skin unblemished, white as a dove's breast. A small girl with a delightful figure, she was the most feminine woman I'd ever known. She'd wriggle out of the old black sweater, kick off her muddy boots, and ask for hot tea. Then we'd offer her brandy, if we had any, and she'd take the first tumbler neat, shivering at its cheap fire, and then sip slowly at the second. She'd smoke strong Arab cigarettes that someone had smuggled in for her from Casablanca.

In the group would be Gobelins, the leader who had communication with London; and the other two boys from the French Resistance, dark, brooding, tousle-haired Tramin, and laughing Duphot; the British boy Markeby, who'd had bad luck with the Luftwaffe over Reims; and myself, the only American. I'd come in by parachute, courtesy of the OSS and the RAF, to make contact with Gobelins. For a while, we'd operated near Senlis, northeast of Paris, where we'd picked up Markeby, who was hobbling from barn to barn trying to get to the coast. He had some idea that he'd get a boat and cross the Channel. Gobelins had talked him out of it.

At that time, we didn't have Ducie. We had another girl, not nearly so pretty or so smart as Ducie. Because she wore so much perfume, Gobelins, who used women but didn't really care for them, gave her a cover name of 'Chanel No. 1.' So, when Ducie came along, we called her 'Chanel No. 2,' which became 'Deux,' and then I Americanized it to 'Ducie.'

The first girl was killed one night in Paris. It was the third night I'd worked with Gobelins, and

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I was shocked when he showed little remorse. A short, powerful man in his early thirties, capable of great violence, Gobelins muttered, "She was stupid."

I said angrily, "She had great courage." Gobelins shrugged. "She's dead in the street now. What good does her courage do us, or her?"

We returned to Senlis. "I have another girl in mind," he said. That was Ducie, of course.

Gobelins was driving the Germans crazy. His motivation for joining the *Maquis* had been simple. He loved his Paris, and he hated the Germans. There was nothing more to it than that. He didn't give a damn about de Gaulle, or Churchill, or Roosevelt, or the glory of France. Simply, he hated Germans.

Gobelins had a method of operation that was a joy to watch. He called it *le diversion*. He created spectacular confusion and, using confusion as a diversion, calmly proceeded to rifle the contents of whatever safe or file cabinet he'd decided to enter. The confusion always appeared to be an accident.

Two old taxis, one driven by Duphot, the other by Tramin, would collide, and because they were very old, their gasoline lines would rupture easily. Gobelins carefully fixed them to rupture. Soon there would be a cauldron in the foyer of the German-occupied building. Upstairs, paying not the slightest attention to the noise, would be Gobelins, working deftly, almost unhurriedly. Defiantly! Lord, yes, defiantly.

Having spent my childhood in France, I could speak the language. I could have done a number of things to help Gobelins, but he preferred to have me work as cover man. I was to shoot as many German soldiers as possible while he escaped. Then Markeby was to set up another diversion along the escape route.

Now, to complete the story of Chanel No. 1, she was killed while Gobelins was robbing German staff headquarters. Yes, staff headquarters. Such was the cut of Gobelins. He was after air-defense plans for the coastal section between Brest and Ostend. Chanel No. 1 had coaxed information out of a major who worked in headquarters.

That, too, Gobelins said, proved to be comparatively simple. His eyes cold slits, he later told Ducie, "They want affection, not to be spat upon. So you are affectionate. They like to talk, especially when they are drunk. So you listen. And after you are affectionate enough, there are things you can ask them—discreetly. You understand, Deux?"

Sex, the use of it, meant nothing to Gobelins. He considered the female in the same way he considered his pistol.

Ducie asked Gobelins that night he recruited her, "What happened to the other girl?"

He replied, slowly, "She panicked. She was to ride her bicycle very slowly by the building, and when the cars hit, if the gasoline did not ignite, she was to walk over—slowly again—flick her cigarette lighter, and drop it. But no, she did a stupid thing. She threw it, and then ran for her bicycle. Naturally, one of the sentries shot her."

Ducie took a deep breath, and then smiled. "I will not panic."

Gobelins said unenthusiastically, "Good," and went on to talk about another job he was planning.

She would come several nights a week to a place outside Chinon, where we'd shifted from Senlis, and the second week, when she was leaving to go home, about three kilometers away, I said, "I need some fresh air; I'll walk a ways with you." I saw Gobelins staring at me, but went out the door anyway. The hell with him.

There was something so powerfully magnetic about her that I found myself tingling. We talked about ourselves, seeking to know each other. I felt something I'd never felt before. There was suddenly deep desire. It was more than physical. I went back to Gobelins' a different man.

In the weeks that followed, I saw Ducie often. One night, being truly female, and not waiting for me to say it, although she knew how I felt, she said, "Twig, I love you. I give myself to you." Direct, simple, enveloping. Twig was the only name she knew for me. For safety.

In the darkness, we laughed and talked. We made love. We talked of what would happen when the war was over. Marriage, and she'd come to America. In these precious moments, Ducie was full of hope and anticipation. I cannot describe what I felt. Whatever I had thought about love, the experience was now completely shattering.

But when we were together, and Gobelins was around, he'd study us as a pathologist studies diseased cells, his eyes full of disgust. Then I came to understand they were also full of fear. Once he said—and it was true—"In this work, when you love someone, you protect them. Then everything is lost."

In the three operations that followed, I began to appreciate what Gobelins meant. My throat got dry, and my knees danced at the idea of her out in the street, playing decoy. Twice I almost killed us all. First, I pleaded with Gobelins to find another girl. He only laughed. "Do you think that is easy?"

Then I pleaded with her to stop. She answered, "Will you stop?"

Now and then, Ducie had to consort with German officers. When she would come back, usually with information, I'd find it hard to look at her. She would say, "When I am with them, I am simply an instrument. My body has no feeling." But each time, when we were finally alone, she'd cry out, "Hold me close, make me clean."

Then, suddenly, after the seventh operation, I received orders, through Gobelins, to return to the United States. I tried to get them canceled, but word, via London from Washington, was that I had to come back to take a desk in OSS planning; my experience was more valuable in planning than in the field. I was certain Gobelins had engineered it, but there was no way to prove that.

Ducie and I spent a weekend together at a safe château near Chinon, and then I said good-bye, telling her the same thing that a quarter-million men told girls in almost any place the war touched: That I loved her desperately, that I would be back to bring her home. She must stay alive for me!

I was returned to England, with Markeby, smuggled out by fishing boat, rendezvousing with a corvette at the edge of Biscay. Then on to Washington via Iceland. Depressed, thinking of little but Ducie, I was certainly no great help in Washington for several months. I wrote letters to Ducie, via Gobelins, and they were supposedly air-dropped whenever Gobelins was contacted. It was against regulations, but regulations were often disregarded, and friends did small favors.

I knew there was no way she could communicate back, but the bond was so strong that I felt little need for her answers. Then one day Gobelins sent a note. I knew it was Gobelins because I recognized his heavy, choppy scrawl. It was so like Gobelins to say, bluntly, "She is dead."

I wept bitterly, feeling there was little left in life. The wound healed slowly, never completely. After the war, I married. A lovely blonde girl, but as different from Ducie as table muscatel is different from fine champagne. The marriage came apart in three years.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I was still in love with Ducie. Or the memory of Ducie.

Now, twenty-odd years later, France and the OSS tucked away in the tangles of time, I was looking at a series of theft reports. On my office door was a brass nameplate that said CHIEF OF DETECTIVES. In smaller letters, JOHN EDENS. I had once wanted to be an architect, but the war, the OSS, and Ducie had changed things. I got a law degree, found the practice of law stifling, was with the FBI a frustrated while, and then settled in California a year after the divorce was final. Yes, I was a cop now, and had little desire to be anything else.

But, back to that ancient art of theft. There was a certain pattern to the robberies that was unusual. In the first one of the series, which had begun a year ago, an automobile went up over a lawn, slamming into a house after a lavish party. The lady of the house had just divested herself of a sixty-five-thousand-dollar diamond necklace, placing it on a dressing table seconds before the car splintered the living-room wall. Stolen car, of course. Likewise, the necklace. We found footprints where a man, watching the lady, had obviously signaled the car for its one-way trip.

Next, a fire, pure arson, in a kitchen at two o'clock in the morning. During the excitement, the bedroom wall safe was quickly and easily opened. The jewels, headed back for a Beverly Hills bank vault in the morning, took a different route to a fence. The burglars struck twice again, each time after a party.

There was a definite touch of *le diversion* here. More than a touch. Two of the "incidents" were practically carbon copies of a pair in which I'd been involved with Gobelins.

I had cabled Interpol, the international police agency, to check on Gobelins. Yes, he was still alive. No, nothing on him since the war. In fact, he had been decorated personally by de Gaulle, and was now a respected businessman in Paris. He ran a chart-and-map shop.

I thought of Tramin and Duphot, and cabled again. The result was a blow. Tramin killed in late 1943 at St. Yrieix, which I vaguely remembered as being near Limoges. Duphot executed by the Nazis in Paris in 1944. I was miserable the rest of the day, and said the devil with the Beverly Hills thefts, even though there was great pressure from the movie-makers, stockbrokers, talent agents, and lawyers who lived in the mansions on the edge of Hollywood. I was tempted to tell them to stop giving parties, or take all that fancy glass off their women.

Markeby! I thought of Markeby. But remembering him—big red-black moustache, ruddy cheeks—I couldn't conceive he'd be mixed up in anything more sinister than playing soccer pools. I checked. Markeby was alive, and he had a Scotland Yard record.

If anyone had asked, in that damp, cold winter of '43, if Donald Markeby would do anything more than raise a smiling Lancashire family, I would have challenged the man. Yet Markeby had taken the wrong road. Fraud, for one thing; theft, another. But it appeared petty stuff. Where was he? In England presently, they said.

That night, I thought about Markeby for a long time. Then about Gobelins. Had they put something together,

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operating it long-distance? Was Gobelins puppet-stringing robbery from six thousand miles away? He was very capable of it. I flew to London on the weak hunch, and found Markeby through the Yard.

He lived on Coram Street, near King's Cross. How much actual living he did there was hard to tell. It took two days and one night to find him home. He opened the door, staring at me as if I'd been a forgotten bomb dredged up from Thames mud. Then he blinked. "My Lord, it's you, Edens, the American."

I said, "Hello, Markeby."

Of course, he'd changed. So had I. But I knew I didn't have his puffiness, the telltale alcoholic pink in his nose, and the veins of his cheeks. He looked seedy. The old RAF moustache was long gone.

He pumped my hand. "Come in, come in." The room was ill-lit, and stale. He apologized. "I'm not here too often. Place to hang my hat, as they say."

He offered me a drink, and I accepted. I didn't want to talk about Gobelins. Yet. About Ducie? Not at all. So I said, "What have you been doing since 1943?"

Markeby laughed. "Stayed in that bloody uniform until '45, of course. Then bumped around a bit. Odd jobbing. Tried BOAC a month after discharge, but they failed me on physical." He laughed again. "After what we went through, they failed me on physical."

Then he asked, "And you?"

I lied about what I was doing. Told him I was representing an American tool-and-die company.

"You look like you're doing well," he said, with a trace of envy.

Suddenly, hoping to catch him off balance, I asked, "Have you seen Gobelins since the war?"

Markeby shook his head. Then he said, musing, "Really haven't thought of him. What a hell of a man, though, huh?"

"Yes, he was," I agreed. Then I said, "I'm surprised you haven't gone back to France in all these years."

Markeby shrugged. "What's there for me? I'd rather go to Majorca. Better chance on the weather, you know."

I studied him a moment. He was lying, of course. He had gone to France several times. The Yard had established that.

Markeby mixed himself another drink, three fingers deep, after I declined. "We should have dinner some night, eh?, and talk about Senlis. The old days."

I nodded, although I had no desire to talk about the old days.

"Whatever happened to that little French poppy you were so hot for?" he asked, out of the blue.

Even the thought of her was still painful. "Ducie?" I asked.

"Yes. That was the name, Ducie. That was your name for her."

"She's dead, Markeby."

"Oh, too bad," he said, "but when you operated with Gobelins the risk was high. Right?"

I sighed, "Yes."

Markeby had gathered the unmistakable shell of criminality about him, the protective covering that was always alert to an entrapping question, even from an old friend. It was useless to pry him on Gobelins. But his trips to France had been four months before the first Beverly Hills robbery, and then again within the past two months. Coincidence, perhaps?

The next morning, I flew on to Paris. Ducie was much on my mind, and as we came in over the coast, I wondered where she was buried—maybe near Chinon—but decided not to visit the grave. That pilgrimage would wreck me.

I looked up Gobelins' place in the hotel directory. It was on Rue St.-Lazare. I took a taxi. The shop had a surprising touch of old-established solidity to it, as if it had sold its first map of Paris while Napoleon was in knee pants. Two large glass windows, edged in gleaming brass, fronted the street. A very simple sign hung over the doorway, letters of shining brass against a black background: GALERIE GOBELINS. One look and you felt it was the Tiffany's of the map business.

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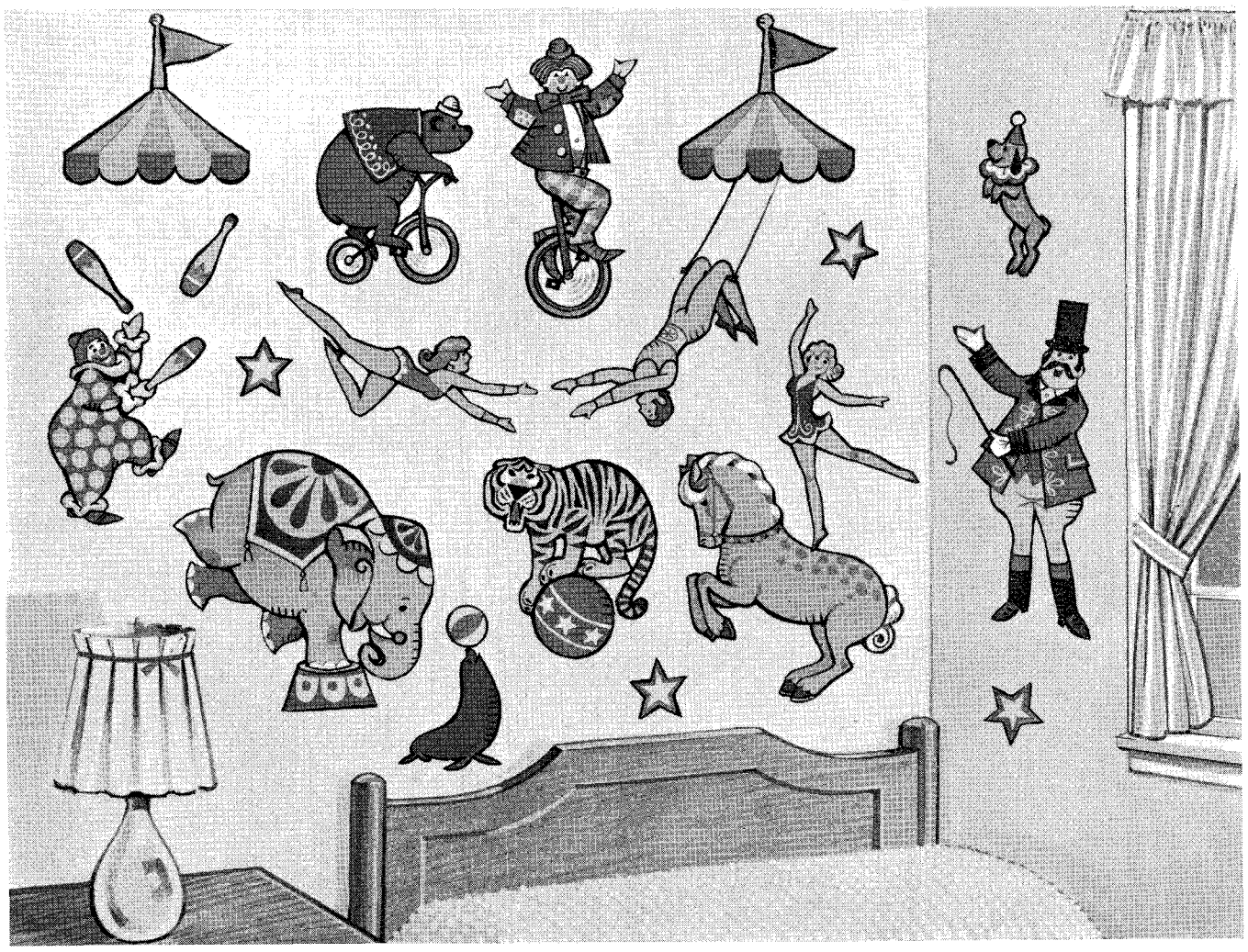

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Entering, I saw Gobelins talking with a customer at the counter. There were great racks of rolled maps and charts covering the walls. There were many atlases in a dozen languages. Gobelins now wore glasses, and his hair was gray-specked. He had added a little weight but not so much that any hoodlum would want to confront him. He finished his transaction, looked over at me, squinted recognition, and then came from behind the counter.

He said, "'allo, Edens." There was no emphasis in his voice, no particular joy at seeing an old comrade.

We talked for almost an hour, hardly mentioning Senlis or Chinon. Nothing about Ducie, thank God. He laughed when he said he'd heard Tramin was killed on a motorbike near St. Yrieix. Accidental death. Ironic for Tramin to die that way, the laughter said. Yet he had no apparent feeling about it, since he and Tramin had separated by that time. Duphot was another matter. Gobelins mourned him visibly, and took the blame for his death. It angered him to think of Duphot facing a firing squad.

I said I was in Europe on tool-and-die business.

"What company?" he asked. He knew die-makers.

He caught me unprepared, and I paused long enough for his eyes to narrow, then said, "Allegheny."

"Youngstown?"

I nodded. It seemed to satisfy him, and we talked about what he'd done after '45, and a little of what I'd done. What he'd done was ingenious. He'd saved some of the Nazi charts he'd stolen, and when the war was over, circumventing the Allied historians who were grabbing everything in sight, he sold the Nazi documents. That led to Galerie Gobelins.

As I was leaving, he smiled at me as one smiles at an untruthful child, saying, "Edens, Allegheny is based in Pittsburgh, not Youngstown, Ohio."

That was one tiny difference between Markeby, for instance, and Gobelins. I'd been a fool to play games with him. He could smell a lie. When he came to the Hotel Meurice that night for a drink, I told him the truth, feeling somehow he was not mixed up in it. Gobelins was pleased that his *diversion* was working in the gold-plated streets of Beverly Hills. He laughed hard. At that point, I discounted Gobelins' involvement.

We made a dinner date for the next night at seven. He directed the taxi across the Seine near Notre Dame. It stopped in front of a Catalonian place. It was like Gobelins to take me there, reserving the typically Parisian for himself. Again, that contrariness. They treated him with great respect, and he ordered crayfish for two, cooked Barcelona style. The place was noisy, and the Moorish wailing of the singers made it almost impossible to talk. Then it hushed down, and a fat woman in black reverently announced the next act. Gobelins said, "I come here often just to hear this."

A white-haired man stepped into the spotlight, holding a guitar by its neck, clasping it with his little finger, his fourth and middle fingers, leaving his thumb and index finger free to pluck the strings as they crossed the frets. Gobelins was fascinated with him. There was something grotesque about it. The man began to play in this odd position.

Suddenly, I noticed that Gobelins was staring at me, and not the guitarist. It was the proper moment for him to say, "Deux is not dead."

I came out of my chair, barely breathing. "What did you say?" I gasped.

Gobelins repeated, "Deux isn't dead." He sat there, unsmiling, enjoying my reaction.

At first, I couldn't believe him. Then I felt rage. But I realized I had no strength left for rage. I slumped back in the chair, looking at the Frenchman as if he'd come out of a bad dream.

Gobelins laughed softly, then, applauding the guitarist, said, "You did love her. I really think you loved her."

"Where is she now?"

Gobelins shrugged, "I have no idea. I have not seen her since 1944."

I leaned across the table, feeling an almost insane urge to reach out and smash every bone in his face. He had tortured me for twenty years. "In the name of God, why did you send me that message that she was dead?"

He was in no way sorry. He replied, "I was tired of reading your silly trash. I was not cupid. I had more things to think about than you!"

"What did you tell *her?*" I rasped.

With a slight raise of his eyebrows, he answered, "The same. You had been killed. It is easy to accept in war."

He was incredible. I felt ill. "Do you realize what you did? You smashed two lives!"

Gobelins said, defensively, and with some truth, "I've been told I saved ten thousand or more." He raised his glass of wine. "May you find her, Edens."

I couldn't sleep that night. I tossed on the bed in the Meurice until a yellow light slowly opened Paris to another day. At seven, I ordered orange juice, coffee, and croissants. At eight-thirty, I was at the *Sûreté*, showing credentials, and discussing Gobelins. Yes, they would cooperate and watch him. But Gobelins was but a pretext, of course. Did they know anything about a girl named Hélène Lissac, known in the Resistance as "Deux"?

The man at the *Sûreté* peered at me closely. "Is she a part of this?"

"Not at all," I said promptly. I told him, in part, what had happened in 1943.

He smiled, for this sort of thing touches the French heart. He said, "Call me at five. We will have to check very old records."

At five, I made the call. No, nothing on Hélène Lissac. I should try relatives. I went to Chinon, without success. No Lissac had lived there for fifteen years. I returned to Paris to find a message from Gobelins. He wrote: "Dear Edens, my memory is not faultless, yet I seem to recall that H. Lissac tried to become an actress. Cordially, Georges."

Three days later, in a dusty filing room behind a sound stage at Studio Boulogne, I found a still photograph of Hélène Lissac. The photograph was dated 1949. The clerk who was helping me dig through the files remembered her.

He studied the picture over my shoulder. "When they don't make it, they simply disappear. The studio signed her, I believe, because of some Resistance thing." He stopped, concentrating on her face. "No talent at all. But with that face and figure, she probably did all right elsewhere." I resented the way he talked, but he was being honest.

I spent eight days hunting for Ducie in Paris. On the ninth, I received a cable from Los Angeles saying that another robbery had taken place, same type of operation. I called Gobelins to say good-bye, and he asked for my flight number. He arrived at the airport with something bundled beneath his raincoat. Undoing the buttons, he produced three yard-long loaves of French bread. He said, with affable pride, "Edens, take these jewels back to Beverly Hills with my best wishes for a happy flight." Then he said quietly, "I found Deux for you."

I spun around. "Where?"

"Where *you* are going!"

I laughed, dropping my flight bag and the warm bread. I hugged him. "How did you find her?"

His eyes were amused. "Ways."

"Do you have an address?" I could barely control myself.

"No, but contact your film industry. She does, or did, occasional bit parts calling for someone 'wiz zee Franch accent.'"

Gobelins *was* human, after all.

I picked up the flight bag, gathered the long loaves, and headed for my plane. Gobelins walked a pace behind. As I showed my passport, Gobelins said softly, "Deux is the one, Edens. Put her away, and your thefts will stop."

I stared at him in silence.

He said, "*Au revoir*," and disappeared into the crowd. He did not turn back once. Now I knew his hatred for me was monumental. The only reason was that I had let romance enter his autocratic little unit at Chinon.

It was easy for Georges Gobelins to accuse Ducie. Two of his old team were dead; two were in Europe. Ducie was vulnerable. But logic told me the girl of Chinon couldn't have turned thief. Logic also told me that years had passed, and character can change.

I settled it simply. I would keep out of Ducie's life until I proved her innocent or guilty.

It was on a Tuesday morning, less than twenty-four hours after I'd flipped off the seat belt at Los Angeles International, that I called Domenick, my chief assistant, and his deputies, Meyerson and Bartlett, into the office. I told them matter-of-factly that I wanted an hour-by-hour check on a movie bit player named Hélène Lissac.

Domenick was immediately excited. "You picked up something over there?"

"Maybe," I answered, sliding Ducie's address across the desk. "This is one we don't louse up, Dom. She mustn't think she's being tailed."

Domenick studied the address, which I'd found, easy as pie, in the Los Angeles telephone directory. He was blond and Swedish-looking but as Italian as macaroni. He was thirty-four, hard and sharp.

She lived on Rossmore, off Highland, in a rather sedate area, away from the flashy Sunset Strip. I said to Dom, "First time you have a chance, I want the apartment searched."

He frowned. Search without warrant is sticky if you're caught. And we were operating in territory that was outside the Beverly Hills city limits.

I realized I was trying to treat Ducie as if she were any one of thousands of names on cards in a room down the corridor. Shoplifters, call girls, female junkies, suicide attempts; even a few who'd pull a gun trigger. Housewives and movie stars, college students and secretaries.

But by the end of the first week, reason and logic became difficult. I drove by the Rossmore number several times. Twice I called, and when she answered, I hung up, my hands shaking. It was a battle to sleep at night, knowing she was less than ten miles away. I wondered if she was married. Actresses usually go by the names carried in the Players' Guide,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"My body's all aching and racked with pain."

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even though they might be Mrs. John Smith.

One night I had a dream. In the dream, I dialed her number. She answered, but this time I didn't hang up. I said, "Ducie?" There was a long silence. Then she asked, "Who is this?" each word forced breathlessly.

"Twig!" I said. There was no other way to do it.

"No, no, no," she screamed.

"Ducie, Ducie, listen to me," I said. "I'm Twig. I'm not dead. Gobelins lied to you."

Then the laughter came, full of relief, chords that assembled reality. There was hysteria in the high notes, but the specter had been chased.

In the dream, I went to her.

Whatever drama I had expected at the door, whatever frozen, awkward scene she had expected, did not occur. She was smiling, and extended both hands, warm and willing. The most dramatic thing was a deep breath that she took and exhaled, almost as if she hadn't breathed since Chinon. Older, yes, as I was, but still lovely. Then she vanished.

I woke to the sound of my own yelling. I was breathing as if I'd run five miles. I got up, dressed, and drove to Rossmore. It was about three o'clock. I sat in the car and stared up at her window until dawn.

Meyerson got into her apartment late the next day, and reported there was nothing to show new money. The mink and chinchilla seasons were poor in her closet. I sagged with relief. Gobelins had been wrong, this once. Ducie *was* clean.

She had a bit part to do in a film that was on a four-to-twelve schedule, exteriors near the Los Angeles main library. Yes, we were tapping her telephone.

Earlier that day, with the sun shining brightly, and a strong breeze from the Pacific sweeping smog out of the Los Angeles basin, I had said to myself, "Edens, drive it out of your mind. You love her. Suspicion and love are not compatible."

Pure nonsense! There is no such thing as a man who has never suspected his wife, or a wife her husband. The rule applies to lovers, too.

That night, about nine-thirty, Meyerson called to say *le diversion* had worked again. Compulsively, I picked up the telephone to dial Ducie's number. There was no sensuous "'allo."

There couldn't be, of course. She was working for a low-budget producer in the swarmy section off bumsville in downtown Los Angeles. I sat for a moment, a cold knot in my throat, and then had Meyerson ask the Los Angeles police for a vehicle check in the vicinity of the main library.

"Tell them to look around that film-company location," I said. Apprehension? No. Just look for a green Jaguar, plate PIV-746.

Meyerson said, "That's the French girl's car?"

I answered, with irritation, "Yes, it is."

Then I met Domenick at an address on Summit Drive. No Tramin-Duphot routine had occurred this time. Just a power failure. It covered about three square miles of choice real estate, including four fenced acres upon which sat a sumptuous house.

The power company, puzzled by the blackout, soon reported that a circuit box had been expertly destroyed.

Meyerson got back to me to say that no green Jag, PIV-746, could be found in downtown Los Angeles. Meyerson added, for my benefit, "It was probably a lazy check."

I snapped, "Forget it. In fact, forget I asked for it."

Next morning, I felt stupid when the film's production manager informed me that union rules forced the studio to provide transportation for cast and crew.

For a long time, we had kept an eye on every big party thrown in Beverly Hills. Catering services were cooperating, and when they'd receive a call to provide hors d'oeuvres, striped tents, and serving girls, they'd ring us in turn.

It was early in the second month after my return from Europe that Makins Caterers, one of the better outfits, buzzed to say that a famous director who lived on Montebello was about to throw a party that would call for six-foot ice statues, a society band, and all the trimmings that went with them. Cocktails at six-thirty for three hundred people.

Domenick said, "I'll lay you a tenner it'll be knocked off," and Dom seldom bet unless the odds were on his side.

"No bet, but let's sew it up."

We began sewing, even to sending Bartlett down to a supply house to be fitted up as a waiter. We went to the director, who scoffed when Domenick and I told him to send his wife's collection of jewels to the bank and deck her out in paste imitations. But after twenty minutes, the scoffing changed to fright and he almost called the party off. However, he finally agreed to cooperate, and sent us to the staggering home on Montebello; even to the builder. In two days, we knew every exit and entrance, every light switch, and the junction points for power and gas supply. If Gobelins' "diversion" was to take place in the home of William Ward, it would have to be better than any masterpiece the master himself could concoct.

It was now full circle, and I was looking at those theft reports, all of them, back to the beginning, when I'd first thought of Gobelins in connection with the local robberies, and I was thinking of the Ducie of Chinon, the one who sipped brandy and smoked strong Arab cigarettes, not the one who now lived on Rossmore.

It was Saturday. At eleven, Bartlett telephoned in to say that a crew of workmen had begun some type of excavation by the sidewalk just to the south of Ward's house. A few minutes later, Ward called to report the same thing.

We checked on the work crew. They had those yellow triangular signs, all labeled BRAGA CONSTRUCTION COMPANY, very official-looking. But they were as phony as the legs on a circus stiltman. Braga didn't exist in Los Angeles County. What's more, the hole they were digging was directly above consumer gas lines that led in from the street.

Domenick was like a small boy on Christmas morning, barely able to contain himself. I told him to let the construction crew do its work.

At about four, Bartlett called in to say that the crew had finished work and had departed. He meant they had exposed the gas and power lines, had left their yellow warning signs with blinking red lights, and had latticed one-inch boards over the hole. We put a tail on them.

Domenick said, "I'll lay another bet that a truck will come along, jump that curb, and drop a wheel in on those pipes."

I shook my head. "No bets."

I didn't eat dinner. I sat with Domenick and Meyerson in an English-type tavern near the intersection of Sunset and Doheny. I had a drink while they were devouring a pair of T-bone steaks. Dom said we should have set a trap like this long ago, but I couldn't tell him why I hadn't. Fear of having Ducie walk into it.

While they were eating, I called Ducie. The telephone rang a long time and then she said, "'allo."

I hung up and walked away from the booth, sweating.

Back at the table, Domenick said, "We ought to drift up there now."

The sun had ducked down behind the Santa Barbara islands, leaving a soft early twilight on Beverly Hills. Traffic along Sunset was picking up.

We turned off Sunset, and up Hillcrest, parking well away from Ward's house, and walking to a neighboring house where use of the front window had been kindly provided. From it, we had a good view of the street, already beginning to fill with fancy cars. We had fourteen men scattered around. Four, including Bartlett in his waiter's tux, were inside the house. There were three unmarked cars, two on Montebello, and one on Hillcrest, ready to roll in any direction.

Now it was wait.

I remembered how it had been to wait with Gobelins. He was always icy calm, smoking his cigarette by clasping it between his thumb and forefinger, drawing on it, finishing it, and then launching it as one did a paper glider in boyhood. The remarkable thing about Gobelins was his absolute timing; his dependence on everyone's coordinating at the exact moment.

Standing in the window, behind a gauzelike curtain, I wondered who was now clicking off times. Time for the truck to hit; time for lights to douse; time to make the haul. Split seconds.

I guessed that we might stay at the window for three or four hours. We could hear the orchestra faintly, and the flow of automobiles grew heavier. I recognized some of the guests. Handsome men, and stunning ladies dolled out in dresses that would be sent to Hollywood Boulevard shops on Monday for secondhand sale.

Now and then, the maid in the borrowed house would bring in soft drinks and coffee. Then, shortly after eight-thirty, the first cars were called back to Ward's door, and the guests were whisked away to dinner dates at Chasen's or Perino's.

By nine-thirty, when the party had thinned to half its peak size, Domenick was beginning to fidget. I stayed by the window as he paced.

Likely, it would be after the last guest had departed, when the orchestra was packing up instruments, when the waiters were folding the buffet, and bartenders counting empty bottles. It would be at the time Mrs. Ward would go into her husband's paneled study to open the wall safe, and part with her paste jewels.

It came at eight minutes past eleven, when Meyerson radioed from the intersection of Sunset and Hillcrest: "Heavy truck turning right onto Hillcrest."

Dom took his gun out of his holster and moved to the window.

We saw the truck round the bend and begin rumbling up Montebello. Then it suddenly swerved, and the left front wheel crunched through the thin wooden boards. There was an explosion, probably a squib fired from inside the truck cab. Immediately, the whole front end was enveloped in flames. Almost in a trance, I watched the Gobelins plan unfold.

Dom shouted, "Let's go." Darkness suddenly blanked out the Ward house. There were shouts; screams of waitresses. I was seeing nothing new.

I followed Domenick out into the street. He was on a dead run for the Wards', but I stopped midway, looking, I suddenly realized, for a girl named Ducie. From the corner of my eye, I could see two men who had been in the truck, running toward Hillcrest, straight into the arms of two plainclothesmen.

In the glow of the flames, I saw Domenick dash into Ward's house. There was a single shot. I closed my eyes, but couldn't move from the middle of the street. Only seconds passed, but it seemed hours until Dom was walking back toward me.

He said, "We got him."

"Him?"

Dom nodded.

My laugh startled him.

He asked, "You okay, Johnny?"

"Yeh, I'm okay. Anybody with him?"

Dom asked, "You mean Hélène Lissac?"

I shouted at him, "Yes, damn it, Hélène Lissac!"

"No, he went in alone," Dom said.

I breathed out, and we started for the house. Ward, white-faced, was at the door, a flashlight jumping in his hands. I barked at him, "Where's your phone?"

He pointed to the foyer. Domenick started to walk away. He knew what I was going to do. "Come with me," I snarled. I dialed the telephone and then held it away from my head so he could hear. It rang a long time, and Domenick's eyes grew colder as the bell jangled on Rossmore.

Then a voice said, "'allo."

I said, "Thank God," and the voice kept saying, "'allo, 'allo, 'allo," as I turned the receiver toward Domenick.

We went to the study. In the middle of the floor was a body, a red stain spreading on the carpet beneath it.

I turned the body over and gasped. I saw a man I had once known as Tramin. He was older now, as old as he would ever get. Interpol had been wrong, and I could correct their records. Jean Tramin had died on Montebello in Beverly Hills, and not at St. Yrieix on a motorbike. I would also gladly inform an old comrade named Georges Gobelins.

As I stared at Tramin, Domenick reached down to search the body and extracted a wallet. When I finally looked up from the death mask, Dom's eyes met mine. They were full of pity. He passed over a small photograph. It was Ducie, but not the Ducie of Chinon. It was the Hélène Lissac of twenty-odd years later, showing each erosive year. I turned it over. On the back, in French, was "To My Darling Husband." □

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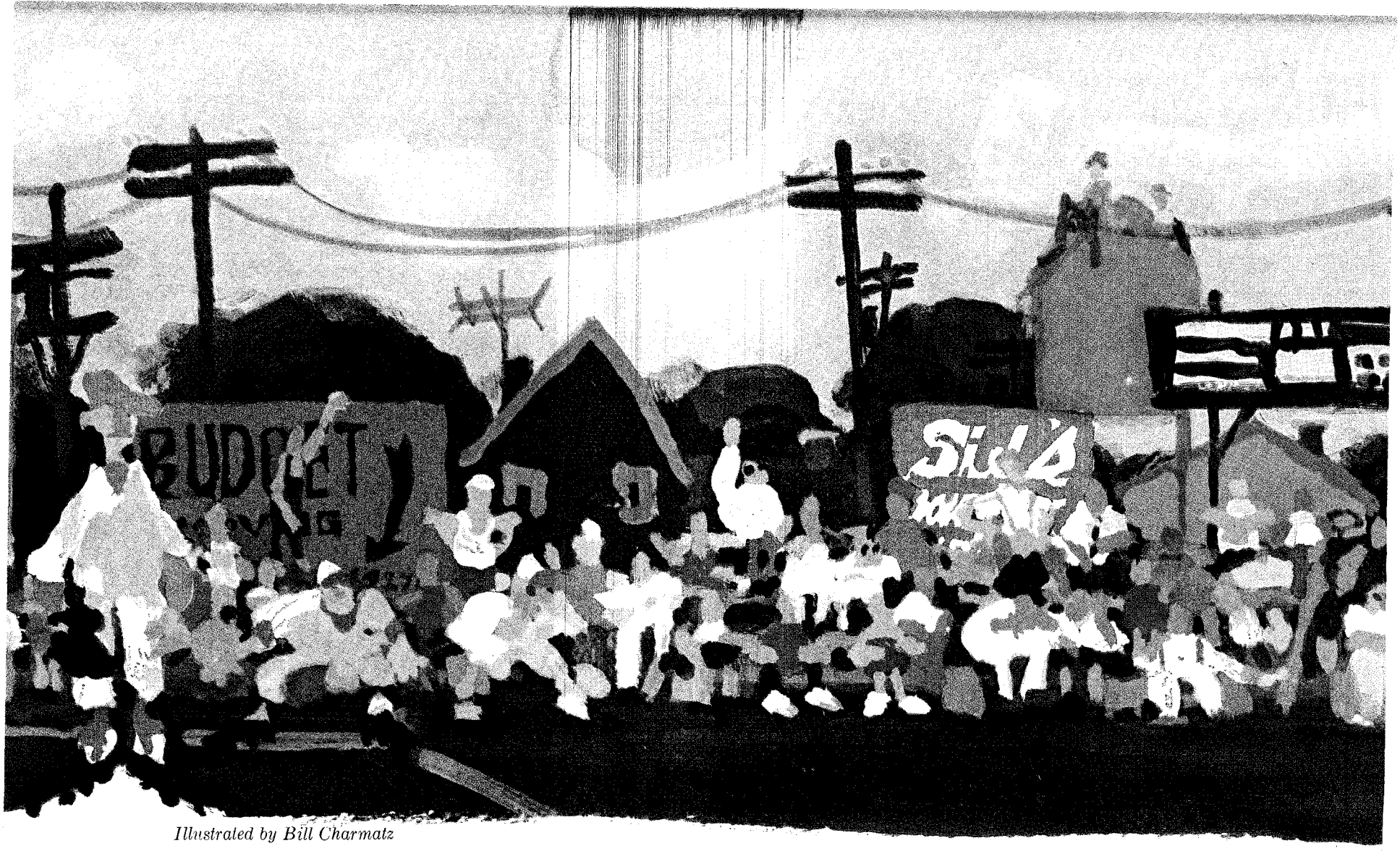

Illustrated by Bill Charmatz

I'M IN GREAT SHAPE

By William Price Fox

Elmo was more than willing to pitch, but home plate was sliding and shifting around, and he thought he saw the batter crouching at first base and then over at third.

No one cared if Elmo Roosevelt Todd got drunk on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday, but everyone who had money down on the Green Wave baseball team began worrying if he took a drink on Friday. Elmo could only pitch when he was drunk, and if he had a hangover on Saturday, he was no use at all.

It was Friday, with a game against Moss Hill set for tomorrow, and Elmo spread his long legs and crouched down level with the pool table at the Blue Velvet Café & Poolroom to line up a shot. He drilled the ten ball into a side pocket and thumped his cue stick on the floor. "Hey, Willy! Bring me a beer back here!"

Willy Ott, the counterman, came back with a bottle and slid it onto the chalk shelf. "This is number two, Elmo."

"I know. I know." Elmo circled the table, looking for an open shot. He was wearing his white coveralls from the Mason-Dixon Air Conditioning Company, and two baseball caps sewed together at the crown. The cap bills pointed forward and backward, and from a distance you couldn't tell which way he was heading. "It's my last one. Come on, move out of the way."

"Listen, El, why don't you let me take it back and get you something soft?"

"Will you hush up? I done told you it's my last one! Now leave me alone." Elmo missed a combination shot, and reached for his beer.

Willy went out front and phoned Maynard Latimer, the coach of the Green Wave team and also Elmo's boss at the Mason-Dixon Air Conditioning Company. Maynard stayed calm. "Don't carry on so, Willy. I tell you, he's going to be all right. I'll have him so worn down when the day's over he won't be studying no honky-tonking."

Willy said, "He's already had two beers with his lunch!"

Willy Ott was short and dark, and the long hair on his arms came right down his hands to the first knuckle. Willy played second base for the Green Wave. He was a poor hitter, batting only .110 for the season, but he was a good glove man, and he was Elmo's best friend, the only person who had a chance of keeping Elmo sober on Fridays.

Maynard said, "Willy, you don't know the first thing about dealing with people. I told him to have a couple. That way he won't be building up no craving."

A customer was at the cash register. Willy talked faster. "Okay, Maynard. I guess you know what you're doing. But when he gets back to work, watch him. And listen, check his toolbox. He'll probably try to sneak a six-pack along."

At two-thirty, an hour after Elmo left the café, Willy called Maynard again. Maynard said, "He's okay, Willy. Sober as a pallbearer. I sent him out to Joe Tatum's house to fix their air conditioner."

"You been calling him?"

"Just hung up. I got him covered like a stove lid."

Willy said, "Okay."

At Joe and Mabel Tatum's house on Hudson Street, Elmo unscrewed the front of the three-quarter-ton window air conditioner in the living room, pulled out the heavy compressor and condenser unit, and lowered it onto a newspaper on the floor.

Mabel had come home from the novelty-and-notion shop she and Joe ran in the Woodlake Shopping Center to defrost a pork loin she was going to cook for dinner. In the living room, she squatted down and tucked her dress around her ankles so that Elmo couldn't see anything. She peered into the air conditioner. "Mind you don't go dripping that oil on my rug."

Mabel was a thin, tidy little woman who kept her frameless glasses on a black velvet ribbon

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around her neck. Her hair had been rinsed blue. "Push those draperies back so they'll be out of your way. There, that's it. I just finished hanging them last week. Don't you think the yellow with that little green worked in there picks up the sofa color nice?"

"Yes, ma'am, it looks real good."

Mabel touched the greasy condenser with a finger tip. "I swear if the dust and the filth in this town isn't getting so bad a person doesn't know what to do." She wiped her finger on a piece of tissue. "Maybe if you just cleaned it up, it would work."

Elmo tightened his test gauge onto the compressor head with a crescent wrench, smoothed a kink out of the hose, and opened the compressor valve. "She needs a charge of gas, that's all. I'll have her cooling in no time."

"But aren't you going to clean it? I bet you'd be surprised at the difference it would make if you got that filth out of there."

"No, ma'am, that grease don't bother anything."

"Well, it couldn't do any harm."

Elmo tapped the gauge with his screwdriver handle to make sure it wasn't sticking. He wished the day was over, and he and Willy were at the movies. There was a George Raft show at the Bijou. He'd always liked Raft. Raft had a sharp, fast way with the women, and didn't take any back talk. Raft wasn't as good with women as Cagney, but he was a hell of a lot better than the monkeys in tuxedos who were always helping them out of cabs and opening doors for them and trying to kiss their hands.

Mabel said, "Well, I guess you know your business better than I do." She sat down on the sofa and began telling Elmo about a new shipment of French candles and glass figurines from Sweden.

Sweat began popping out on Elmo's forehead and on the backs of his hands. A cold, empty feeling came into his stomach, and his throat felt raw and scratchy.

"Some of those little foreign things are so cute they'll just break your heart. Oh, I wish I could just show you how teeny they make them! Why, one little group has a whole family sitting down for dinner, and they aren't any bigger than a minute. You could put three families in the palm of your hand." Mabel sighed. "I declare if they're not the darlingest thing you ever laid your eyes on. You can see their little eyes, and their ears, and even the food on their plates. I swear if they aren't a prize."

Elmo wasn't listening. He was trying to figure how he could get her out of the house so he could take a drink of the whiskey Joe had left standing on the sideboard. Maybe she would go to the bathroom. He would only need a few seconds.

Mabel had no plans to go to the bathroom, the kitchen, or anywhere else. She sat on the sofa, fanning herself and eating peppermint patties. She told Elmo about her new slipcovers, her new refrigerator, and her plans for wall lamps in the dining room that would match her Italian cut-glass chandelier in the hall.

Elmo announced that he had to get something out of the truck, and went out. He returned carrying a forty-pound cylinder of sulphur dioxide gas. Pretending he had connected it to the test gauge, he pointed the opening at the sofa and opened the valve. "Look out! Look out!" A heavy charge of gas spewed from the cylinder and filled the room.

Mabel screamed, "Lord God! What's that?"

"It's an accident! It's an accident!" He fumbled in his toolbox. "Go on outside! I'll call you when it's okay."

Mabel fanned her face with her hands, snatched up her purse, and ran out the door.

Elmo's eyes were streaming from the terrible rotten-egg smell. He held a rag over his face as he cut the valve off, then pushed the draperies back so he could look outside. Mabel was standing on the front lawn, frowning and fluttering her hands. Elmo picked up Joe's bottle of Scotch and pulled the cork. Then he changed his mind. Mabel would smell it. He put the Scotch back and opened a fifth of vodka. Vodka didn't smell.

Elmo's throat pumped three times, and when he put the vodka bottle back in the sideboard it was one-third empty. He wiped his mouth. The 100-proof vodka was making his throat tremble and his ears ring. But soon the warm, sweet feeling that he knew so well filled his stomach and began flowing down his arms. His fingers and hands felt strong, his arms and legs supple. He smiled softly, as if he heard harps and woodwinds playing in the distance. He moved to the mirror in the hallway, shook his right arm loose, and began studying his windup.

Mabel came up on the front porch, and sniffed through the screen door. "It's better, isn't it? It seems a little better."

"Yes, ma'am. It's fine. Fine. Couple more minutes is all she needs. Gas moves out pretty fast."

"How about my draperies and my slipcovers? This place is going to be smelling like a chicken house."

Elmo leaned in the doorway. He was half drunk, but he knew his breath was pure. He felt relaxed and confident. The world was easier for him when he was drinking. It was easier thinking and keeping track of things. Everything didn't get all blurred and fuzzy. It was even easier talking to women. He almost told Mabel that she worried and fretted and talked too much, but he settled for "No, ma'am, it's going to be all right. Few more minutes and you won't be smelling a thing."

Mabel sniffed at Elmo. "What's wrong with you? You haven't been drinking? Maybe that gas is affecting you. You seem different. Kind of strange and funny like."

"No, ma'am, I'm fine. Fine."

Elmo took two long strides down the hallway and wheeled around—slowly, as if he were on a pitcher's mound. He rubbed an imaginary ball in his hands, and, looking down the hallway at an oil painting of two cocker spaniels in a basket of flowers, he shook off his catcher's first signal. Mabel stood in the doorway, staring pop-eyed at him. Elmo put one hand on his hip. Nodding at his catcher, he said, "Mabel, you and Joe got to come out tomorrow and see me work against Moss Hill. I'm going to be moving that ball by them so fast they ain't even going to know where it's coming from." He nodded to his catcher again, stretched his six-foot-four frame up until his fingers were grazing the ceiling, and took a long look toward second base. He rocked back and rared down deep. His right hand went to the floor, his size-fourteen left foot reached for the ceiling. He paused as if frozen, then uncoiled in a whistling, windmill delivery. Elmo's reach was too long for the hall, and on the follow-through his fingers nipped the chandelier. The chandelier vibrated, and tiny tears of cut glass rained down on the polished floor.

Mabel covered her face with her hands and peered through her fingers, whispering, "Oh, my God! Oh, my God!" She slipped her shoes off so she wouldn't break the glass crystals, and rushed for the telephone in the living room.

Elmo blinked and shook his head. The room stopped spinning, and he focused on the swinging chandelier. Pieces kept falling on the hardwood floor like icicles from the edge of a roof. He circled them cautiously, went back to the air conditioner, charged the compressor, and unhooked the test gauge.

Mabel was trying to call Maynard Latimer at the Mason-Dixon Air Conditioning Company, but she had dialed too fast and gotten the wrong number. She dialed again, watching Elmo as if he were a mad dog.

Elmo was rushing to get finished. The gas was balanced, but he wanted to check out the compressor before lifting the unit into the window. He plugged the cord into the outlet and threw the switch.

Mabel got through to Maynard. "Mr. Latimer! Mr. Latimer! It's me, Mabel Tatum!" She stopped. Her mouth opened slowly, and she tried to scream.

Elmo had the air conditioner on full blast, and he didn't see that the silk draperies were drifting like shadows toward the whirling blades of the condenser fan. Mabel dropped the telephone as the blades caught the cloth. The draperies trembled and rippled. Then they bucked twice, and with a tearing noise came down from their traverse rods and were snatched into the unit. In two seconds the fan blades had cut them to seven-foot ribbons.

Maynard's voice came from the dangling receiver. "Mabel! Mabel! Are you all right? Mabel!"

Mabel picked up the telephone. "It's that fool Elmo you sent out here! He's crazy as a loon! He's tearing my place up!"

Maynard said, "Let me talk to him."

White-faced and breathless, Mabel handed Elmo the telephone. "Go on! Tell him what you did!"

Elmo sat down on the coffee table. "Hello, Maynard. How's it going?"

"You bastard, you've been drinking!"

The warm, sweet feeling drifted over Elmo again. "Not so's you'd notice it, good buddy. I'll tell you a little something, though. The old arm feels great."

Maynard shouted, "Elmo! Damn it!"

America, America

"Look here, Jefferson, isn't this a bit sweeping? What would be wrong with 'seventy-five percent of all men are created equal'?"

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"Easy, Maynard, easy now. Okay, so we've had a little accident. Ain't nothing that can't be fixed."

"What happened?"

Elmo looked at Mabel. She was standing in her stocking feet, holding up the greasy shreds of her draperies.

"Oh, the old lady's in an uproar out here. I broke a couple pieces of glass from one of those doolollies they hang from the ceiling, and some of her curtains got caught in the fan. Let me tell you how I'm going to pitch old Ben Giles tomorrow. I figure to——"

"Damn it, Elmo, you're stoned!"

"No, hell no! I ain't had a drop. I'll take an oath on that."

"Shut up a minute. Now listen to me. Don't you touch another thing. Just sit right where you are. I'll be there in fifteen minutes."

"All right, Maynard. Anything you say."

Maynard Latimer slammed the receiver down and cursed. Then he rubbed his hands over his bald head and shouted for his secretary. "Call the Blue Velvet Café! Get me Willy!"

Willy answered the telephone. "What's up?"

"Plenty! Elmo's stone drunk out at the Tatums'. I don't know how the hell he got it. He got it, that's all I know. I'll try and catch him. You call him up. Keep him talking till I get there. If he gets loose, we'll never catch him."

Willy called Mabel Tatum, but it was too late, Elmo had gone, leaving his tools and the air conditioner still sitting on the floor. Willy began calling the honky-tonks and the beer halls. No one had seen Elmo or the Mason-Dixon pickup truck.

At eleven o'clock that night Willy and Maynard found Elmo sitting on the curb across the street from the Pentecostal church, listening to the Friday-night sermon. He was dead drunk, with less than an inch left in a fifth of bourbon, and he had a full fifth in one of his big coverall pockets. He had bought and eaten four cantaloupes, and he had the eight half-rinds arranged in the gutter as if they were a baseball team. He was figuring out how he would play his infield against the heavy hitters from Moss Hill.

Maynard was too tired to talk. He sat down on the curb, shaking his head.

Willy leaned against a fireplug. "Aw, Elmo, why you want to go and do a thing like this for?"

Elmo didn't hear. He shifted his infield cantaloupes to the right and his left fielder in toward center. "I tell you how I'm pitching Shagg Dobbs? Low and outside. I'll keep him reaching out so far he won't be ——"

Maynard shouted, "What in the hell gets into you anyway, pulling a fool stunt like this? That old Tatum biddy's soaking me one hundred and fifty dollars for that mess you made! If I had any sense I'd fire you right now, and kick you off the team!"

Elmo cocked his head at Maynard, and then looked at his cantaloupes. "Aw, lay off, Mayn. Feel my arm. It's like greased leather. I'll be threading a needle with my fast ball." He moved his rind first baseman. "I'll be crowding that Turner boy. I'll give him a couple swifties by his ear. That'll keep him from digging in on me. Hey, how'd the Cards do today?"

Willy groaned. "Who in the hell cares?"

Maynard said quietly, "How much you had to drink, boy?"

Elmo's cantaloupes changed for him from baseball players to places he'd been. He moved the rinds as he retraced his path. After the vodka at Mabel Tatum's, he had bought two six-packs of beer and driven out to Bob Dove's miniature golf course on Dexter Road. He had finished the beer there, then raced back to town before sundown, when the liquor stores closed, to buy his two fifths of bourbon. He had then driven out to Mungo Peak's Blue Hawaiian Inn, where he had drunk and square-danced until he got hungry. Back in town, after they had refused to serve him at the Moon Mist Café, he'd gone down to the farmers' market and bought a bag of peaches and four ripe cantaloupes. He had no idea of how or why he'd wound up here near the Pentecostal church.

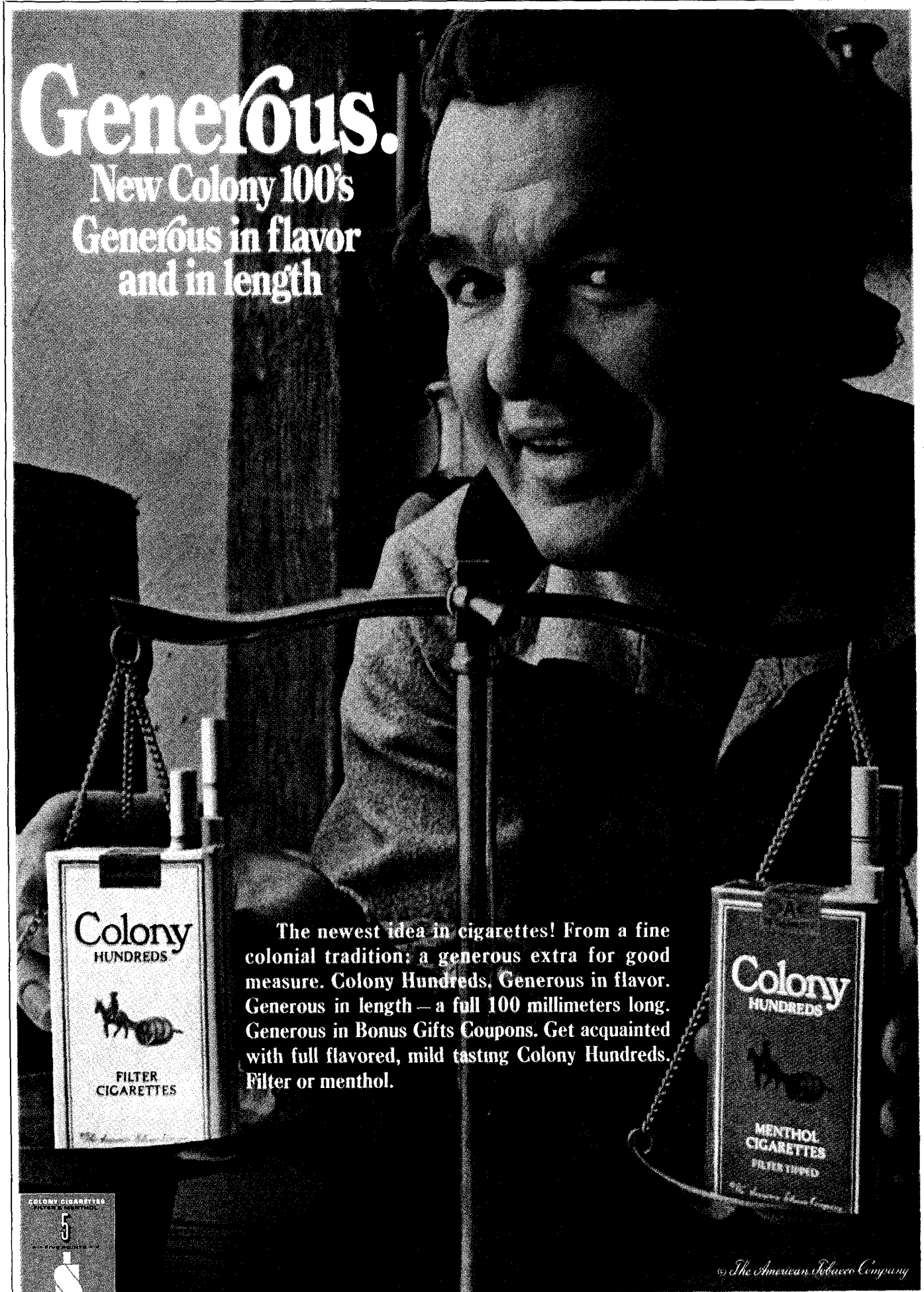
Willy whistled, "Twelve beers, a pint of vodka, and a fifth of bourbon! It's a wonder you ain't drowned."

Maynard said, "We ain't got a chance tomorrow if he sobers up. He'll be hung over too bad." He dug his elbow in Elmo's ribs. "You eat all the peaches?"

Elmo smiled. "Yessir, and all the cantaloupes. I been taking good care of myself. I'm in great shape. I feel fine. I swear I do."

Willy told Maynard, "We gotta keep him moving, Coach. We got to stretch him out till game time."

Elmo leaned forward and shifted his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cantaloupes again. "Low and outside to old Lefty Creed. He's got to hit left side, and I got him plugged." He raised his third-base rind and smacked it down on the black tar. "Right here!"

Maynard said, "Oh, no!" The church service had ended, and a big group from the congregation was crossing the street. Maynard ducked his head as they passed but Elmo raised his hand and rocked back. "*Hallelujah, brothers!*" The group ignored him and headed for the bus stop.

Willy said, "Okay, Elmo, let's go."

Elmo lurched up too fast. He lost his balance, took two long steps, and spread-eagled on the street. He checked the bottle of bourbon in his pocket and got up. "All set."

Maynard, Willy, and Elmo stopped and drank at every honky-tonk on the highway, all the way out to Coopers Corners. After finishing off Elmo's bourbon, they bought a half-gallon of bootleg corn whiskey from Monk Phillips out at the French Quarter Motel. The corn tasted more like kerosene than whiskey, and Willy couldn't drink it, but Maynard and Elmo were too far gone to care. Willy switched to Pepsi-Cola and kept talking baseball, trying to keep Maynard and Elmo from falling asleep. By dawn, he had drunk three quarts of Pepsi-Cola and eaten five bags of salted peanuts and three packs of peanut-buttered cheese crackers. He was sleepy, hot, itchy, irritable, and fed up with trying to keep Elmo and Maynard going.

In Hoot Conklin's Diner, Elmo lay back against a booth wall with his mouth open. A fly crawled down his nose. Maynard sprawled with his head on the table. He had overturned the ashtray, and matches and ashes and puddles of 7-Up, which they had used to chase the raw corn, were all over the table.

Pete, the night counterman, mopped his way over. "Elmo looks terrible, Willy. How you going to get him to play?"

Elmo was snoring. Maynard cursed in his sleep, then raked a hand through the ashes and across his head.

Willy said, "Give me a hand, Pete. I got to keep them moving."

Pete leaned his mop against the counter and squinted his eyes as he took a last pull on his cigarette. "Let me hit them with the old ammonia. That'll move them."

"I don't want them getting sick."

"Naw, it's safe, Willy. It's just like smelling salts. I use it on drunks all the time. Hell, couple ounces and they move out faster than worms out of a hot log."

Willy got up and put a penny in the gum machine. He had to have something to take the peanut-and-cheese taste out of his mouth. "Okay, try it. But take it easy."

Pete emptied half a bottle of ammonia on the floor around the booth, then poured some over the 7-Up and ashes on the table. "Now just give that a few seconds to work."

Elmo's mouth closed and his bloodshot eyes opened. He swayed forward in the booth. "What? What's up? I can't breathe straight."

Maynard mumbled and looked around wildly. Wet ashes were plastered down the side of his face. "Hey! What's that smell? What's going on around here?"

Willy gave him a handful of paper napkins. "Here, clean your face off."

Elmo frowned as Willy and Pete steered him toward the door. "That's ammonia! That's what it is. That stuff will eat your shoes up."

Outside, Willy hooked his fingers in Elmo's back pocket to keep him from falling. Maynard sat down on the curb. His head slumped forward on his chest. "I can't make it. I've had it."

Willy shifted the jar of corn up under the arm that wasn't holding Elmo. "Come on, Coach, it's half-past five already. Only a few more hours."

Maynard held his head and shook it slowly. "I'm fifty-six years old, Willy. I'm too old." He got up and headed for home.

A brown-and-white hound bitch rubbed up against Elmo's leg, wagging her tail. He squatted, and cradled the dog's face in his hands. "What's your name, gal?"

Pete held the screen door open. "Queenie! Get your butt back in here!"

The dog left, and Elmo sat down on the sidewalk. He kept looking around. "Where'd she go, Willy?"

Willy helped him up and unscrewed the lid of the corn jar. "Come on, hit it again."

Elmo took a drink. "Willy, old buddy, I got that thin feeling right this second. I'm going to have my fireball going good."

"Let's go, Elmo."

It was almost noon when Willy pushed Elmo through the tall weeds and scrub oaks to the riverbank. They stripped down, laid their clothes on a flat rock, and dove in. Willy was too tired to swim. He floated and drifted downstream, then climbed out. Elmo was shivering on the bank, trying to dry himself with his handkerchief and T-shirt. Willy gave him another drink, and he began skimming rocks across the water. "I'm starving! I'm going to be on top today, Willy. On top!"

At Bootsie Boyd's Diner, Elmo had four fried eggs with bacon, a stack of buckwheat cakes, and a milk shake. When the manager wasn't looking, Willy poured an orange-juice glass full of corn. "Okay, Elmo, bottoms up."

The swim and the big meal had begun sobering Elmo up, but the 110-proof corn cut through and the sober didn't take. By one o'clock he was heaving rocks down the road and shouting, "We're gonna slaughter them, Willy! Eat 'em up! Hey, don't you be forgetting my puttees!" Elmo wore brown leather puttees over his coverall pants when he played. He claimed they were good for sliding.

Willy gave him another big drink. "Maynard'll have 'em at the field."

The whiskey was hitting Elmo fast. He dropped down on the road and did ten push-ups, and jumped up into a series of side-straddle hops. Willy said, "Slow down. You going to wear yourself out."

At two o'clock Willy led Elmo across the infield toward the Green Wave bench and the fifty-eight fans sitting along the first-base line on Coca-Cola crates and nail kegs. As he passed first base, Elmo suddenly whirled and headed for second at top speed.

Willy shouted, "Come back here!"

It was too late. Elmo went into second low and hard, hitting the dirt with his hip, ankle, and outstretched arm in a perfect fall-away slide. Willy helped him up. "You crazy fool! You all right?"

Elmo grinned. "Never better. How'd you like it?"

"Come on, get ready."

Elmo changed his socks, got his puttees from Maynard, and strapped them on. Squaring his double-billed cap, he began warming up.

Maynard kept his cap pulled low over his eyes to keep out the blinding sun as he gave instructions to Snow Folsom, the Green Wave catcher, and

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"Don't be discouraged, Roger. I never like anyone at first."

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Murphy Boatwright, the shortstop. Maynard hadn't been able to tie his shoes, and he kept his hands in his pockets so no one would see how badly they were shaking. Snow said, "What's the matter, Coach? You look a little peaked."

Maynard moved out of the sun into the shade of a Tube Rose Snuff sign near the bench. "I ain't been sleeping too good."

Elmo took his warm-up pitches. The Moss Hill team and its fans shouted at him. "Hey, Elmo, who does your undertaking? . . . Hey, Elmo, you look like death warmed over! . . . Hey, Elmo! Elmo!" A loud, deep voice yelled, "You got about as much chance as a one-legged man in a kicking contest!" It was Barrel Foster, sitting in a cane-bottomed chair. His brother Jim played left field for Moss Hill.

The jar of corn was almost empty, and Willy sent out for a fifth of bourbon.

The game started. Elmo was half drunk, half tired, and completely wild. He threw two into the dirt, and one so far outside that Snow didn't even bother to try to catch it. The first two men walked. The third popped out, and then Elmo hit the fourth man on the shoulder, loading the bases. He kept craning his neck forward so he could see Snow and home plate. Everything seemed to be sliding and shifting. He thought he saw the batter crouched over first base, then over at third.

Barrel Foster had taken his shirt off. His foghorn voice boomed out: "Hey, Elmo, you look a little green around the gills! Run your finger down your throat. Maybe you'll feel better."

Willy limped over from second base. His head was splitting and his feet were on fire. He only came up to Elmo's armpits. Squinting up like a weary lizard, he patted Elmo on the back. "Steady, El. Steady now. Don't listen to that fool. You got them right where you want them."

Elmo frowned down. "How come the inning's so long?"

"You been throwing wild. Lot of walks. Ease up. Quit trying so hard."

"Yeah, that's what I'll do. How many outs?"

"One."

Elmo wiped the streaming sweat from his eyes, pushed his hair straight back, and adjusted his foot-and-a-half-long double-billed cap. He smacked the resin bag into his glove and looked at Snow. "Okay, baby, where you want it?"

Snow lowered his mitt and pointed two fingers straight down for a fast ball. Elmo saw the mitt, but he couldn't see the fingers. He raised his arms, rared back, pushed his foot toward the batter's face, and came down hard. The ball flashed and the umpire shouted, "Steee-rike one!" Elmo fanned the batter with two more pitches.

Turk Jones crowded over the plate, and Elmo put a fast one right by his Masonic ring. "Strike one!" The Green Wave fans started clapping and shouting, and Willy's high, scratchy voice cut through the excitement like a buzz saw. "Pick that chicken! Pick him, Elmo! Pick him clean!"

Elmo did. He retired Turk and then pitched no-hit ball for four more innings. The score was still 0–0. In the sixth he began to flag and gave up two long singles. Maynard and Willy came up to the mound, and Maynard gave him a three-ounce shot of bourbon in a paper cup. "Here you go, El. Just what the doctor ordered."

Elmo tossed it down and smacked his lips. He started to smile, but stopped. His face flushed. He gagged, spat the whiskey out, and began coughing. He wiped his eyes. "I can't. I'm full up. I'm about to have a fit."

Maynard said, "Come on, Elmo. Try again, boy. You got a shutout going."

Willy was scared. "Maybe I can cut it with some water."

Elmo said, "I can't, Willy. I just can't. The stuff's coming out my skin. I can't hold no more."

Maynard poured more bourbon. He rubbed his hand in the small of Elmo's back. "Now just relax, boy. Relax. Just swallow, and forget what it is."

Elmo took a deep breath and swallowed. He shut his eyes and clamped his teeth together, trying to hold it down. It was no use. "I'm sorry, Coach."

Elmo's pitching got even worse. He tightened up. His loose, whiplash delivery changed, and he began aiming and steering the ball over the plate. His speed and control were gone.

In the first half of the eighth, Moss Hill picked up four hits and one run. In the ninth they scored again. It was 2–0 when the Green Wave came up to bat for the last time. Barrel Foster boomed through a rolled-up newspaper, sounding like a bullfrog in a sewer pipe, "It's all over, Maynard! All over, Elmo! Next year you're in the Little League. Ain't that right?"

A dog crossed the infield.

Maynard walked up and down the first-base line, trying to keep his throbbing head up and shouting hoarsely for a hit. "Let's go, men! Let's go!"

On the bench, Elmo sat breathing deeply through his mouth, trying not to be sick. He was batting third. The streaming whiskey sweat had soaked his coveralls, and his socks had fallen into his shoes. The stiff puttees were chafing his bare ankles.

Snow Folsom got on first with a scratch single, and Maynard crowded in close to coach him. Willy came up to bat. "Look 'em over, Willy! Look 'em over!" Maynard shouted. He had one eye on Snow and the other on Willy, and every two seconds he would glance back at Elmo, who looked as if he was having a combination of dry heaves and dt's. A hot-dog boy behind the Green Wave bench was yelling for Willy to put it out of the park. Maynard shouted, "Shut up! He can't hear me!" He cupped his hands over his mouth. "Just get on, baby! Just get on!"

The first pitch to Willy was a ball.

Suddenly Maynard looked back at the hot-dog boy, and then at the shivering Elmo. He limped over to the boy. "Give me a dog, son." He tossed the meat away, wiped the mustard out of the roll with a napkin, and sat down next to Elmo.

The second pitch to Willy was a ball, the third was a called strike. Maynard sang out, "Watch him, Willy! Watch him! Heads up out there, Snow!" He picked up the fifth of bourbon and poured four ounces into the hot-dog roll. "Okay, Elmo, here you go. Get it down fast."

Elmo's hands were trembling, and his teeth sounded like small stones rattling in a tin can. He swallowed the roll, and began breathing deeply to hold it down.

The count on Willy went to three and two, and he dug in to guard the plate, but the ball came in high. Willy spun his bat toward the rack and went down to first, pushing Snow on to second.

The whiskey sandwich took, and Elmo felt confidence and power surging through him. He grabbed up five bats, waved them around in a giant circle, and ripped out a rebel yell that was louder than the freight train going by. He tossed away two bats and, grunting loudly, swung the remaining three as he staggered out to home plate to face Mule Higgins, the Moss Hill pitcher. He dropped the two extra bats, took a practice cut, and lurched into the batter's box.

Barrel Foster's deep voice rolled across the field. "Hey, Elmo!"

Elmo looked around.

Barrel rocked back and forth in his cane-bottomed chair. "You look like something the dog spit up and the cat dragged in! How you gonna hit if you can't even stand up?"

The Moss Hill fans roared.

Maynard shouted, "Go to hell, Barrel!"

Willy sang out from first base, "Don't listen at him, Elmo! Lay it out of here! Lay it out!"

Elmo pointed his bat at Barrel. "Listen you, you——" He couldn't think of anything to call him. "You just watch where this here ball's going." He dug in and glared at Mule Higgins. "Okay, Slow Motion, put something on it!"

Mule grinned, cranked up, and threw his fastest ball.

Elmo was ready for it. He would have broken his back if Mule had thrown a slow ball, for he swung so hard that both feet left the ground. The hit sounded like a double-barrel twelve-gauge shotgun blast, and the ball streaked out over the center fielder's head as if it was wired to the top of the telephone pole six hundred feet away. Elmo knew it was a long hit, but he didn't know where it had gone. Spinning around made him dizzy, and the benches, the fans, the sky, and the field whirled by crazily. He didn't know where to run or where to throw his bat.

Maynard screamed and waved his arms. "It's a home run, you dope! A home run! Come this way! This way!"

Elmo shook his head, dropped the bat, and went lurching out along the first-base line. "Where'd it go? Where'd it go?"

"It's a home run! You done it, boy! You done it!"

Elmo was drunk enough to pitch and hit, but too far gone to know where he was running. He tagged first and headed on for right field. Maynard caught him and pointed him at second as Snow Folsom, with Willy behind him, streaked over home plate. Willy cut back out across the mound to meet Elmo and Maynard as they loped toward third base. Maynard was kicking the dirt and hooting at the sky. Elmo was wavering and swaying from side to side, and Willy began slapping him on the back to keep him moving.

On third, Elmo stopped and pointed at Barrel Foster. "Barrel!"

The fans stopped clapping, and a single voice shouted, "Tell him, Elmo!"

Barrel was putting on his shirt and getting ready to leave.

"I know what I was fixing to call you before, Barrel. A suck-egg dog! That's what!"

The fifty-eight fans of the Green Wave screamed, shouted, and pounded on their Coca-Cola crates and nail kegs as Elmo, with one long arm dangling over Willy and the other over Maynard, threw back his shoulders and strolled home. □

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"No, it sounded more like a towhee to me."

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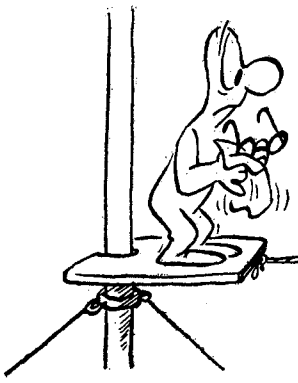
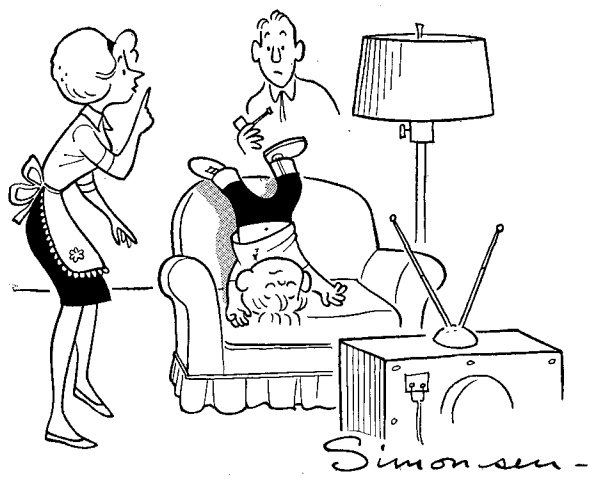
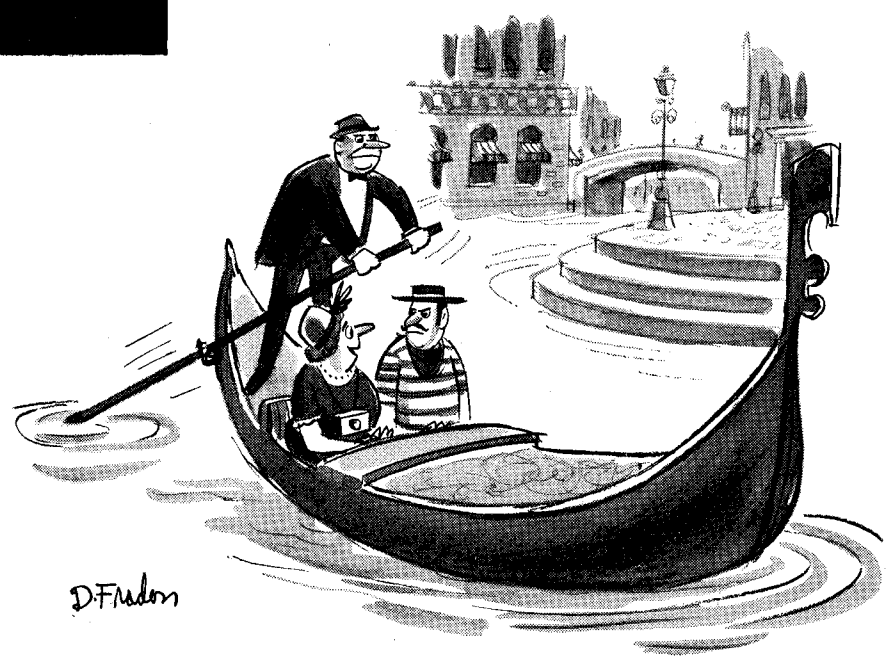
Post scripts



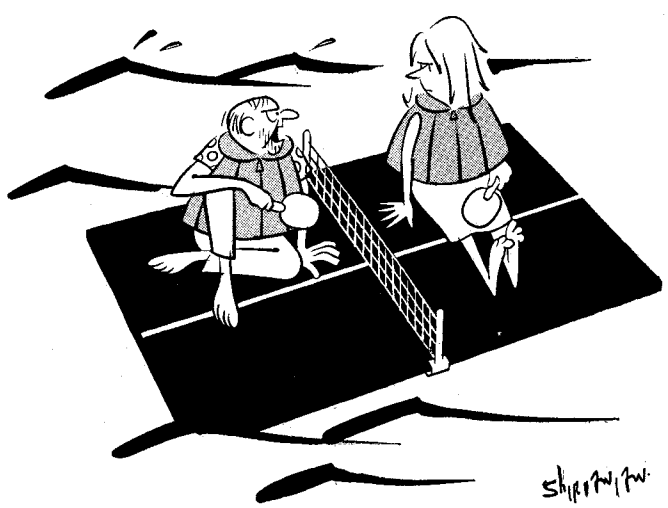


"Shhh! . . . He's asleep!"



"I'm sorry, but Harry gets nervous when anyone else drives."

"I may not know much about art, but I know an infected kidney when I see one."



"If I remember correctly, the last thing I said before the ship went down was 'Don't forget to bring the ball.'"

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THE BLACK IMMIGRANTS

Continued from Page 29

Wendell, no! Like, 'Yesterday they went. Now they is gown.'"

Everyone laughed, though teachers know that this kind of misunderstanding is significant in explaining the difficulties in reading and learning among children whose natural tongue is not standard English.

Later there were baths, in a galvanized washtub put in Frances's room, the most private one, with a heater.

During the evenings the Austins constantly churned over their view of the future. "I wants to stay, I wants to stay," Walter Austin said. "If I could just get that machine-shop job or work in the boss man's pig farm where they works rain or shine. But how in the world am I going to feed eight kids on fifteen dollars a week?"

Periodically he'd resign himself to moving. "But after the snow is off up there. I is naked here, and up north I'm going to freeze."

None of us was prepared for what happened. One Sunday, photographer Matt Herron and I decided to visit the Austins' small church in the fields. Eight years ago 70 people would attend but now, with the migration, only 20. As we drove we were surprised to see Walter Austin and David out on the road, flagging us down. Walter Austin looked grave, his face gray with tension.

"They don't want you to go to the church because they's afraid it'll get burned down. The deacons, they ask would you please not go."

He explained that the day before, the plantation agent announced that Austin would have to move, telling him angrily, "Those white men kept coming and coming and coming to your place, and that's more than I can take. I know what they're doing. They're down here organizing a union. The state's full of them. So you better leave." Austin could take some time, the agent said, but he had to go.

The concern in Walter Austin's face was justified: To fall out of favor, angrily and catastrophically, with the boss man, especially for unauthorized dealings with outsiders, implied peril to life and limb.

The nearest public phone was six miles away. We drove to it, and Austin called a married daughter in Springfield, Ill. She was alarmed. She urged her father to come that night "before something happens, please, Daddy." But Austin's voice was calm as he spoke on the phone. "No, baby, I need a week to sell my freezer and my hog and take care of things."

We drove Walter and David Austin back to their home and went to see the plantation agent, a round-faced man in his 60's. He and his wife, the plantation bookkeeper, were civil though they were often angry. They recited our movements in the state for the last week; it is not difficult for plantation operators in Mississippi to keep track of suspicious strangers. They told us they knew we were stirring up "our people" and forming a union. Furthermore, we had violated common rules of courtesy. "You can drive down that road," he said, "and you can maybe stop at a house once. But to keep coming and coming and coming and staying after dark—that's too much."

After about an hour we persuaded him we were not organizers, and we parted in a friendly way. In a sense, this was unusual, but what the agent did was even more so. The next day he went to Walter Austin and apologized for falsely accusing him and said he could stay. Austin says he thanked the agent, but he had decided to move, and so he told the agent that he was going through with it. "Boss Man, you was dissatisfied with Walter, so Walter's going to move."

The agent told him he didn't have to sneak off like all the others. And Walter Austin didn't.

The next Saturday morning the Austin place looked like the center of a carnival. A total of 23 neighbors and friends were in and out of the house, up on the roof dismantling the motorized television antenna (bought for $149 four years ago and now sold for $5), carrying out the freezer (bought for $400 and now sold for $50). There was gaiety and almost no sentimentality.

Walter Austin, quietly, calmly, and with humor, left no doubt who was in charge. At 7 he had gone to the agent's house, returned a ladder, a set of wrenches, and paid back $7 the agent had lent him last fall so David could have shoes for school. Neither one said anything, but they both knew Walter Austin was leaving that day.

Austin quietly directed his son-in-law and his oldest son, who had driven down in the night from Springfield. Wandering through the yard was Walter's 29-year-old brother, who worked on the same plantation, and toward the end he said almost to himself, "I'm the only one left." When the time came, Walter and his brother looked at each other briefly, and Walter said, "Good-bye, son."

Frances and her boyfriend talked constantly, arms linked. An old parlor chair, the one with the torn leatherette covering, couldn't be taken, and they gave it to Frances's boyfriend, who carried it out. Walter said, "You get to keep the chair, Robert, but you'd like to keep Frances."

A recent plantation acquaintance tried too often to engage Walter's attention, and finally in exasperation Walter said to him politely, "Well, good-bye and come see me."

"How will I know where you'll be?" the acquaintance said too eagerly. "I don't even know where you're going."

Austin: "I'm going yonder."

Acquaintance: "Where's yonder?"

Austin, nodding northward: "Up."

Finally, Walter Austin walked through his stripped house. Gone from the living-room walls were the photographs of his children and some of his 15 grandchildren; the shadowbox of Jesus with the burned-out electric bulb; the pink plastic cross with the chrome crucifix; the small window frame containing postcards of Cherokee Indians and a table of decimal equivalents; and the too-bright picture of a romantic thatched-roof cottage surrounded by seed-catalogue flowers with the legend, GOD SHALL SUPPLY ALL YOUR NEEDS.

Walter Austin looked around and saw one remaining artifact on the faded blue wall—a calendar of the "Delta Burial Corporation, Seldom Equaled, Never Excelled," the society to which they paid $3.75 a month to guarantee them a decent Mississippi funeral. He hesitated a moment, then lifted the calendar off its nail and handed it to Bessie. "Barbie, in the green car."

In the kitchen he looked at the stove he had just bought on time but not made any payments on, at two lamps he had long paid for, the wringer washing machine for which he paid $200 and owed only $95 more, all left behind to be picked up by the dealer in town. Asked why he was leaving behind the lamps and the half-paid-for machine, he said, "I'm not looking for trouble. I'm just looking for a little peace and a little love."

And then he left, and when the car engines were started, Walter Austin never looked back.

As the cars moved rapidly northward, one could almost feel the arguments for staying sinking out of sight and the ones for going coming to the top. Before, the need for food and money had dominated conversation. Now, deeper things, long repressed, came to the surface. I asked if he had any fear of facing the strange life in the city at his age.

"Well, I guess so. But it had to come. It had to come. Back in Mississippi I was forty-eight years old, but I was still like a child. I needed the white man for protection. If the colored man had that he could keep out of lots of trouble. He could get credit. He could do lots of things, lots of things. But he just had to have that protection. If you didn't have that protection all kinds of things could happen, all *kinds* of things, just like could happen to a child without a daddy."

His eyes were red and tired, but he talked on.

"You'd get up every morning, and you'd ask the boss man what to do, and every morning he'd tell you, just like you was a child. When you got your pay, he'd take out of it what he wanted for what you owed. He didn't ask you. Now I had a good boss man, for Mississippi, and if I had something special now and then, I could ask him to let me have all my pay, and he'd let me have it. But usual thing, he'd take out what he wanted. He handled most of your bills.

"Now I figure in the North one man pays you, and then you got to take care of your bills yourself. I know a man can get into a mess of trouble handling his own bills, but I reckon that ought to be up to him, to learn and decide himself. But not on a Mississippi plantation. They figured I was a child."

He described the tensions and treacheries on a plantation where all are struggling for approval and survival, and helped explain the too-eager acquaintance that morning. "You always had to watch those other boys on the plantation and be careful who you trusted and who you didn't."

You knew Walter Austin had not been caught up in the civil-rights movement because he still referred to Negroes in the white supremacists' term, "boys," and called all white men "boss man" or "captain."

"If the boss man was always giving the easy jobs to a boy, and he and The Man always had their heads together, then you better be careful with that boy, 'cause he's probably telling the boss everything he knows about you. So on the plantation you learn to be careful what you say, what you do, and who you speaks to. And if the boss man asks you about somebody else, and you don't want to be telling him no lies, you got to tell him you just don't know nothing."

The cars were still in Mississippi, but in Walter Austin's mind already "here" was North.

"Here you can be with who you wants and ride with who you wants."

The Sunday before, while we rode to the phone booth, we had to stop for gas. It was what is known in Mississippi as an "integrated car," and the white gas-station proprietor had a common reaction: He fixed a menacing, unblinking stare at Walter Austin and kept it on him as he deliberately and slowly wiped every window of the car. To a Negro this stare, whether in an integrated car or behind a voting table, is a serious threat.

As the landscape streamed by, it caught different eyes at different times. Walter Austin would turn whenever we passed a small farm on its own plot of land. When we began to pass large used-car lots, a small smile leaked onto David's solemn face. Frances watched the increasingly large neighborhoods of ranch houses with their lawns, the largest number of middle-class houses she had ever seen, and the first not associated with the plantation hierarchy. "I'd like a house like that," she said once, "with one of those checkerboard tiles on the floor." Did she think she'd ever live in one? She thought about it seriously and then said, "Yes, I think I will."

Walter Austin and I joked a little over his calling me "Captain," which I had asked him not to do. At the time, two weeks earlier, he had said, "I know, but it's hard to stop. Up north you say, 'yas suh,' and they looks at you like you was crazy. But when you're brought up from the time you can talk, and your mammy makes you go back and say it every time you forgets to say 'yas suh,' then it's hard to stop all of a sudden."

Periodically, he would lapse into "captain" or "boss man" when we talked. But after we crossed the Mississippi River, he never did it again.

The cars went into the foggy night toward Springfield, Ill., with a homing instinct that affects almost every migrant. It was common during the foreign immigrations to have whole villages—from Sicily, Russia, Poland, Germany, Ireland—be transplanted to some particular American city. The same thing now happens within the country. There are counties in West Virginia from which most departing people go to Cincinnati, others from which they go to Cleveland. In Chicago there are two blocks made up largely of Holmes County Mississippians. The compass of the migrating poor is seldom fixed by a job already arranged and waiting, but by the presence of close relatives and friends.

In his youth, Walter Austin cut wood

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with a friend in Holmes County. During World War II the friend got a job on the Illinois Central Railroad, and took a room in Springfield. Later he bought a couple of rooming houses there and retired. From time to time the railroad man would return to Holmes County. Once he came to attend a wedding of his cousin with Walter Austin's cousin. When the cousins were evicted from their plantation, they moved to Springfield into a flat owned by the railroad man. In 1956 Austin's sister was told by her plantation owner that her family had to move, so the sister went to Springfield where she stayed with her cousin and got a job in Kennedy's Laundry. Four years later Austin's oldest daughter, Etoyre, decided there was no future in Mississippi, so when her aunt came from Springfield for a funeral, the daughter took her older children and rode back to Springfield. She also got a job in Kennedy's Laundry and found a flat, saved some money and sent bus tickets to her husband. They both saved some more money and sent tickets for their remaining small children and a full-fare ticket for the next oldest daughter, Mae Jessie, to accompany them. So Mae Jessie did this, taking her own daughter, an infant (no fare), and leaving her other children behind with her mother. She, too, got a job in Kennedy's Laundry, found a flat, and sent down tickets for her children and one for her mother to accompany them and visit.

Last winter Mae Jessie drove down for a New Year's visit, and the oldest Austin son, Walter Jr., decided to ride back with her. Walter Jr., unmarried, got a job sorting hides. A month later, Etoyre, the other married daughter in Springfield, drove down for a visit with her parents. Walter Austin's second oldest son, Jimmy Lee, who was married and had three children, was telling his parents he just didn't see how he could get enough work to support his family in Mississippi when the sister's car unexpectedly drew up in front. Jimmy Lee rushed to the window, saw who it was and said, "Daddy, I'm gone." He drove back to Springfield and got a job washing dishes, staying with his sister. A week later he drove down with his brother-in-law and fetched his wife and children. His wife got a job in Kennedy's Laundry.

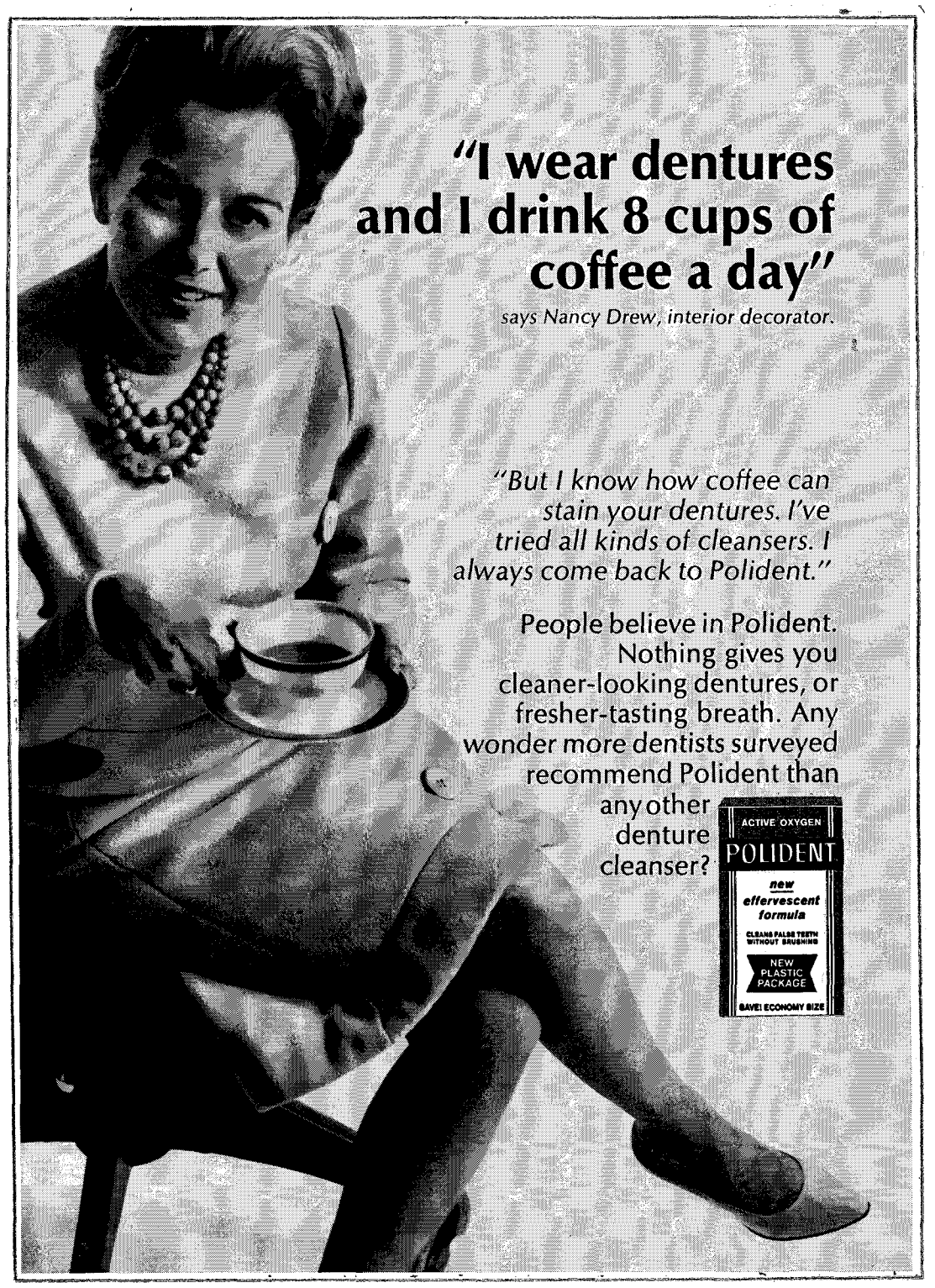
Like an endless chain, whole tribes go link by link to some city where a base has been established. When the crisis came to Walter Austin, there was never any doubt where he would go, and when he got there, there were suddenly a total of 36 Austins within a scant half mile.

It was a scene of joy and relief, at 2 o'clock of a Sunday morning, when the two cars finally arrived at their destination, and the Austins of Merigold, Miss., became the Austins of Springfield, Ill., sharecroppers no longer but city dwellers now. Standing wearily on the sidewalk, they looked up with awe at Jimmy Lee's house, a neat, white clapboard with five spacious rooms and its own bathtub and toilet. Waiting inside were the older daughters who had come North earlier, and they helped sort the newcomers and send them to nearby homes to sleep the remaining hours of the night.

That day Walter Austin's family made the rounds of the relatives' homes. At Walter's sister's there were guitars, singing and joshing. The older women put on their wigs and urged Frances to try one. Bashfully, she put one on and imitated the modeling she had seen on television. Suddenly she was changed. One moment she was the shy country girl, the next a poised young woman. She lifted off the wig and said quietly, "I'm going to get one."

The next morning Jimmy Lee's wife took Frances with her to Kennedy's Laundry and introduced her to the boss, George Boehmer. He said, "I like to hire Mississippi people. They're good workers." So 29 hours after her arrival in the city, Frances Austin, working beside white women, was feeding flatwork into a presser and earning more than her father ever did in his 41 years of labor.

That same morning Mrs. Austin and her older daughter went out looking for a flat. In Jimmy Lee's house there were seven preschool children, crying, running, fighting, all tended by a new baby sitter, Walter Austin. He was no longer in overalls. Someone had lent him a white shirt, a pair of slacks and a too-large suit jacket. He stood in the middle of the kitchen with an open carton of milk. He cried out, "Hush, child," to one girl, and tried to restrain another one who was pounding a nail file into the linoleum with a hairbrush. "Soon as they find a place for us to stay, I'm hoping to find a job. Some kind of a job." Then, milk carton still in hand, he looked with bewilderment at the children. "This is one job I do not like."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The Austins had a small start. Four days later they found a pinched five-room flat for $65, where the whole family sleeps in just three beds and the beds are the only furniture in the place. The day after that, Walter Austin got a job that his son Jimmy Lee first had when he moved—mopping floors and washing dishes in a restaurant at $40 a week. His 17-year-old daughter earns $5 more than he does.

The Austins are in real need. They require medical attention, furniture, city clothes, and Walter Austin needs a job that will buy these things. But in some ways they are luckier than many migrants. For one thing, almost by chance, they followed the newer, less hopeless migratory routes from the rural South—more and more to the West and more and more to the medium-size cities. In the smaller cities the rate of growth is often better than in the huge ones, the Negro districts are distinct but lack the oppressiveness of square miles of squalor, and in a smaller community it is easier to match available men with available jobs.

Walter Austin had just left Merigold, Miss., which has a population of 602. When he heard that his new home, Springfield, had 86,000 people, of whom 5,000 are Negroes, he opened his eyes wide and said, "Good gracious!"

In Chicago there are a million Negroes.

II

The fact that migrants move means they hope for something better. The hope lasts remarkably long, so long that it seems a miracle in such places as the ghettos of cities like Chicago. Alice Perkins has been there almost two years now; she is wiser to the struggle than the Austins, harder to the squalor, but she still hopes for something better, hopes in the diminishing optimism that time and the ghetto steadily wear away.

She is a statuesque woman of 27 with a husky voice and a sardonic expression, and she lives in a second-floor flat on Van Buren Street in the middle of Chicago's West Side ghetto. Official statistics show that in 1960, eighty percent of all dwellings in her block were substandard and 30 percent lacked normal plumbing, but you don't need statistics to get the message: rubble and garbage is spread in vacant lots, the stairways are dark and dirty. Her door is untypically painted a fresh green, and on it her husband has used gay, red Christmas tape to letter out most of his name: HARRY PERKI—. But the door, typically, is locked several different ways and shows wounds from having been forced open several different ways. Inside there are rats the size of cats, and the children sleep crossways, usually four to a bed. The

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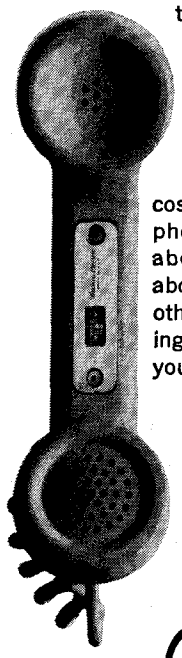

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younger ones are normally barefoot and half bare-bodied so that the three older children can be properly dressed for school. Yet Alice Perkins and her husband have no doubt about the decision she made in the middle of a cotton field two years ago.

That day in August, 1965, she had, as usual, got up at 5:30 in their three-room shack, washed her face in a pail in the kitchen and, without breakfast, gone out to get on the back of a truck. In the field a mile away she dragged a bag nine feet long, putting in cotton balls, the ones a machine left behind. Early in the day the plantation agent started yelling that the cotton she and the others had picked was full of burrs and sticks. At noon she walked a half mile to a store and ate 10 Saltines, five pieces of baloney and a soda pop. Back in the field, The Man kept after them. "You-all are pullin' this goddamn cotton. I'm paying you to pick it, and you're just pullin' the goddamn stuff."

Toward the end of the afternoon he was still at it, and Alice Perkins said, "I don't have to take this no more. I'm going." She said it to herself.

She got back home that night at 6 o'clock. She had picked 84 pounds and made $2.10 minus lunch, for 11 hours. She cooked turnip greens and a pound of salt pork for her five children and her husband, who came home after dark from driving a tractor at $6 a day. The children went to bed, the oldest one, Beatrice, then 7, in a cot in their front room, the infant in the double bed she and her husband used, also in the front room. Her husband and two neighbors played a game of cards, pit-a-pat, also in the front room.

Without telling Harry about it, she found two pieces of lined paper and a short pencil, and she wrote a letter to her aunt in Chicago. "I can't stand it no more," she wrote, "please, Aunty, send me a ticket." She walked in the dark across the dirt road to a neighbor's house where she got an envelope and put the letter and a nickel in her rural mailbox. This was a Wednesday. Tuesday the tickets arrived. Then she told her husband she wanted to take their three youngest children and go. If she found no job in two weeks she would return. He listened quietly and said, "OK, baby."

So Alice Perkins joined the silent tide that goes by car, by bus, and still by that old reliable carrier of the cotton Negro, the Illinois Central Railroad.

On the platforms of the South they are there every day. The toothless old Negro woman in men's trousers, rubbers over slippers, a ragged coat, scarf over her head, a cardboard box tied with twine, the last tenacious root of a family gone earlier.

The neatly dressed woman in her 30's comforting her weeping teen-age daughter, "Don't cry, baby. Take care of Daddy and the kids and I'll be back when I find a place."

The young woman in her 20's, so like Alice Perkins, with three wide-eyed preschool children, hugging older people on the platform and then, as the locomotive sounds its mournful southern cry, mounting the steps with her children, her eyes moist.

The old Negro porter watches the flat countryside stream monotonously by, as he has for 32 years on this run.

Fires, like this one near Merigold, Miss., symbolize the flight of rural Negroes to the Norti

"It started in 1947. This train went through the delta, and there was nothing but black faces, for years and years and years. I used to wonder, 'Where are they coming from? How can there be anybody left? My God, they must be coming right out of the ground. They got to stop sometime.'

"Well, couple of years ago it seemed to slack off. You begin to see some whites now. Used to be twenty-thirty Negroes for every white on this train. Now it's more like three-to-one."

But there are still Negroes. At Durant, the station stop nearest the heart of the delta, more country people get on with boxes and old suitcases. As the train pulls out, it leaves others behind. Through the rain-splattered window you see the lonely Negro shack with three tiny children frozen in place, one boy hanging clothes on a line, his hand stopped in the act as he stares, another boy with a water pail in his hand, and at the pump a skinny-legged girl, her arm high on the motionless pump handle as the water shrivels to a trickle—all watching the speeding persimmon-and-brown cars with the big picture windows bearing dry, warm people holding passports.

The passport is a yellow ticket one-and-a-half-inches long that reads, "Illinois Central R.R. Co., coach ticket, Durant, Miss., to CHICAGO, ILL. Good in coaches only, for one passage. . . ." It costs $23.65 for adults, $11.83 for young children, and for the people who got on in Durant with a typical family, if they earned average Negro wages, it took every cent they earned for six weeks. To collect that much money, when food is scarce, and to decide to migrate is a decision that has torn millions of families in this generation.

Alice Perkins took that other mode of the Underground Railroad—the bus. On a Wednesday before the Christmas holidays, Harry Perkins got a letter from Alice in Chicago. He had to quit school in the fifth grade and can't read (Alice went through ninth grade), so he paid a neighbor 50 cents to drive him the two miles to his mother-in-law's house where she read the letter. Tickets for him and the two older children were inside. The next day the children turned in their school books. Saturday morning Harry went to work as usual. That night he got his week's pay, $36 minus $10 taken out toward his debts. By now it was dark. He walked home, pulled out a footlocker he had quietly bought in Clarksdale for $7.95 two weeks ago, put in two bedspreads, one quilt, two sheets, three pairs of pants, two shirts and three hats for the children. He paid the neighbor 50 cents again to drive him and the children to his mother-in-law's, where her son drove them to the 9:30 night bus from Clarksdale.

The children had never been to Clarksdale (population, 21,000), and when they saw it Harry Jr., 6, said, "Daddy, is this Chicago?"

On the bus was a man named Willie, brother of a friend, returning after a visit. Willie lived in Chicago and worked in a barrel factory where he thought there was an opening. Three days later Harry Perkins was stacking steel rings for $1.55 an hour, and three days after that he was running an automatic welder. He now makes $2.00 an hour with six or seven hours' overtime for about $100 a week.

Harry Perkins is a boyish, handsome, open-faced man who can't read but knows letters and remembers street signs and bus routes. At Christmas time he used the holiday tape to make letters on the wall over the double bed where he and his wife and their new infant sleep: ALICE.

Both of them insist on an unrelieved list of advantages Chicago has over their old life: Now they eat together at the same table because they have enough dinner plates; they have milk and fresh fruits and meats they never ate before; instead of a cold-water tub and washboard she gets the week's laundry delivered for $9; the school doctor and dentist examine their children regularly; instead of paying a neighbor $1 to take them shopping she can walk to a local market or take the rapid transit for 30 cents down-

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en a sharecropper goes, his shack is often burned.

town; there the children often stayed out of school for lack of clothes but never here; down there Christmas meant at best a piece of simple clothing for each child, but here they have turkey and fur-lined jackets and guitars for the children.

"Look," Harry Perkins said as he sat in his tiny blue-and-pink kitchen, "for the first time in my life I own an innerspring mattress, three of them, a gas oven, a dinette, a TV, a stereo set. They treat me like a grown man. Down there the police killed colored men, two I knew just in the last couple of years we were there."

Alice Perkins shook her head slowly. "There ain't nothing I miss down there."

He nodded, "That goes for me."

Did that mean they would be happy to continue just as they are?

Alice Perkins looked surprised and said, "No, of course not."

And then she and her husband began a new recital that told the story of why families who move hopefully into the big cities then turn bitter and apathetic. Compared to the desperate poverty and endemic violence of the rural South, the city is obviously better in pay, in food, in material goods. But as the years go by, it becomes plain that the city makes demands the family never before had to meet: more education to get ahead, better clothes to enter the better world, participation in the vague and remote territory outside the ghetto in order to succeed. Food and a tight roof are no longer the focus of life. Simple survival is no longer enough; they must meet the requirements of high-speed urban life. Typically, the families enter eager and striving and then in three or four years get stalled. The Perkinses were still ambitious.

Now, the children want a bicycle, a piano, some new clothes like the ones they see on TV in *American Bandstand*. Harry Perkins would like to get a car. Mrs. Perkins has fallen in love with sectional couches. But she then described what they want more than anything else. With her husband's solemn nod of approval, she said softly, "A better house with no rats, in a better neighborhood, you know, some space for the kids to play in their own yard, with some grass in the back and in the front."

A nice house in a nice neighborhood is the conventional American family dream, but it has a special meaning in the ghetto, where most families are enclosed in a triple prison. The first is their own home. Slum-tenement doors are locked. The knock is answered, if at all, by a voice, "Who's there? What you want?" Unless the voice is familiar and the message safe, that may be the last communication from the other side. Young children are forbidden to go out alone, and hundreds of thousands of them spend all their time, except for a few hours a week, locked inside their rooms, often with the harshest discipline to quell their restlessness. Only when they go to school is there freedom. When the three Perkins schoolchildren go, they run like rabbits released from cages. The fear is real, for outside there is the second prison: the neighborhood.

The range of movement of most slum dwellers is measured in yards and, at most, a few blocks. The density is enormous, the possibilities for play and relaxation almost nil. A 50-by-100-foot playground operated by the Marillac settlement house near the Perkinses' flat is the only one available to 4,000 children. One result of this merciless compaction is the teen-age gang, which follows a territorial imperative that includes murder of teen-agers who intrude from other neighborhoods. For all of them are trapped in the larger prison, the ghetto itself.

In Chicago the ghetto is divided in two territories, the West Side, with more than 300,000 Negroes, and the South Side, with more than 600,000. Each is a vast black island surrounded by whites. In 1950 there were only 500,000 Negroes in the city, in about five smaller islands interspersed among white neighborhoods. But now the spaces between the islands have been abandoned by whites who moved to the suburbs. So now the West Side is almost 9 square miles of black territory, the South Side, 30 square miles. On the South Side there remain a few white ethnic neighborhoods, resentful and belligerent, and some middle- and even upper-income blocks. But the mass is black and poor, the former rows of white homes partitioned and bringing in as much as 200 per cent of their old rents. In 1950 it was possible in any given ghetto to walk five blocks to a white neighborhood; now on the South Side a man can walk ten miles almost in a straight line, and never pass a home occupied by whites.

Inside the ghetto the schools are wretched, the unemployment rate three times the outside rate, the municipal services minimal, the landscape demoralizing. The uneducated parents get stalled in their climb up the work ladder, trapped in their ghetto. They produce new generations of the defeated.

So Alice Perkins, her large brown eyes longing, says, "I want a house of my own. Out in the suburbs. Like Maywood. A friend of mine drove me out there once and, oh, I want to move to a place like Maywood."

Maywood is about nine miles out on the expressway that goes by the Perkinses' flat, an "industrial suburb" in the metropolitan sprawl. It has its own character, a pleasant place of 27,000 working-class people with small one-family houses with small lawns front and back, children on swings in the yard or skipping rope on the sidewalks. There are 5,000 Negroes in Maywood, and they average $1,500 a year more than Negroes in the central city.

What are the odds of the Perkinses, or any ghetto family, making it out to a Maywood? About 1-in-11. In 1960 Chicago had 813,000 Negroes in its central city, the ghetto, and only 77,000 in the suburbs. In 1950 the ratio was about the same.

III

Elijah is a child of migrants, a child of the ghetto. He is Negro, thin, 126 pounds, five-foot-four, narrow-headed with slicked-down black hair, and he walks slightly stooped. If you didn't look closely you wouldn't pay attention to him in a group of six. But he is now 18, and has shot a few people. He has been involved in more burglaries and robberies than is wise to recall, and has had two personal friends murdered and countless others badly wounded. He has recently emerged from jail, where he was sent for shooting another boy in the stomach.

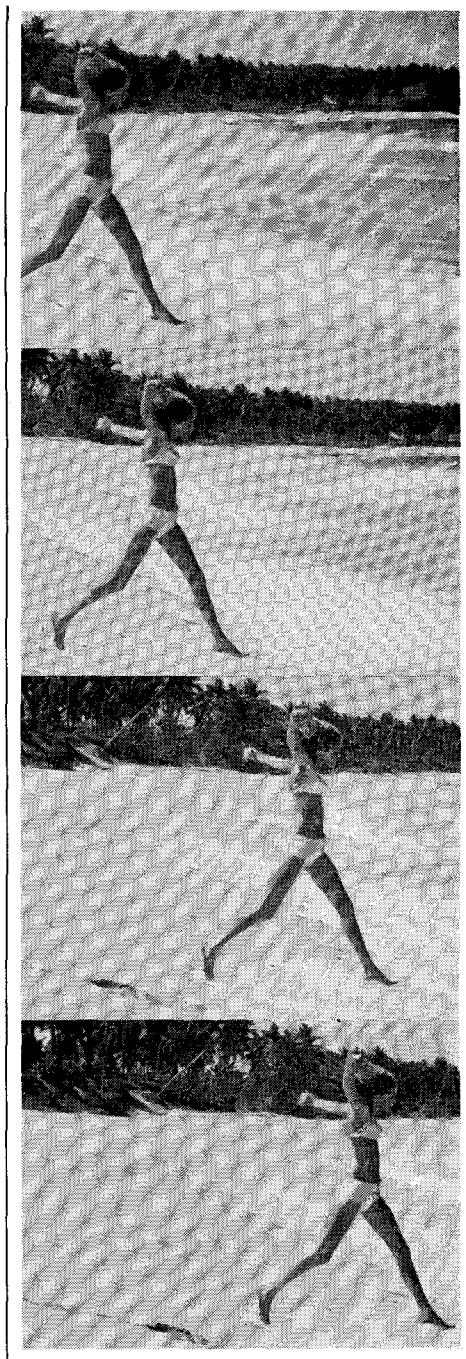
Elijah isn't his real name, though he insisted that his real name be used.

"Listen, I want people to understand, I want people to believe that these things happen, really, man, not just to a few oddballs but every kid I knew, every kid I grew up with on the South Side of Chicago. I don't mean they all went to jail. Two kids I knew well got killed. But some never went to jail, even. But this is what they grew up with. I want to help my people, and I want other people to know what's going on."

But it would be unfair to him, to his family and to his pregnant girlfriend to use real names. They are all struggling to repair their lives.

His parents came from Mississippi in 1952, but his mother came briefly to Chicago in 1949 for Elijah to be born. So since the age of three he has been in the ghetto. His training ground has been the tenement and the massive public-housing project.

The tenements are typified by one building in the ghetto, a grimy red-brick three-story place with three carved granite archways that tell you this was once a respectable neighborhood. Today there are 18 families in the building, and except for one that arrived last year from Texas, all have been in Chicago seven years or more. There are large signs all over the outside of the building, ordering trash to be thrown in barrels. Under the signs are glaciers and foothills of garbage that harbor huge rats. The children play among them with easy familiarity. (Landlords, by law, are required to provide private trash collections, but few of them ever bother; if an intense campaign by tenants and the settlement houses puts pressure on them, some will bribe city trash crews to collect the accumulation.) The tenement hallways are uriniferous, the walls covered with badly spelled obscenities ("thomas muther is a hoe"). In one corridor there is loose garbage, some feces in a corner and a raw egg broken on the floor. Out of one flat come two children less than four years old, one wearing only a dirty diaper, the other only a tiny T-shirt. Behind them comes a very old woman



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Let you be as active as you want.

Keep you feeling clean, fresh, cool.

All but take the differences out of days of the month (they can't even be felt in place).

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NO PINS
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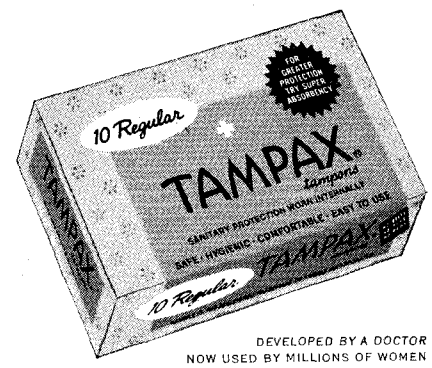
Even if you're not a beachcomber, this modern internal sanitary protection is the surest way to summer freedom.

Tampax tampons are available in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Junior and Super —wherever such products are sold.



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flailing at them with a leather strap. The children laugh and run down the corridor, one stepping in the egg, the other in the feces.

Ten of the 18 families are on welfare. Only five of the 18 families have a man as head of the household. There are 123 human beings who live in the old wreck of a building, of whom 98 are dependent children, 73 of them without a father at home. Eight of the households, despite great poverty, illness and other difficulties, have a tidy flat and a complete family. The landlord is considered better than average; the building has a market value of $25,000, and his gross rents are $24,000 a year.

Elijah spent the first part of his life growing up in such a building, and the rest in the other kind of ghetto dwelling, the large public-housing project. For most tenement residents, the project is a highly desired escape from what they have. Rents are lower—in Chicago they run from $40 to $90 a month for modern, well-equipped flats, with space enough to avoid having children of different sexes sleeping in the same beds and the same rooms. There are no rats. So just as the old tenements are better than the leaky three-room shacks of the South, "the projects" are deliverance from the chaos and squalor of the tenements. But after a few years in the projects their tenants begin to suffer their drawbacks, and many pray harder than ever for deliverance to the suburbs, or any place that is clean and airy and not packed with an incredible density of human beings.

Cities like Chicago turned to high-rise projects to house as many families as cheaply as possible as quickly as possible and, in many cases, to keep Negroes within the bounds of the ghetto. On a strip of land two blocks wide and less than four miles long, the Chicago Public Housing Authority built 65 buildings, 38 of them 16 stories or higher. In these buildings, in less than half a square mile, live 42,800 people. Little was done in surrounding areas to provide for the cliff-dwellers when they came out of the project. Boredom and noise are constant. In the summer the young who are still innocent wait for the event of the night—the turning on of the outside lights of the stairwells, and as each building does it a great soft wind seems to blow through the projects as thousands of watching children go, "Ah."

It is not surprising that territorial warfare and delinquency grow in such places. One wonders what would happen if a place of the same population, like Rapid City, S. Dak., instead of having its slightly more than 42,000 citizens spread over its present 16 square miles, had them all—including the sturdy, hard-working, middle-class folk—jammed into one quarter of a square mile. The people of Rapid City live 2,701 to the square mile; the project dwellers in Chicago's South Side live 170,000 to the square mile.

Elijah is the unhappy product, first of the horizontal and then of the vertical ghetto.

He is the oldest of 10 children, and he remembers that when his family came from Mississippi his father worked in the stockyards. The children kept coming, but work at the stockyards got scarcer. First there was no more lunch money, then no breakfasts. His father spent more days at home, then began to drink. When Elijah was 7, his father disappeared.

At the age of 11, Elijah joined the Cobras, a street gang that dominated his neighborhood. They fought rival gangs who intruded in their territory, or tried to date their girls, or uttered real or imagined insults. Avenging honor and protecting territory were the motivations for gang fights, the justifications for maiming and murder. Looking back and explaining it, Elijah often uses the word, "recognition."

"The poor people were the dumbest people because they didn't have any backing, they didn't push, nobody gave them any recognition. So most of us started gang fighting because of that. With the knowledge I've acquired since then it seems like I would never dream of going back to a life like that. But before I got the knowledge, it seemed fine, it seemed right, it was an art. The things you did you didn't mind telling about because you were trying to get more recognition with the bunch. You would meet girls, girls you never could have otherwise, the ones who dressed nice and looked nice. When your name was mentioned, everyone's eyes and ears opened."

After he joined the gang he began skipping school, attending parties in empty flats, drinking wine, having girls, smoking marijuana. He thinks his father's absence made a difference. "When your father is there, there are things you wouldn't dare bring into the house because your father would give you a whipping. I could do lots of things I could get by with, things my father would know about because he's a man and I'm a man, stealing, drinking, girls, smoking reefers."

As he moved into his teens, Elijah became more violent. "I could see I wasn't going to become anybody. All this was hitting me at the same time as the gang fighting, and it made me even harder because I knew this, I knew I wasn't going to become anybody, and I hated the whole world then.

"I began to use the gun more frequently, and in a gang fight I'd be the first to swing, the first to shoot. I hated conditions. I hated everything. I hated people around me because they had more than I had. I hated it when the kids were supposed to go to school and only had torn or dirty pants, and after you got to school there wasn't any lunch money, and you stood outside and got laughed at, and when you got home there was hardly anything to eat there, either."

Three things made a difference in Elijah's life. He went to jail for shooting a boy and read a book whose dust jacket in the prison library caught his eye: "I Dare You to Explore the Powers of Your Mind." With the help of a prison worker he began to read and to look into his own emotions.

He got five years' probation and came out to discover that his father had returned home, dried out, and was working at a good job in construction.

And he met Jim Taylor, a Y.M.C.A. street-gang worker who lives and works with teen-agers in the tougher neighborhoods, a schoolteacher who realized he wasn't reaching his students and quit to go where they lived. With Taylor's help Elijah signed up for a Y.M.C.A. study program where he works half a day and goes to school, combining the last years of high school and the first two years of college.

This will take until 1971. His work during that time will be with street gangs. "You've got to have something for these kids to do," Elijah said. "You've got to have someone who cares about them. Not just spending a few hours like most schoolteachers and then, zip, out of the neighborhood. But really caring, man.

"And you need new prizes, new rewards. Now it's the kid who fights the hardest, drinks the most, has the most girls, kills best. I'd like to make the big man, the one who's top of his class, and give him a special prize, a real good prize that would make people open up their eyes and ears. It would help. I know it would."

Elijah speaks with a combination of the soft Mississippi accent of his parents and the hip talk of the ghetto. He has studied and thought a great deal lately about the Negro American in the ghetto.

"When the Negro is born in the South, he grows up with hatred for the white man, but in the South they kill him if he shows it. So he comes to Chicago, and he lives here on the South Side, and he takes out his hatred on other Negroes. You get born with hatred because you see the white man in his Cadillac, and you see your father walking. The hate is in you, and when someone attacks you, the hate is going to come out, no matter if it comes out against your own people."

Elijah and his fellow migrants are mysteries. In the face of endless defeat, first on the farms and now in the ghetto, they have recurring hope. It is often expressed in riots and demonstrations, but it is there. The newest arrivals continue to work hard at the lowest pay in the expectation that it will lead to something better. The history books claim that the American genius has been to collect ethnic minorities at the bottom and then let them disperse up through the surrounding society. But the American Negro continues to be more densely packed, more hemmed in, and more confined to the bottom than any other migrant minority. And yet he continues to hope.

Elijah had been standing at a window through which I could hear the level roar of boisterous children, their sounds echoing between the 16-story buildings. He turned around, his brow wrinkled with concentration, and said with passion:

"The thing is that you grow up and, you *know*, you *know*, man . . ." He paused and said slowly and quietly, "*No-body cares!* Mothers are screaming at babies, there's no father, teachers are screaming at the students, and when the bell rings they leave the building before the kids do. And when you're dropping out of school, you know very well that they're really glad to see you go. You're glad to go, too, but you remember afterward that they were glad to see you go."

Elijah sat down, and after a time he spoke again.

"Nobody cares. Nobody. That's what you grow up with. The people on the outside, they have their own immediate problems, so they got no time for our problems. The ones here who get anywhere, they don't care about anybody else once they get up on their pedestal. They look down on their own people, and they say, 'They're fools' and then go on about their business."

And then the incredible hope and resilience:

"My kids, someday, are going to finish school—a *good* school. They're going to have a set of goals, to think ahead, to make sense. But most of all, they got to have environment."

Environment?

"Live in a good house in a nice neighborhood with a real school. Out of . . ." and he pointed out the window to the tenements, the projects, the street with the squeal of the police siren receding. "Out of here. Period." □

"Patience.'

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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In 1943, the army told him he was a repairman. He believed them.

Never fear... Foul Up is here.

Still with us. Unchanging, immutably inept. But since VJ Day, he's been *your* problem. Not the army's.

For since 1945, the old Tech Corporal's been an Appliance Repairman. Disrepairman.

Due to a misreading of test results by an army personnel clerk (who by three o'clock had to find 250 warm bodies to fill a school quota), the world lost a potentially great

fingered repairman. To make matters worse, whatever skills he did develop in the army (and a lot of our best repairmen *did* get their starts from Uncle Sam) he didn't keep up with the changes in home appliances. So that skills that may have been adequate to repair a field oven in 1944, boggle at a complex multi-circuited 1967 washing machine.

The men who work for Whirlpool's 1132 factory authorized Tech Care repair com-

way. Not only do they have to have mechanica aptitude to start with—but, be they grizzle WWII vets, or earnest young crew cuts tw years out of engineering school, we put then through the world's toughest basic trainin on every piece of equipment we make. Plu advanced training on every new applianc feature. Spit and polish all the way. Or else

At Whirlpool, it's either: *shape up* or *ship out.*

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Acid-raga-jug-shock rock? The pop revolution is as baffling t
those who dreamed it up as to those still sleeping through i

POP MUSIC: THE MOST?

Eight stories over Hollywood's Sunset Strip and 6,000 miles from his native Liverpool, press agent Derek Taylor looked out his window and muttered that it was the 20th of the month and none of his accounts in the pop-music business had paid him yet. It was the beginning of 1967, and the pop-music world that Taylor had felt so conveniently at his fingertips suddenly seemed to be moving beyond his grasp. In London, there were rumors that the Beatles would never perform again in public. In New York, Herman was said to be looking for a TV job—without his Hermits. The Young Rascals, once heralded as the American group most likely to succeed the Beatles, had just returned from a European tour that lost $22,000. Mod shops were thinking about stocking cowboy shirts. Groupies were torn between reading Hermann Hesse's mystical *Siddhartha* and the monosyllabic teenybopper bible, *16 Magazine*.

Outside Taylor's window, the afternoon glowed the way Marilyn Monroe's hair did when she rode down the Sunset Strip in a convertible. In a couple of hours the glow would vanish, and the Strip would become a battleground, the cops versus the mini-masses, long-haired, bell-bottomed teenagers who have become the shock troops of Hollywood's psychedelic revolution. Once upon a time Derek Taylor was the press officer for one group, the Beatles, but now he was the publicity man for a dozen Top 40 recording stars. He knew the pop-music world as well as anyone, but still confessed his bewilderment. "The industry," he said, "is booming. It should do a billion dollars this year. But it is not in good shape."

By the middle of 1967, America's pop-music scene has become as incomprehensible to the people who dreamed it all up as it is to the people who are sleeping through it. A new generation of music critics is hard at work trying to institutionalize the confusion by grinding out such vague descriptive labels as acid rock, raga rock, jug rock, Broadway rock, Latin rock, shock rock and rock 'n' wreck. They also have come up with old time, good time, soul, blue-eyed soul, psychedelic surf and flower power. It is as if some magician had started pulling tricks out of a hat and found, to his amazement, that the hat contained more surprises than his magic could account for. Composers and performers are blending baroque fugues with science-fiction tape-recorder sounds. Teen-age analysts are writing long treatises about the difference between the metallic sound of the Rolling Stones and the kinetic sound of the Four Tops. An English group called the Who is smashing its instruments into hemidemisemisplinters as a regular part of its act. The Beach Boys have spent an astonishing 90 hours in a recording studio to grind out one 45-rpm single. A pop audience that once cheered the extraordinary Beatles is now rooting for the ordinary Monkees. Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass have become the Lawrence Welk of

Peter Noone, top, known as Herman. He and his Hermits are now shooting a movie in London about dog racing. Right, the Grateful Dead, new San Francisco group.

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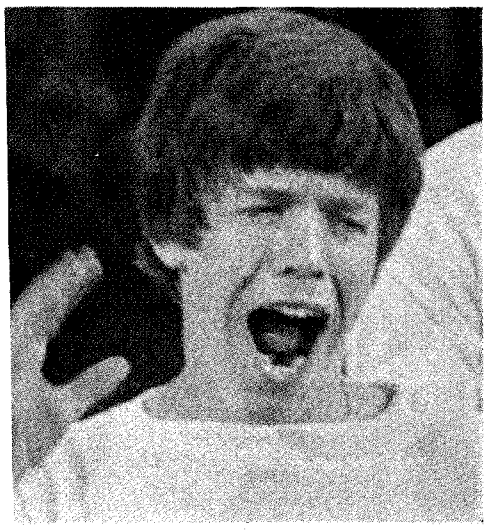
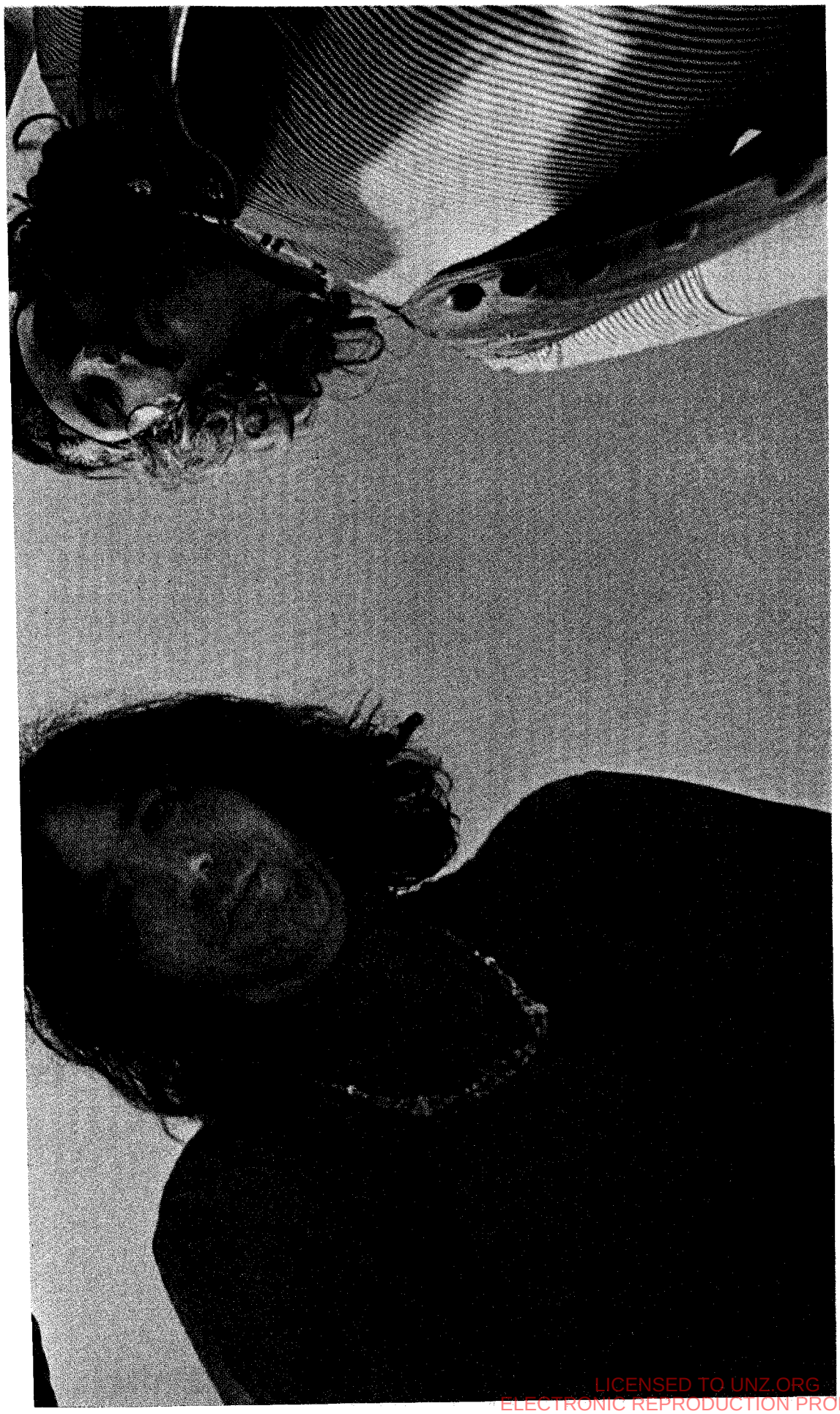


By ALFRED G. ARONOWITZ

OR JUST A MESS?



the Acid Age. And San Francisco has proclaimed itself the new Liverpool.

With the sale of single records dropping significantly from the previous year, the radio stations that program the Top 40 can no longer claim they are accurately reflecting the musical tastes of their audience. That audience is buying more and more albums, which the Top 40 stations rarely play. The shrieking mobs which once flung themselves at Bob Dylan, besieged the Beatles, and rushed the stage of the Rolling Stones, are three years older now. Their teen-age scream has become a Golden Oldie. In place of the original teenyboppers, there are now teenyweenyboppers with a roster of new heroes—the Jefferson Airplane, the Doors, the Moby Grape, and Country Joe and the Fish—to baffle not only their parents but also their older sisters. The younger generation suddenly has found that it has its own generational gap. Meanwhile, a new wave of salesmen is figuring out ways of extracting dollars from the word "psychedelic."

It has been 15 years now since rock 'n' roll was laughed off as just another fad. Frank Sinatra called it "the martial music of every sideburned delinquent on the face of the earth." The police in Atlanta, Ga., ruled that teen-agers couldn't dance to it without written parental consent. Roman Catholic leaders in Boston called for a boycott of it, to be enforced by a censor. And the head of the White Citizens Council in Alabama saw it as part of a Negro plot to "mongrelize America."

But what the older generation thinks is increasingly irrelevant to what the younger generation does. The music that was supposed to go in one ear and out the other now has become the major form of communication among the young.

"Rock is absorbing everything," explains 18-year-old Paul Williams, the editor and publisher of *Crawdaddy!*, a rock-'n'-roll magazine. "But that doesn't eliminate everything else. It just means the people who are into rock are becoming more open-minded toward what's really good, and they get very turned on to other assorted things, like Billie Holliday, John Handy, even early baroque. As a result, contemporary jazz and classical composers must try to measure up."

The boundary lines between jazz, classical and pop are becoming increasingly indefinable. Jazz innovator Ornette Coleman is conducting symphony orchestras in his own compositions. Folk singer Odetta is recording high-camp songs like the ancient Shirley Temple hit, *On The Good Ship Lollipop*. Old-time jazz altoman Cannonball Adderley is placing singles on the Top 40 charts. New-time jazz tenorman Charles Lloyd is playing in rock clubs. The Fugs, a group of Lower East Side poets with indelicate lyrics and a name that some disc jockeys won't even pronounce, have succeeded in getting a $25,000 contract with Atlantic Records and an album on the best-seller charts. Ravi Shankar, India's most celebrated classical musician, has become, at the age of 47, an American folk hero of sorts and an English pop star, with teenyboppers in his audiences and Beatle guitarist George

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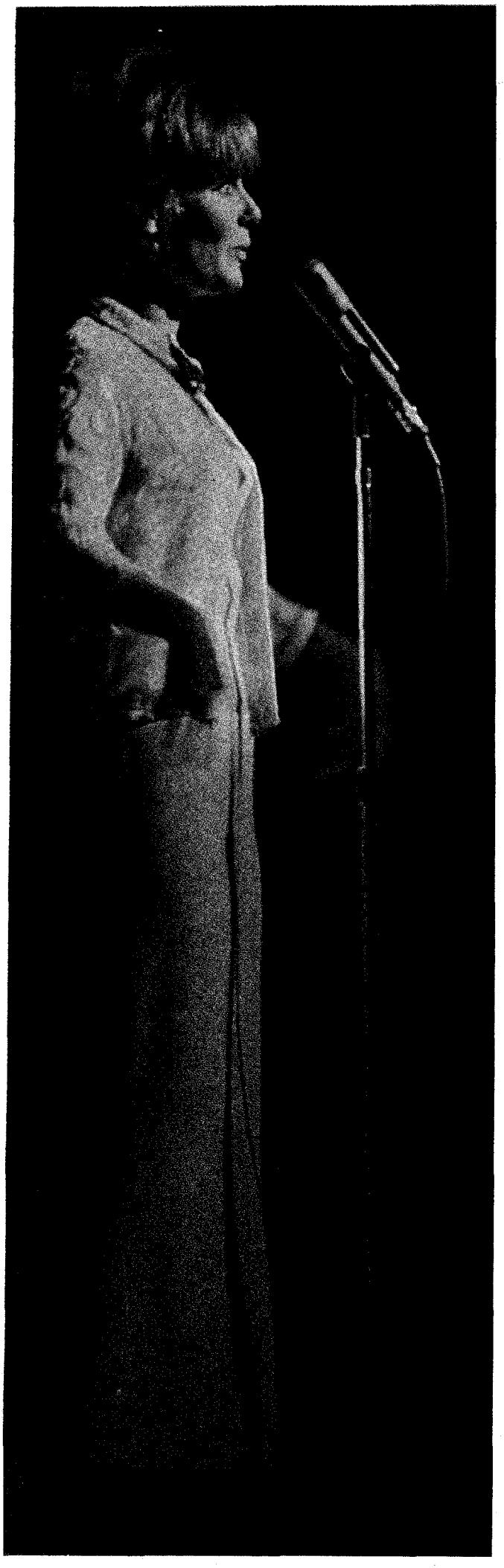
Pop music is the pill you swallow to drear



Harrison sitting at his feet. Harrison is a dedicated student of Shankar's instrument, the sitar. In India the sitar is a holy instrument. In England and America the sitar is used on rock-'n'-roll records. "It is silly, it is childish, it is a gimmick," comments Shankar with a smile that spreads across his face like a rope climbing into air.

"Everybody is articulating in a different way," says New York disc jockey Murray (The K) Kaufman. One of the pioneers of hysterical rock-'n'-roll programming, Murray is trying out his new subdued voice on New York's WOR-FM, which is threatening to revolutionize radio by playing pop music for adults in the same dignified format that FM usually reserves for classical music. "We're creating a new frame of reference," says Murray, "for the Bob Dylans, the Peter, Paul and Marys, the Ian and Sylvias, the Lovin' Spoonfuls and particularly the Beatles, because the excitement of a couple of years ago, that kind of radio, is passé, and what they're saying musically and lyrically now is so different and so honest. They're really poets who are reflecting a new attitude which demands a new form of presentation on the air."

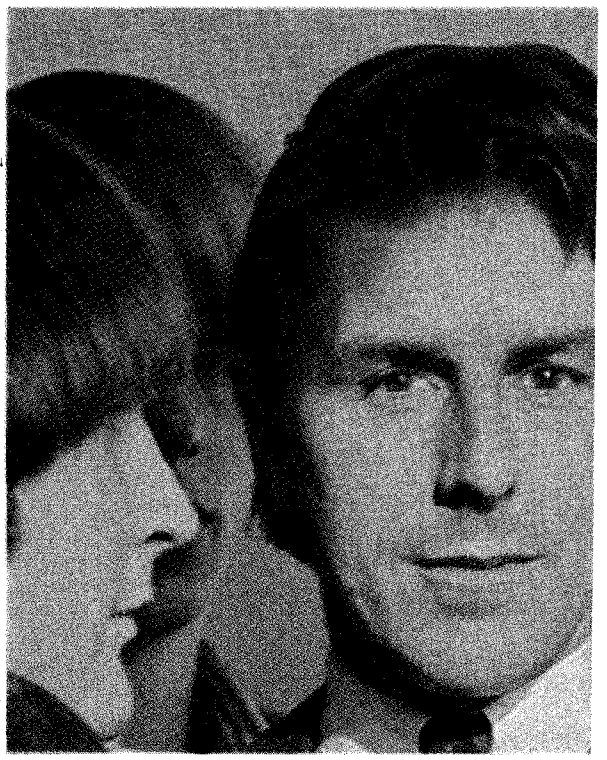
However rampant the confusion, one aspect has remained constant. For most kids the pop-music business is still what it always was: a fairy tale.

In the square-ruled towns and dead-end-street suburbias of America, the guitarist is on his way to replacing the football player as the local teen-age idol. The sale of guitars and amplifiers has more than doubled since the advent of the Beatles. Every neighborhood has its rock-'n'-roll group, and every rock-'n'-roll group has its share of the neighborhood's screaming Beatlemania remnants. And in the corners of drive-in America a new storefront is making its gypsy appearance. With a musical clef painted on the door, with little more than eggcrate liners tacked on the wall for soundproofing, the store calls itself a recording studio.

The music business is the only place in which storefront churches still can be turned into overnight cathedrals. Berry Gordy Jr.'s Motown Records is a typical example. The electronic miracle of Gordy's astonishingly successful Motown Sound is still emanating from what was once a photographer's shop on Detroit's West Grand Boulevard. It was only in 1959 that Gordy, with a $700 family loan, reconverted that shop into a company which now has an estimated value of $15 million. The Supremes, the Miracles, the Four Tops, the Temptations all were launched from that shop.

It was into one of these neighborhood recording studios near Saginaw, Mich., that 22-year-old Rudy Martinez brought his band of musicians one day last year to record a song he had written. The recording cost Martinez $50, which is approximately what R.C.A. Victor would pay for a small filing cabinet. The Martinez group was well-known in the local firehouse halls and Friday-night gyms where the children of immigrant-Mexican auto workers held their dances, so Martinez took his recording to Saginaw's Joe Gonzalez. A dabbler in real estate, owner of the Mexican Food Products Co., and operator of a motel, Gonzalez had a lucrative sideline—putting out Mexican records on his Pa-Go-Go and Be-Go labels. Gonzalez released Martinez's recording on Pa-Go-Go, and it immediately started up the sales charts in the cities of Michigan's Bay area. Soon it began to stir up gossip among the young men in the quicksilver suits who run the nation's pop-record industry from New York. It was on a Friday afternoon that Neil Bogart, 23-year-old director of sales

Singer Petula Clark is filming 'Finian's Rainbow.'



Derek Taylor, flanked by the Byrds, says: "The aristocr

and promotion and first lieutenant in charge of everything at Cameo-Parkway Records, decided to call up Gonzalez. Joe wasn't home, he was attending to some business in McAllen, Tex., and his wife, Lillie, answered the phone. Bogart offered her a $500 deal for Martinez's recording, and she accepted. Over the next several hours she also accepted an offer of $1,500 from Roulette Records, a second offer of $1,750 from Bogart and a second offer of $2,500 from Roulette. She turned down a couple of $2,000 offers from Laurie Records and M-G-M Records, but they were still ringing her phone. By five o'clock Bogart realized he had better do business with Joe. Equipped with two blank checks and a set of contracts, he flew to Texas and closed the deal for $2,500. By Monday morning the tape was at a pressing plant in Philadelphia. By Monday afternoon Bogart had an order for 13,000 copies of the record from his Detroit distributor. By the end of the year the song, *Ninety-Six Tears*, had sold more than one million records, and Rudy Martinez and his group had become famous under the enigmatic name of '? and the Mysterians.'

For millions of young people like Rudy Martinez this is what the record business is all about. Pop music has become the pill you swallow to dream the American dream. It has become the only possible profession for someone with no other ambition than to be a teen-age millionaire.

The Lovin' Spoonful, four countrified city boys, were ladeling out their "good-time music" on Kama-Sutra Records to an America so in need of good times that M-G-M Records confidently paid them a one-million-dollar advance in its rush to sign them to a recording contract that won't go into effect until 1970. The Mamas and the Papas, a quartet that somehow manages to be both grotesque and angelic, has become so rich so fast that, just on a whim, they bought out New York's Carnegie Hall to produce their own concert, flew in from Los Angeles for the night, arrived to find sidewalk scalpers hawking tickets at three times the fixed price, and then winged home again, falling asleep on the plane to mutual nods about what a nice time they'd had. James Brown, an ex-shoeshine boy who has become the king of rhythm and

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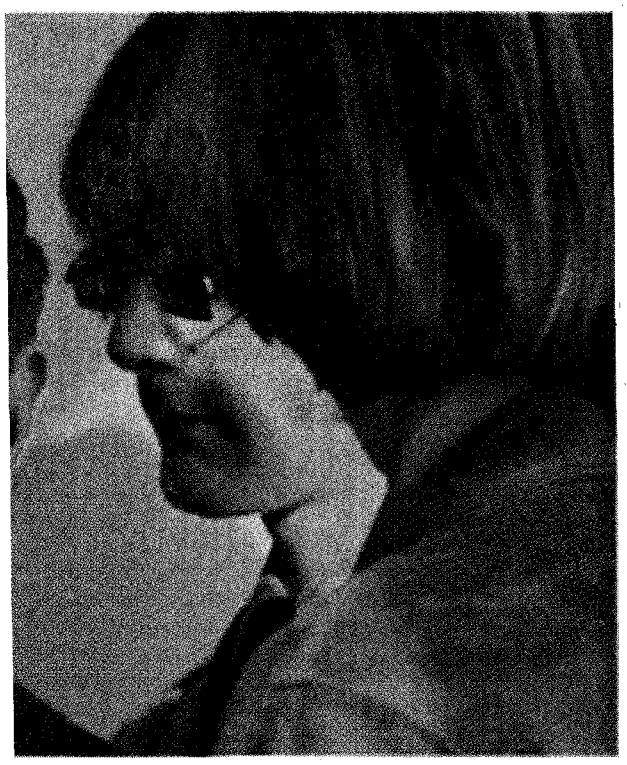
the American dream.



of pop is making fewer compromises with commercialism."

blues, has been vapor-trailing across America in his private jet, traveling to 335 one-nighters a year, and collecting more than one million dollars at the box office. Nancy Sinatra, Frank's 27-year-old daughter, the convenient discovery of a record company owned by her father, and the protest balladeer of all the underprivileged girls of Bel Air, has already collected three gold singles, which is two more than Frank Sinatra ever got in his entire 26-year career. (When the two of them recorded a love duet together—*Something Stupid*—hip teenyboppers immediately started referring to it as "the incest song.")

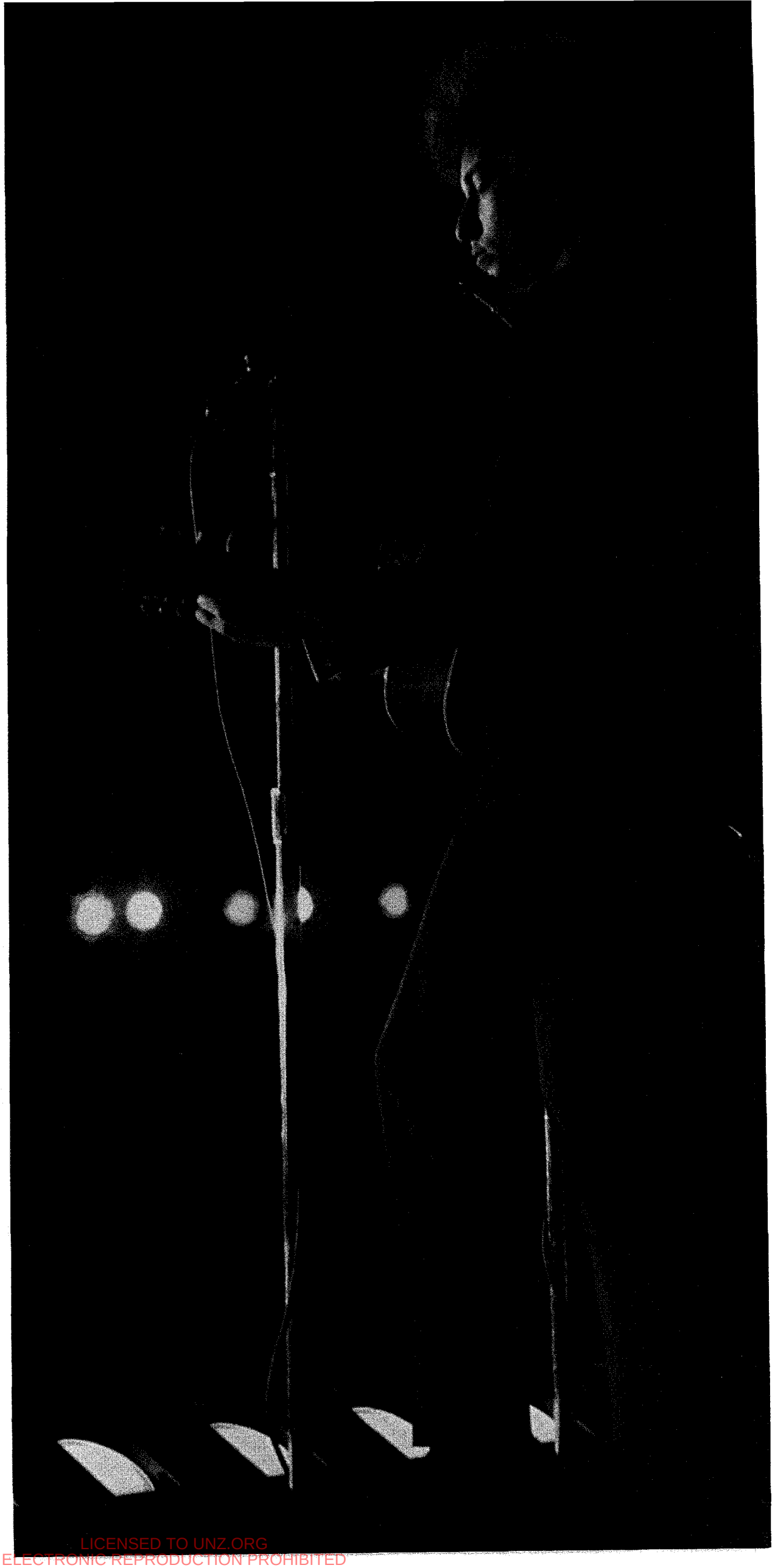
And then there are the Monkees. Picked out of a group of 437 youths who answered a newspaper ad, publicized with a $250,000 fund, backed by expert musicians and blessed with some of America's most experienced songwriters, all of whom were instructed to "make it sound fresh, like early Beatles," the four Monkees in six months became the most popular group in the world.

For the Monkees that wasn't good enough. Esthetically they were prisoners in the palace the Beatles had built, and commercially they received a minuscule share of the profits. "The amusing thing about all this," taunted the magazine *Crawdaddy!*, "is its supreme unimportance—after it's all over, and they've outsold everyone else in history, the Monkees will still leave absolutely no mark on American music."

Recently, Don Kirshner, the man who helped lay the cornerstone of the Monkee empire, was fired by his partners from his jobs as Monkee music supervisor and president of Colgems, the firm that produces Monkee records. Kirshner, once known as the Man With the Golden Ear, immediately sued for $35.5 million.

To increasing numbers of musicians, the pop-music business may be a serious art form. To millions of fans, it may be a fairy tale. But to the men who run it, the pop-music business is still a business.

There is a story of one record company's attempt to manufacture a group by picking five ex-



Bob Dylan has a new film, a new beard and new songs.

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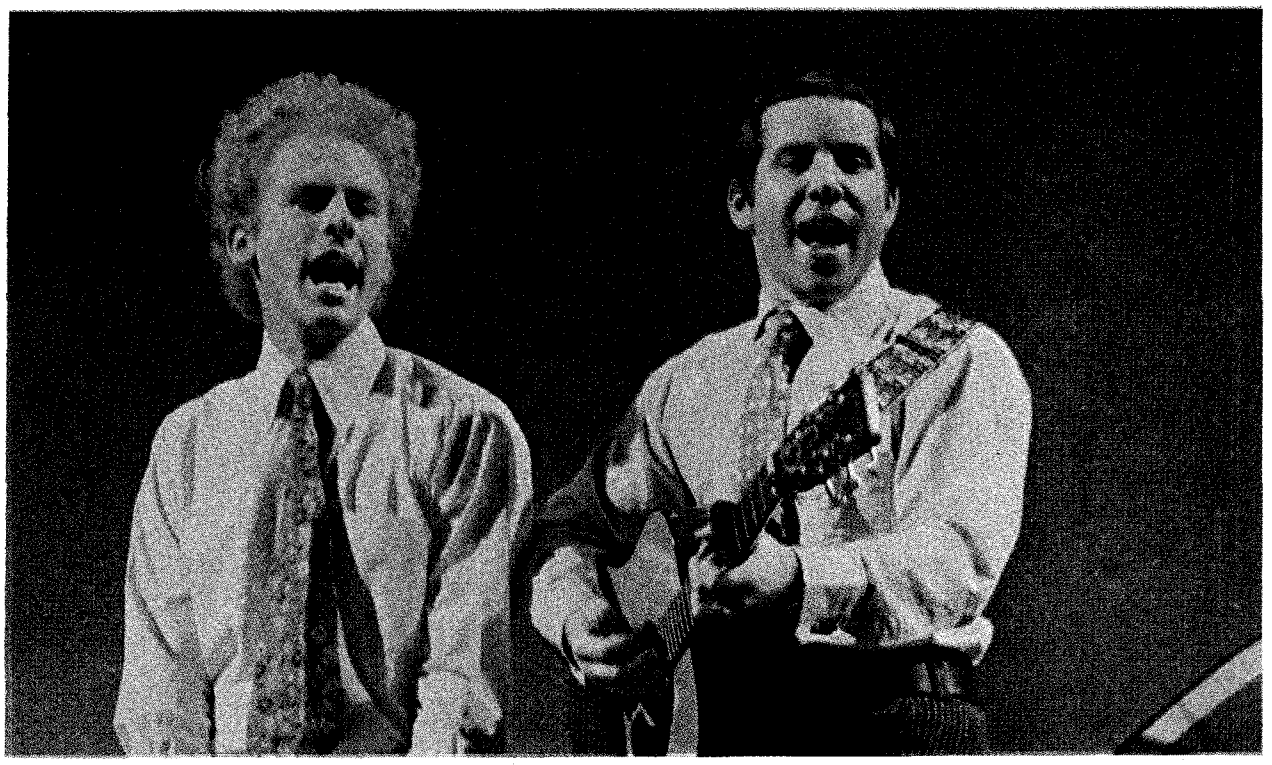

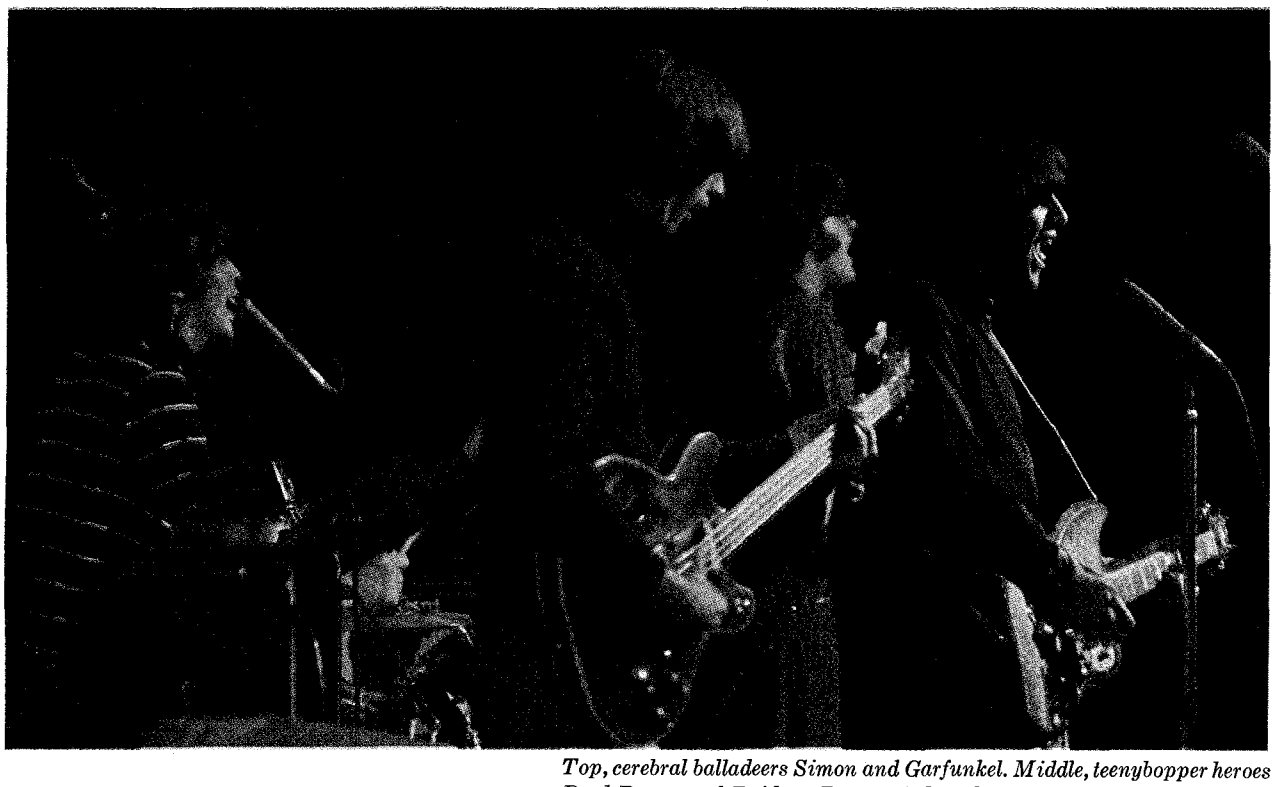

Top, cerebral balladeers Simon and Garfunkel. Middle, teenybopper heroes Paul Revere and Raiders. Bottom, folk-rock veterans the Lovin' Spoonful.

'The Beatles are quit

pert musicians off the streets of Greenwich Village. The quintet signed a contract guaranteeing them more than $100,000 in advances. But after three successive flops, the company lost interest, and the group broke up. Its members are now back on the streets of the Village, claiming they never saw more than a flash of the $100,000.

"There are so many groups now, and the competition is so rough," reports one manager, "that anyone starting out has to expect to be treated like dirt. When my group signed a contract, we were supposed to get twenty-five hundred dollars immediately. The company only gave us fifteen hundred dollars. One of them said, 'We don't give a damn about the contract.' If they don't give a damn now, how can I expect them to pay off the royalties when and if we hit?"

Whether you are at the bottom or at the top, just to keep going requires the same messianic energy. "All these people who think it's just fun and games," says Bob Dylan, "if they ever get famous, they'll find out it's not."

Three years ago, before the British captured the pop charts, and pop began captivating much of the world, some 200 new record releases a week would arrive at the average radio station. There wasn't enough time available to play more than three or four new ones. Currently, the number of new record releases has grown to about 260 a week. But there still isn't enough time to play more than three or four. Like Rudy Martinez's $50 fantasy, success in the business comes in the most unexpected ways because it is hardly to be expected at all. And even when it does come, it may not seem worth the dues.

"You wonder, 'Have I really made it?'" says one British pop star. "And then you wonder, 'Am I going to keep on making it?' And you think, 'Well, if I'm so blasted gloomy now, could I feel any worse without the money?' What's the big thing about having a bunch of teenyboppers screaming outside your window or trying to crawl into your bed? And for this, you spend your life imprisoned on airplanes and in hotel rooms being slave-driven and cheated by cold-blooded business men who don't give a damn what kind of hell you have to go through to keep their pockets jingling."

Worn out by compromises, driven to the brink of emotional bankruptcy by the demands of their fame, some of the best of the British groups are giving up. As for the Beatles, John is beginning an acting career, Paul is writing the musical score of a movie, George is listening to his sitar records, and Ringo is planning a big family. Last fall promoter Sid Bernstein offered Beatle manager Brian Epstein a one-million-dollar guarantee for a Beatle performance in New York's Shea Stadium this summer. "In view of the circumstances," Epstein replied, "it's silly right now to discuss it."

When Bernstein promoted the Beatles' performance in Shea Stadium last summer, the show grossed $250,000, but Bernstein ended up with a net loss of $680. "The Beatles are quite wise not to come back," said David Crosby of the Byrds, another group which is weary of touring, sick of being screamed at, and would rather record albums at home. "If the Beatles toured America now there'd be a lot of empty seats. The same with the Stones. The kids aren't going to pay all that money for another twenty-nine-minute show in a ball park. They've seen those four dots before."

There are some American groups, like Paul Revere and the Raiders, that are capable of going on the road and drawing well, but even they are beginning to look at their music and wonder if it's good enough. "Look down the list," says one rock-'n'-roll booking agent. "It's all the same story. Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels, another giant of personal appearances, have disbanded, and Mitch Ryder is touring with a ten-

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vise not to come back.'

piece orchestra. Herman's Hermits? Still strong but dwindling. The Supremes wouldn't look at a one-nighter, they'll do the good nightclubs and good TV. Petula Clark, who may be the No. 1 female vocalist, is working in a movie. Simon and Garfunkel? Colleges and concerts, probably the best duo around. Donovan? He's Alexander the Smooth, England's Bob Dylan. He has a lot of hit records and a big underground following, but he just canceled an American tour."

As for Dylan, probably the most influential voice in contemporary music, the industry is still waiting for his next move. In Woodstock, N.Y., where he is convalescing from a broken neck suffered in a motorcycle accident, Dylan remains mysteriously incommunicado. He is writing at least 10 new songs a week, rehearsing them with his band, and completing a one-hour TV special. He also is growing a beard.

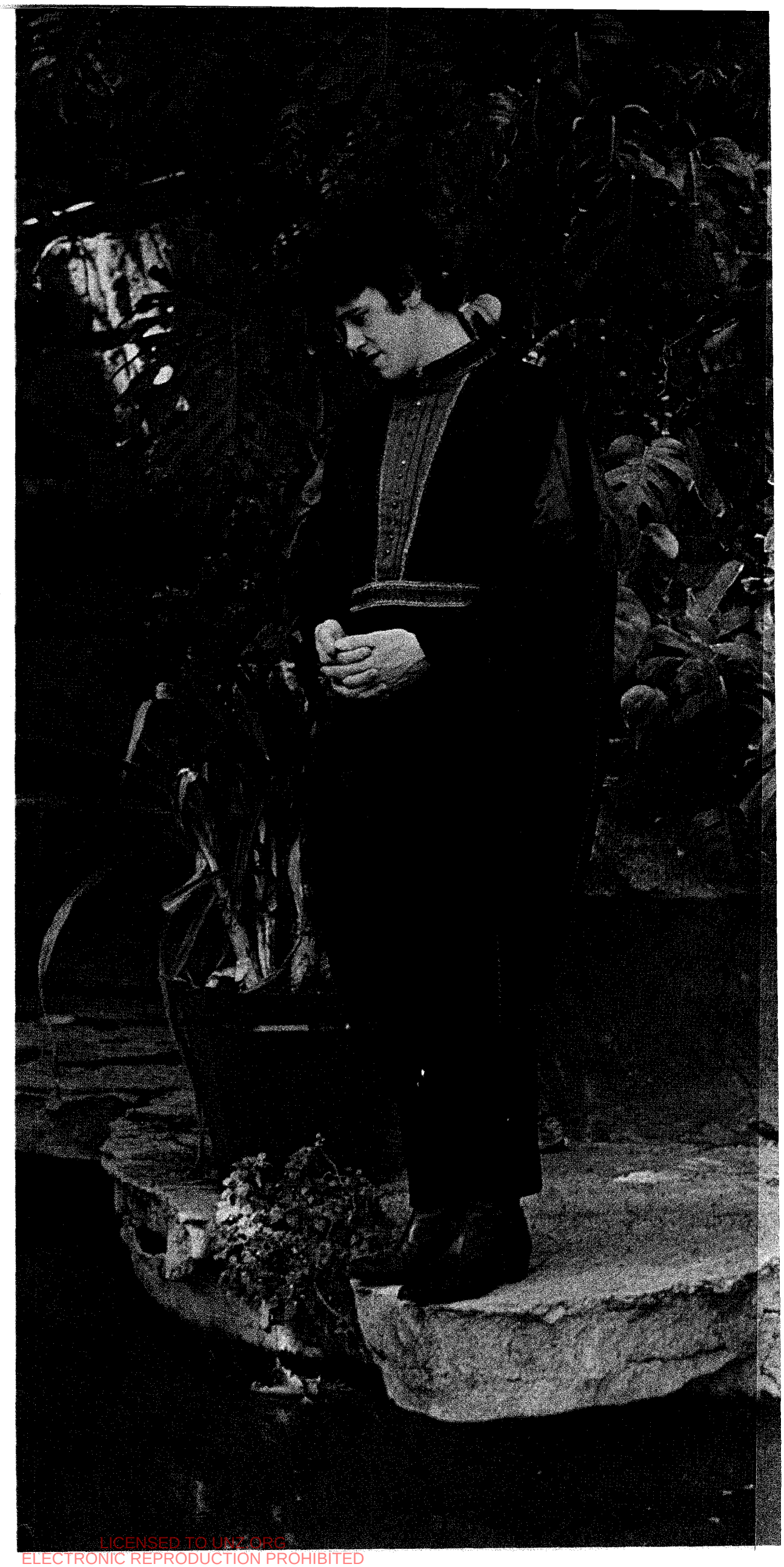
From San Francisco, where music is being mixed with psychedelic light shows, and dance halls like the Fillmore Auditorium are packing thousands into what its owner calls "a party scene," the new sound of groups such as the Moby Grape, the Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead, featuring a 200-pound bearded singer named Pig Pen, is making its claim on the pop-music future. In London, Beatles' manager Brian Epstein is concentrating on the Lomax Alliance, the first major Anglo-American pop group, and the Bee Gees, whom he optimistically labels the biggest thing since the Beatles. In New York the management firm of Albert B. Grossman, fueled by the power of clients such as Bob Dylan, and Peter, Paul and Mary, is pushing folk-rock singer Richie Havens, and the Paupers, a new quartet from Toronto, which is becoming one of the music capitals of North America.

"It's as if everybody's done everything," said one rock guitarist, "and it's getting harder and harder to think of new things to do."

There are some observers who look upon the current aches of the business as mere growing pains. And a good case can be made for signs of approaching adulthood. Pop has begun to throw off the flummery of Moon and June, and increasingly is singing songs of life, death, existence, heroism and mystery. It may be in danger of becoming too self-conscious, but there is no denying its positive virtues: Never before has music been so complete an expression of its time or been so knowing of the needs of its audience. The fans who once trampled one another just to *see* their heroes are now *listening* to them.

Where is pop going? Well, this year the record industry should gross, as Derek Taylor said, about one billion dollars, a tidy sum in any industry, whatever the surface confusion. And beneath that surface there are stirrings. There *is* a push among the best of the rock and pop stars toward quality. The competition among the best—Bob Dylan, the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, among them—is no longer for money. They already have enough of that. The competition is in music.

By the summer of 1967, even press agent Taylor had decided to give up his dozen Top 40 clients, to concentrate on quality. "I became bored," he explained. "I became bored with a performer's pet loves, and pet hates, and what he eats for breakfast. The best artists in the business—the aristocracy—are moving into positions of power. They're making fewer and fewer compromises with commercialism. There's hardly anything interesting happening outside this exclusive circle. But what's happening inside may be the most remarkable story of our time." □



Scotland's Donovan, often compared to Bob Dylan, is a history buff who collects and wears old costumes.

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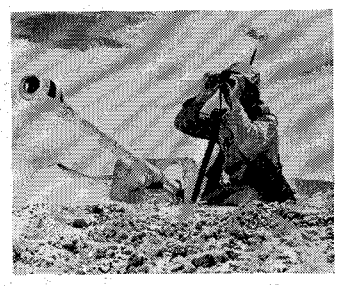
Editorial

War in the Middle East: Has anyone learned anything?



It is easy to look back on the recent Arab-Israeli war in terms of some old-fashioned Hollywood melodrama. In Charlie Chaplin's *Easy Street*, for example, we all cheered for the tiny clown in his policeman's uniform as he confronted the bullying ogre and brought him to justice. The wicked Arabs, in this pop version of the event, started all the trouble, with the support of the wicked Russians, so it was perfectly natural for the outnumbered Israelis to go to war, and to smash the Arabs with the cool efficiency of a welterweight fighter beating up a paunchy braggart in a bar. Not quite sporting, perhaps, but the fight was mercifully short, and we, who didn't want to get involved, could only regard the outcome with relief.

Relief because the United States Government had made an unequivocal commitment to defend Israel against attack, and because it would be difficult for a nation already at war in Vietnam either to honor or to escape that commitment.

Relief because our attempts to negotiate a peaceful end to the Egyptian blockade of the Gulf of Aqaba had seemed doomed to failure, and because the U.N. had shown itself completely unable to cope with the conflict. Relief, then, because the Israeli army solved our problem for us by coolly applying the military force that we ourselves were reluctant to apply.

Relief because the Arab armies proved so hopelessly inept that the threatened war proved to be not a real war at all but more like a skirmish bebetween the U.S. cavalry and some Indians.

Relief because the Russians, who were supposed to be masterminding the great struggle, turned out to be as queasy about their commitments as we were about ours, and had the good sense to abandon their protégés and retreat behind a smokescreen of United Nations rhetoric.

In short, if the Israelis had been a bit less tough, the Arabs a bit less feeble, the Russians a bit less cautious, we might now be in the midst of a disaster, a disaster we have tried to ignore during all these years of artificial "armistice" in the Mideast, a disaster from which we were saved by no skill or daring on our own part. Our relief at our escape has led us to smile complacently over the happy turn of events, to believe that a major crisis has somehow solved itself, and to observe once again the truth of the maxim that God watches out for fools, drunkards and the United States.

In this state of euphoria, we miss the essential point: That the rights and wrongs of this conflict are by no means so clear as they sometimes seem. Not just the Israelis, but the Arabs, too, profoundly believe in the justice of their cause.

We miss the point even more critically if we try to find some fallible public official to serve as a scapegoat. It is easy, for example, to blame U.N. Secretary-General U Thant for having too hastily withdrawn U.N. forces from the area. Granted that he had his reasons—many U.N. members refused to contribute troops to the U.N. force; others refused to pay their share of the costs; and the U.N. force had been placed in Egypt only with Egypt's permission. But the withdrawal was an unwise move, one that impaired not only U Thant's personal reputation for diplomatic skill but the U.N.'s essential capacity to maintain peace. U Thant makes a poor scapegoat, however, for it was the Arabs who demanded the U.N. withdrawal and who suffered the consequences of their demand.

It is tempting, too, to regard Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser as the great bogeyman, dictator, demagogue and pawn of Moscow, but it is also worth remembering that Arabs and Israelis were at war long before Nasser came to power. Instead of gloating at his humiliation and "resignation," we should probably be thankful that the Cairo mobs persuaded him to stay in office, for Nasser is not at all the ranting charlatan that his enemies like to portray. In his 15-year struggle to bring Egypt out of its feudal poverty, he has often been the kind of dedicated and resourceful leader that is badly needed in the Arab world.

The Arab-Israeli problem remains, then, as it was, a vengeful fight between two peoples whose proclaimed goals are irreconcilable. The Israeli victory has not solved the problem, but simply redefined it, and redefinition is not an answer. Now, as in the past, the outlines of a solution strike any reasonably objective observer as self-evident. First, the Arabs must concede that, however debatable the legalities of Israel's creation may have been, it has earned the right to exist as a sovereign state at peace with its neighbors. Second, the Arabs must concede that Israel has the right to free shipping through both the Suez Canal and the Gulf of Aqaba. Third, the Arabs and Israelis must negotiate a settlement of the Palestinian refugee problem. Instead of each side arguing that the other side is responsible for these million wretched exiles, there must be a compromise in which some are repatriated and the others compensated for their losses.

A few months ago the Israelis probably would have accepted such a settlement, and the Arabs would have scorned it. But now that the Israelis have conquered large slices of Arab territory, there are emotional demands that the conquered land be kept. The settlement will not be easy, and may not be possible at all, but Israel needs land less than it needs peace, and peace can come only through compromise, not by decree.

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